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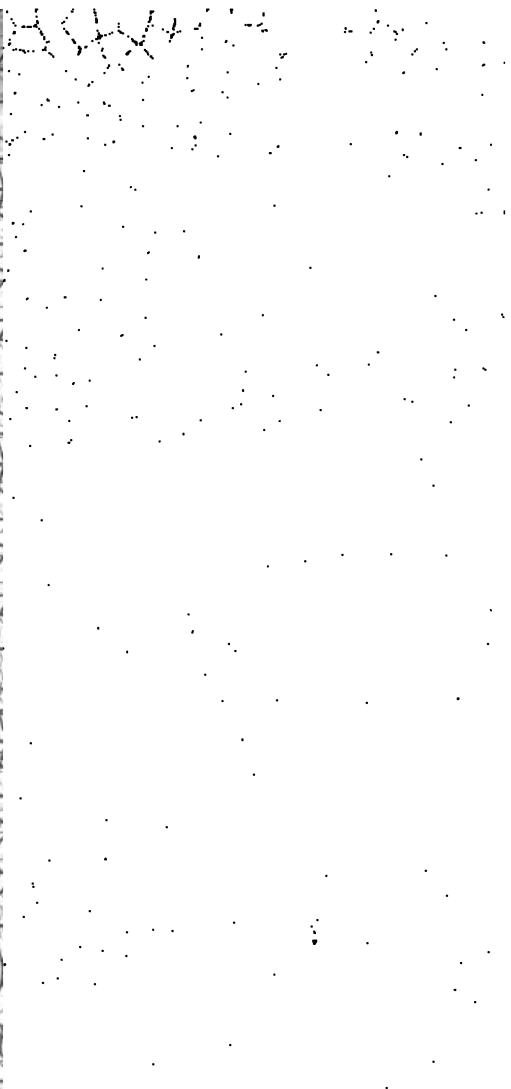
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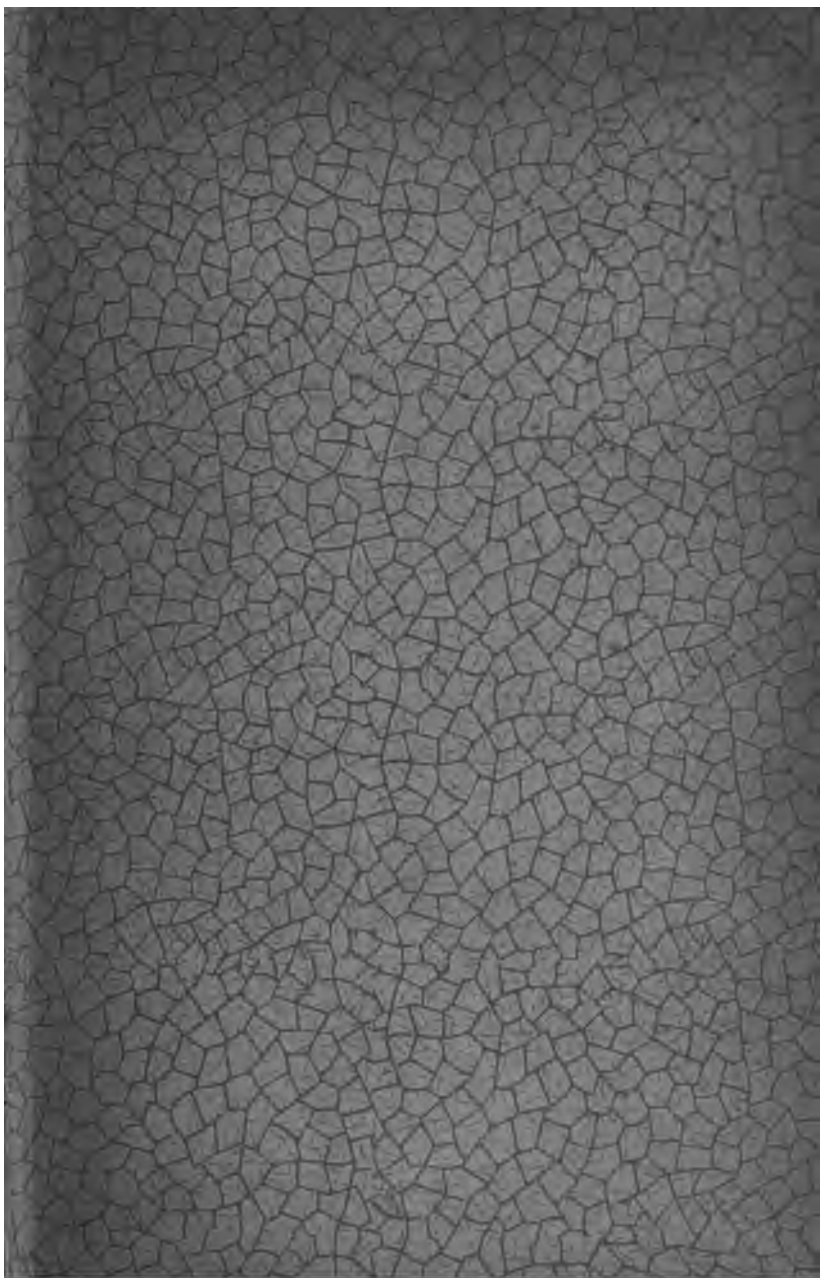
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A NINETEENTH CENTURY
SATIRE &c.







A Nineteenth Century Satire

A
NINETEENTH CENTURY
SATIRE

*WITH OTHER RHYMES
FOR OTHER TIMES*

BY
A CHIEL AMANG THE CLASSES
AND THE MASSES
TAKIN' NOTES

London:
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1891

'We seem of late to have fallen into a state of moral flaccidity under which we shrink from doing anything that looks unpleasant, however vital it may be to the interests or the stability of society. It is high time that some one administered a sharp electric shock to our enfeebled nerves.'

—*St James's Gazette, Sept. 21st 1887.*

'I make pretence of no great aim ;
My thoughts fell from me as I went :
If they be thoughts in you, content
Am I, I make no bid for fame.'

—*The Author of 'Moods.*

'I must either be silent or speak on the whole truth.'

—*Mazzini's 'Faith and the Future.'*

'The diseases of Society can, no more than corporal maladies, be prevented or cured without being spoken about in plain language.'

—*John Stewart Mill.*

'To virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may censure, or commend.'

—*Alexander Pope.*

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- A Nineteenth Century Satire



It is my purpose in the following rhymes
To pen my thoughts respecting Modern times ;
Yet not to flatter, as the fashion goes,
With empty compliments, but to expose
The hollowness of our advancing Age,
And with its false pretences warfare wage ;
To plainly deal with men, and things and deeds,
With Fashion, Parties, Politics and Creeds,
With Humbug, Shams, Hypocrisy and Puff,
Of which, methinks this Age has had enough !
To utter thoughts in words that may displease
The sons of folly, luxury and ease,
The men of commerce, politics and law,
The purse-proud millionaire and man of straw ;
And leave to servile simpletons the praise
Of Modern times, in namby-pamby lays :

Though to be popular—experience shows—
One should write sensuous verse or fulsome prose.

As in times past, 'tis needful now and then
To lash the follies of one's fellow men ;
But he who does so with sarcastic force,
Is deemed presumptuous, impudent or coarse,
Ay, he is deemed audacious who begins
To satirise men's follies and their sins ;
One, who his powers of language doth degrade
When he speaks plain, and calls a spade a spade.

Now, though not gifted with prophetic sight
I know what things are foolish, wrong and right,
And in sarcastic metre I can write,
The evil doers of our days to smite ;
Of men and manners can express my views,
And in harsh rhymes give unjust men their dues.
Alas ! how few in manly virtues shine,
How many, folly and deceit combine ;
Alike the profligate, the knave and fool,
Provoke one's wrath or scathing ridicule :
In these sensational and heartless times
There is occasion for hard-hitting rhymes ;

'Tis time that some one would the silence break
And cause Society the crimsoned cheek !
One who, instructed by poetic rule,
Can wield the piercing shafts of ridicule,
Against the fools and tricksters of the Age,
And either shame them or provoke their rage ;
For prosy censure seems not to suffice
In dealing with shams, humbug, tricks and vice,
And with low-minded men of high degree
Who sate their passions base in secrecy.
The Poet's satire too, in these our days,
Would be much more consistent than his praise
Of modern Literature, the Stage and Press,
Of Sects and Creeds, Amusements, Laws and Dress,
Of Legislators, and Commerical men,
Who well deserve his censures now and then.

My verse is satire ! and I mean to wage
Sarcastic warfare with the present Age ;
' My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray '
And fearlessly will I urge on my way ;
Indifferent to the mouthing or grimace
Of knave and humbug, the corrupt and base ;
On such I will expend my shafts and powder,

And if they rave, will make them rave yet louder.
Indeed, I doubt not it will be my fate
To rouse some blockhead's unrelenting hate,
And to be charged with scribbling impudence,
With lack of charity, good taste, and sense ;
Though men of truth, of virtue, and good sense,
At such plain dealing will not take offence ;
And whether the results be loss or gain
To me, I trust I shall not write in vain,
For 'tis to serve one purpose, but my aim
Is not for popularity or fame ;
All such ambition best becomes the men
Who ply the hireling's sycophantic pen,
And sundry others, who will doubtless say,
They disapprove of my contemptuous way
Of making known my thoughts, yet who will find,
I have the courage to express my mind,
On whatsoever things I hear and see,
With which one's common sense must disagree :
Let critics also their resentment show,
I crave no mercy, and I fear no foe ;
To have my fling at them I may think fit,
Here or elsewhere, with a sarcastic hit.

The present Age is one of bounce and brass,
When men are lionised who play the ass;
An Age, when impudence and recklessness
With many is the secret of success;
Which in the mildest terms one can but call,
Both superficial and sensational.
And of the latter—need I say? the cause
Is men's mad thirst for popular applause.
It is an Age of shams and counterfeits,
In Commerce, in our churches, shops and streets;
An Age distinguished for the paltriest tricks
Of Trade, and Literature and Politics;
An Age of humbug, flummery and cant,
Of hurry-skurry action, and loud rant;
A pleasure-seeking and ambitious Age,
In which sensation follies are the rage;
When what is styled, a most successful hit!
Is oft devoid of decency and wit;
An Age of cheap and nasty literature,
Aiming to undermine the good and pure;
An Age which labours to corrupt our youth,
And with false doctrines to obscure the truth;
An Age when Priestcraft's sleek-faced, treacherous men,
In spirit crucify our Lord again;

In which—instead of playing well the man,
Men play the bigot, fool or partizan;
An Age in which men prate with vanity
About muscular Christianity;
In which the man of muscle becomes famous,
Though he may be a thorough ignoramus,
In which the hero of the Race and stable
Secures reception at his Lordship's table,
Is petted by genteel society,
And by the Press puff'd to satiety,
Till he becomes the pride of Lordly noodles
And Ladyships, in common with their poodles;
An Age, when reputation is for gold
A thing of barter—to be bought and sold;
When every phase of humbug is in vogue,
And men of all conditions play the rogue;
When fools and knaves are courted and caress'd,
While upright men are slighted or oppress'd,
When vice o'er virtue seeks to have base sway
And dissipation spreads from day to day;
When tender consciences and honest hearts
Are daily crushed in acting out their parts;
When humble worth endures a wearying strife
With knavish Impudence that wears out life;

An Age in which crimes of the deepest dye
Are dramatised to please the public eye;
Wherein low cunning, fraud, embezzlement
And vice are blent with sickly sentiment;
Whereby men seek to shine with borrowed rays,
Mere plagiarists, alike in plots and plays :
An Age, whose legislators are unjust
Towards the victims of a loathsome lust ;¹

NOTES

1. *Towards the victims of a loathsome lust ;*] It has been at various times a very easy matter to raise a gust of pharisaic indignation against the thousands of unfortunates in this vast city and elsewhere, who sell themselves for bread ; against whom the rabid howlings of some portions of the religious pressmen of the day have been the loudest. There are many such sanctimonious howlers in printer's ink, who look on such a fallen creature as

‘ The worn out nuisance of the public streets ’

but who have not sufficient Christian courage to raise a howl of juster indignation against the rich and titled wretches who entrapped such creatures into a life of infamy ;—scoundrels who are experts in the business of seduction ; who furnish funds and employment for the baby-farmer, foundlings for children's homes, and who drive many poor creatures,—once as virtuous as their own wives and sisters,—to commit the crime of child-murder, for which the seducer, and not the seduced ought to be exalted between earth and heaven by the professional hangman. It is high time that the seducer should be deemed lower in the scale of degradation than his victim ; but while she is scorned, her betrayer holds his

While the transgressor, with a brazen face,
 Laughs at reproofs, and glories in disgrace :
 An Age in which—amidst the purest lives
 A most degrading social evil thrives,
 Emboldened by the silence of the Press,
 And laws that favour such licentiousness :
 An Age by insobriety debased,

NOTES

position in society, in the Church, and in the two Houses of Parliament. The law now and then has sent a Madame Jefferies, and other vile procuresses to prison, but to be consistent, it should have the courage to ferret out and expose the titled and wealthy supporters of disreputable establishments, and publish their names and addresses in the Daily Papers, or elsewhere.

When the Medical Association held its Congress in London, a few years ago, one of the French physicians who attended it, published a pamphlet describing his holiday. In that pamphlet he branded the streets of the Christian capital of Christian England as more tainted with open immorality, not only than those of any other capital of the world with which he was acquainted, but even than the worst quarters of guilty and corrupted Paris.

This allusion to the immorality of the streets reminds me of the lines of William Blake,—who at ten years of age became an artist ; and at twelve a poet ; and who wrote respecting street-walkers and gamblers,

‘ The harlot’s cry from street to street,
 Shall weave Old England’s winding sheet :
 The winner’s shout, the loser’s curse,
 Shall go before dead England’s hearse.’

Which has our Christian Nation long disgraced,
Blasting the People's prospects and their brains
To swell the Brewer's and Distiller's gains ;
The cause of its worst crimes, its woes, and rags,
(Although the Press of modern progress brags) ;
Which will be so, till Drink shops are demolished,
And licenses for drinking are abolished.
Let us awhile survey Society.
Its customs, sins, and starch'd propriety,
Its senseless trammels and observances,
Its namby-pamby freaks and variances,
Its rivalries in fashion and expense,
Its affectation, flirtings, and pretence,
Its scandal-mongers in their whispering groups,
Its vain and pretty triflers and their dupes,
Its rival coteries where hate and spite
Are cherished with malevolent delight,
Its counterfeit and real aristocrats,
Its victimising sharpers and its flats,
Its manifested mania for parade,
In high-life equipages, and in trade,
In titles, riches, furniture and dress,
In all religious centres--and the Press :
On every hand now we behold the tools

And silly slaves of Fashion's senseless rules,²
Framed by a court of Fashionable fools ;
Indeed, all classes more or less combine,
To pay absurd devotion at her shrine ;
Some in the folly of a slender waist,
Required by Fashion to be tightly laced ;

NOTES

2. *And silly slaves of Fashion's senseless rules,*] A few years ago I met with a very sensible article 'On Fashion,' to which the writer was too modest to append his name. But I have thought fit to introduce a few of his remarks, with others, in this place. 'Fashion,' says he, 'is the child of folly and the guide of fools.' And the French are credited with this remark, 'that fools invent fashions, and wise men follow them.' Truly 'Fashion is a most inexorable tyrant, to which the greater part of mankind are willing slaves.' And an old Proverb says, 'As good be out of the world as out of the fashion.' But our great Shakspeare somewhere asks 'Seest thou what a deformed thief fashion is?' And William Hazlitt says, 'Fashion is haughty, trifling, affected, despotic, mean, ambitious, precise and fanatical.' While the physiognomist Lavater declared, 'the fop of fashion to be the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe.' The Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown once said, 'As I have walked through a fashionable street or sauntered along the promenade of a fashionable watering place, I have often thought how many of these coats belong to the tailor. If every man had only his own, many a finely dressed swell would be stripped to the skin, and then have his body divided between baker, butcher and costermonger, whose bread, mutton, and beef and cabbage, all unpaid for, constitute the creature's mortal coil.'

In others, the prevailing styles of dress
Have blent deformity with ugliness ;
While others, by their strange attire, perplex
One's mind alike as to their age and sex.³
Now to descant on Fools—they are the fruits

NOTES

3. *One's mind alike as to their age and sex.*] The unsexed woman, is thus described by a writer in a publication whose title is *Woman*. 'The common or garden sort is rather plain than coloured. Stays it knows not nor needs, for Nature willed it otherwise. It is generally large in person, wearing pince-nez—not that its sight is dim, but rather the reverse—and close-cropped hair, parted at the side for preference. Its skirts are short, and its boots no man knoweth the size thereof. A hard "bowler" hat it wears, and a shiny, shapeless waterproof. Is there a nasty subject to debate in the House of Commons? It will be there in force, unless there chance to be something equally interesting at Exeter Hall, and then it will be sorry it cannot be in two places at once. The unhappy M.P. knows it, and fearfully he treads the Lobby. It has its pet parson, and its own particular organ in the London Press, and miserable man is heavily trampled on each succeeding week. It has its weaknesses, but "nerves" and other female follies it does not recognise. It has its orators, who will orate you wondrous well on blue-books or bigamy. Such is the Neuter Sex as it is known and dreaded of men. But when a petticoated person of the Neuter Sex happens to be pretty, and fascinating in a way, it has it in its power to work sad havoc.' I ought perhaps to say here—having regard for my personal safety, that these ungallant remarks on the fair sex are from one who is not a gentleman in any way, but—A Lady !

Of Fashion, Gaming, and all vain pursuits ;
The outcome of all gullibility,
And a veneered respectability ;
They need no training, nor scholastic rules,
Customs perpetuate the race of fools ;
A Nation's victimisers and their tricks,
Of many, have made fools and lunatics ;
And the distinction between rogues and fools,
Is partly that 'twixt workmen and their tools ;
Of which we have experience all around,
And knowledge that they everywhere abound ;
Indeed my task would be voluminous,
Were I the march of folly to discuss,
Or of rascality, which I expect
Will soon outstride the march of intellect.

I satirise Society because
I much dislike its follies and gewgaws ;
At best, its circles—he will find who seeks—
Consist of mutual admiration cliques,
And some, who manifest to all outside,
Their vanity, hypocrisy, or pride ;⁴

NOTES

4. *Their vanity, hypocrisy, or pride ;*] A couplet of Lord

Whose friendships, in the company they keep,
Are like their pleasures, merely surface deep;
Who patronise the few, the many spurn,
And ridicule each other in return.

The leading foible of Humanity
Both in the World and Church is vanity,
A vanity which fosters indolence,
And feeds itself at ruinous expense :
Most men are vain, but vanity abounds
In the fair sex, and common-sense confounds;
Seen in the Play-house and the House of Prayer,
In Rotten Row and almost everywhere,
With an increasing number, who profess

NOTES

Byron's will not, in my opinion, be inappropriate on this occasion ;—who once wrote,

' Society is now one polished horde,
Formed by two mighty tribes—the bores and bored.'

And Hargrave Jennings says, ' Society is the great posture-master. It is the very best in the world at that which we shall choose to call " Position Drill." It is the easiest thing possible to acquire in society a reputation for talent, provided you only look occasionally fierce, and hold your tongue. Say you are a great man—if you have much money—and people will believe you.'

Or patronise the forms of godliness;
Much too is there of cold formality
In modernised conventionality;
Both the idea of it and the word
Imply restraints that oftentimes are absurd;
Conventionality makes genteel slaves
Of great folks, rich folks, simpletons and knaves;
While he who breaks the rules of etiquette,
Is deemed not to have learnt good manners yet.
All classes have their similarities,
And all have their peculiarities;
But in Society's superior schools
All must submit to arbitrary rules;
Conventionality presumes to fix
The time Society should dine—at six—
But grants it the long interval till nine,
For feeding, gossip, and cigars and wine ;⁵

NOTES

5. *For feeding, gossip, and cigars and wine ;*] Luxurious food, dress, and amusements occupy almost all the attention of the wealthy in this great metropolis. As a writer in the *Lancet*, on Modern Luxuriousness in living, puts it: 'It is beyond a joke to be invited to a dinner now-a-days, with its interminable number of dishes. Some physical evils are certain to overtake those who indulge in them — gout,

The Balls and Feasts of good society—
 Which some indulge in to satiety—
 Have their formalities and miseries
 Of all varieties, in all degrees;
 Though with the best of luxury's resources,
 While 'much ado on nothing' their discourse is,
 Or—to quote Cowper's words, 'tis dull and dry,'
 Embellish'd with—'He said, and so said I':
 There, wealth and pampered pride, and costly dress,
 The standards are of social worthiness;⁶

NOTES

rheumatism, and dyspepsia are some of the train of consequences.'

Joanna Baillie writes,

'Some men seem born to feast, and not to fight;
 Whose sluggish minds, e'en in fair honour's field,
 Still on their dinner turn.'

And Sir Walter Raleigh once said 'one of the differences between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats when he pleases, and the latter when he can get it.'

6. *The standards are of social worthiness* ;] 'The rich man is subject to the blandishments of flattery; for he never wants persons around him to tell him of his good deeds. He will have numerous friends, or at least those who would be thought so.'—*Lyndall on Business, etc.*

'Our first wish is not to know what is his character; or what his mental standing, but, What is he? What is he

And—elsewhere seen—the idle, rich and gay,
Seem puzzled how to dawdle through the day.
Now let us in imagination go
And take a rhymers' stroll through Rotten Row,
Where Fashion, Folly, Pride and Envy too
Are day by day presented to the view;

NOTES

worth? Is he a successful man? If he is, scruples are soon laid aside, and he is offered admiration and praise.'

—*Lyndall on Business, etc.*

In one of the late Canon Liddon's Sunday afternoon sermons to a crowded congregation in St Paul's Cathedral, the eloquent preacher denounced with fierce scorn the worship of wealth in modern society. 'What do we see,' he said, 'every year as the London season draws near, but a bevy of mothers, like generals, set out on a campaign, prepared to undergo any amount of fatigue if only they can marry their daughters, not necessarily to high-souled, virtuous men, but in any case to a fortune! What do we see but a group of young men, thinking, after perhaps a career of dissipation, that the time has arrived for settling respectably in life, and looking, each one of them, not for a girl who has the graces and character which will make her husband and her children happy, but for somebody who has a sufficient dowry to enable him to keep up a large establishment! Who can wonder, when the most sacred of all human relations, the union of hearts for time and for eternity, is thus prostituted to the brutal level of an affair of cash, that such transactions are quickly followed by months or years of misery, misery which is at last paraded before the world amid the unspeakable shame and degradation of the Divorce Court.'

'Tis the resort of best society,
And some of odious notoriety,
On horseback, foot, in carriages and pairs,
From St John's Wood, Belgravia, and the Squares,
Where men of prodigality abound,
And artificiality is found,
Alike in youth, the middle-aged, and old;
The modest, and the flippant, and the bold;
The men of high birth and long pedigrees,
And haughtier men of lesser dignities;
Men of great wealth, and many who attempt
To pass for such, and thus provoke contempt;?

NOTES

7. *To pass for such, and thus provoke contempt.*] 'A great evil in society'—says Lyndall—'is the attempt to imitate the manners and mode of living of those in higher positions than ourselves. Poverty has become to be regarded with almost as much horror as crime itself; and the aim of people in general, is to appear as far from it as possible. Hence the unnumbered arts employed to mimic the manners of the wealthy.' He also says, 'It is an unfavourable sign of our times, that men whose hands are stained with ill-gotten gold, should exert so much influence on, and be courted by Society; so strongly do we cling to the worship of Mammon.'

'A strong desire to appear opulent, or in easy circumstances, is another characteristic of the present age. Indeed the vain emulation of many to equal their more opulent neighbours, in dress, furniture, and amusements is most preposterous. Money with the generality of people is

The man of lawn sleeves, and the man of straw,
The man of Letters, and the man of Law,
The merchant, and the master of a shop,
The old Roué, and the gamester, and the fop,
In betting slang and stable chaff experts,
Or in small talk with fashionable flirts;
Some too, through secret sins, half paralytics;
Others all dandyism and cosmetics,
Inspid creatures, sauntering to and fro,
Whom some pretend not to, nor will not, know;
The scheming dame, the ball-room butterfly,
And frail Anonymas, their spells to try,
On rich old fools, or youthful profligates,
And eye-glass'd exquisites with brainless pates;
Creatures with hollow hearts and muddled heads,

NOTES

everything. It must be very mortifying to the wealthy to observe that the servility of dependants, and the apparent esteem of their friends arises from the respect paid to riches. The (so-called) vulgar herd bow before the wealthy with reverence; but it is the money, and not the individual which they respect.'—*Cory*.

'Money is merit—merit money now;
This, great men worship—to this, poor men bow,
And all acknowledge who has wealth has worth,
Though only "filthy lucre" gave it birth.'—

The author of Woman, and other Poems.

Humanity's emasculated shreds ;
Vain things with animated arms and legs,
Whom Carlyle designates with scorn, 'Clothes-pegs !'
There Fashion's butterflies appear in swarms,
To feed their vanity and air their charms ;⁸
To gossip with a Thing that lisps and drawls,—
Their *fwend* Lord Tommy Noddy, or Sir *Chawles* ;
And there, on prancing steeds, or shaded seat,
Lord Verisoft and Lady Lapdog meet,
To whisper twaddle, or exchange stale jokes,
And laugh at the conceits of other folks ;⁹

NOTES

8. *To feed their vanity and air their charms ;*] The following remarks on an Aristocracy, were made some time ago by a leader writer in one of the Daily Papers : 'In its social strength it shows itself mainly in a pernicious fashion. It is exhibited in an ascending scale of servility on the one side, and a descending scale of arrogance on the other, to which there is scarcely any parallel out of England. The village tradesman, doctor, or lawyer does kotoo to the squire, who, in his turn, is obsequious to the neighbouring peer, who again renders homage scarcely less deferential to the representative of those great houses, ducal or otherwise, which hold almost princely rank in this country. The reverse feeling is reflected in contemptuous ignoring or condescending recognition downwards in its several stages. In fact, the obsequious worship of rank is the canker of modern English society, eating out its manliness and self-respect.'

9. *And laugh at the conceits of other folks ;*] Lady John

There too, designing scoundrels, and the flirt,—
To captivate and teaze, their right assert ;
While others gaze, each other to decry,
With hatred, malice, and hypocrisy ;
With smooth tongues asking — ‘Are you in good
health?’
Yet envying their equipage or wealth ;
With fussy words of seeming tenderness,
Concealing jealousy and bitterness.
How frivolous the objects that engage
High-life attention in the present Age !
And some indeed are such absurdities,
That were it worth one’s time to exercise

NOTES

Manners, in the *National Magazine*, some time ago, touched a tender chord in denouncing the extravagance of the rich. She alluded to the growing effeminacy of the wealthy ; to the younger men beginning the day with soda and brandy ; to the ladies smoking, and gentlemen drinking until the small hours. Her ladyship said also, that £600 a year is spent by many ladies in clothes, and that they will change their dresses three times in the course of an evening. That men spend £200 a year on hansoms ; and some of them think it no shame to give £5 a day for their cigars. That the flowers for a ball sometimes cost £2,000 ; and that bouquets cost three guineas. Lady John therefore lifted up her voice against all this, and called for simplicity of life again, and what comes with simplicity of life, sympathy for others, and work for the poor.

The right to deal with them as they deserve,
I should perhaps weary those I wish to serve,
And at too great a length express my views,
Alike to kindle wrath and to amuse :
As for the misdeeds of exalted men,
And the loose morals of the Upper Ten,
They keep the Law Courts busy now and then,
And should, the Satirist's chastising pen ¹⁰

NOTES

10. *And should, the Satirist's chastising pen*] 'He who spares vice or apologises for it in the high places of the world, wrongs virtue in every place. He helps the good to look upon it leniently, and thus to lower the tone of morality within themselves. He assists the bad to make it respectable, and thus to give them warrant and license in its imitation, and even in its emulation. He discourages virtue in the humble and poor—the great masses who form the real basis of society. He disturbs the moral apprehensions and unsettles the moral balance of all to whom his words and influence come. Let us braid no more wreaths to hide the mark of Cain on the brow of murder. Let us send up no more clouds of incense to veil the front of shame.'—*'Gold Foil, hammered from Popular Proverbs.'*

In the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1885, the writer of an article on 'Moral and Merry England,' brought a sweeping charge of hypocritical immorality against the upper classes of English society, which, he said, connived at sin, but shrieked at scandal. And another writer elsewhere, says, 'Instead of immorality originating among the common people (otherwise called the lower classes) and rising only to a certain height, it may be fairly asserted that the pes-

But some have hastened to untimely graves,
 Who to base pleasures proved to be base slaves ;
 Whose souls were tainted to satiety,
 With the corruptions of Society ;
 Yet they were our superiors ! who at Court
 Had mixed with the high-born of good report ;
 With Beauty's daughters, elegantly dress'd,
 The fairest, and the purest, and the best ;
 The jewell'd maiden, and ennobled wife,¹¹

NOTES

tilential contagion of vice flows from the ranks of titled and fashionable society, as streams from a fountain. As one of our poets somewhere says of vice, it

'Taints downwards all the graduated scales
 Of order, from the chariot to the plough.'

And a popular preacher of the present day, in one of his discourses said, 'There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is for its darkness, who move in what is called, high social position.'

11. *The jewell'd maiden, and ennobled wife,*] The late Archbishop Magee, when preaching on 'the Morals of Modern Society' a few years ago, at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, strongly denounced those mothers who received into their houses, and worse still, gave the hands of their daughters in matrimony to men who had caused and created those victims, called fallen women. And in a strain of ironical invective the eloquent preacher contrasted the treatment by society of erring men and women ; and said that the virtuous matron picked up her skirts to prevent even contact with the one, while for the other she is ready to find every

Unmindful of a courtier's private life ;
 Or perhaps, in happy ignorance that he
 Was most unworthy of his high degree ;
 (I say superiors ! but I mean the Great
 In titles, riches, and a large Estate ;
 In idleness, and profitless expense,
 Though not in morals, intellect, or sense.)

Disgraceful have been some of the careers,
 Of that high-titled Class, ycleped the Peers ;
 And the worst profligates that tread this Earth
 Are found amongst the men of noble birth ;¹²

NOTES

excuse, in phrases of ' delicate circumlocution ' so long as the culprit is either rich or noble, that now-a-days the crown of glory is often made of gold, and that ' the peer's robe, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.' In bringing his eloquent discourse to a conclusion, Dr Magee said, ' he longed for a more Christian state of society, when the stigma which now rested upon the fallen woman would be equally meted out to what society now called the " fast " man.'

12. *Are found amongst the men of noble birth ;*] On one occasion, when the late Mr John Bright declared in the House of Commons, that, to a large extent, the upper classes cared nothing for the practice of Christianity, he was met with loud protests from his political opponents. But if Mr Bright had felt disposed, he might have instanced some of the frequently recurring scandals that cropped up in the Divorce Court, to bear out his assertion. And I need scarcely remind my readers, that the Law Courts are almost daily furnishing proofs that the grossest immorality prevails

Whose study and delight it is to sin ;
 While many their careers of vice begin,
 As soon as their collegiate days are past ;

NOTES

among a large portion of the *superior* classes of society, otherwise styled—'the Upper Ten';—the details of which in most cases, constitute a scandal as disgraceful as it is mischievous. Respecting one of these cases in high life, the *Times* Newspaper (I believe) had the courage to say, 'Aristocratic vice is one of the most potent factors in the production of democratic revolutions.' Bad enough in the rank and file of the nation, vice and immorality are simply intolerable in those who claim to be at its head.

In the month of March 1889, the Earl of Carnarvon rose from his seat in the House of Lords, and asked whether it was the intention of the Government to submit to Parliament any measure for restraining unworthy members of that House from voting or taking part in its proceedings. 'It was impossible,' he said, 'not to feel that some such proceeding was necessary, for there were unfortunately cases in which old and honoured names had been dragged through the mud, and in which it had been openly stated out of doors that the owners of those titles were not worthy to sit in that House. He held public opinion to be entirely right in this matter; and it was inconceivable that men with tainted characters should be charged with the function of making laws.'

In a debate on 'Hereditary Legislators' in the House of Commons, Mr Labouchere said, 'Lord Dunraven proposed that some sort of censorship of morals should be exercised in the other House. But what could be more outrageous than that a gentleman, excluded from the Jockey Club and warned off the race-course should be able to go to the House of Lords and legislate for the people of England by hereditary descent.'—*Daily News*, 20th March, 1890.

Ambitious to be deemed corruptly fast,
To pose as Don Juans at Tavern bars,
And be the cause of matrimonial jars ;
Who seek the unsuspecting, and entice
Them into lives of infamy and vice ;
Who, as the vilest pests of humankind,
Outrage the person and pollute the mind.
Thus men of highest rank and education,
At times, become the lowest of the Nation,
Despicable in their luxurious ease,
And filthiness, that propagates disease.

And now, let the Amusements of the Age,
Just for a little while our thoughts engage :
Those of the Race-course first, and then the Stage;
Each favoured by distinguished patronage,
And both, distinguished for attractive snares,
That fleece, or captivate men unawares;
The former, where rascality and slang,
Reveal the blackguard and his heartless gang;
Where turfite roughs and cunning tricksters meet,
To gammon, and to gamble, and to cheat.¹³

NOTES

13. *To gammon, and to gamble, and to cheat.*] The follow-

Of such be my theme then—by no means pathetic,
 But rather a subject for satire mimetic;
 A matter deserving of very plain speaking,
 The cause of much folly, much sin, and heartbreaking,
 Of outrageous pretensions, and much that seems funny,
 And the knavish attempt to fleece men of their money.

'Tis the day of the Derby ! and from its beginning,
 Let us survey the crowds bent on pleasure and sinning;
 On which, are both Parliament Houses vacated,

NOTES

ing remarks in the *Fortnightly Review*, from an article, by so high an authority as Mr William Day, on 'The Evil of Betting,' came under my notice a short time ago, and I deemed them worthy of introduction on this occasion. 'I venture to say,' says Mr Day, 'well knowing no man can contradict me, that for the last fifty years our turf has not been in such an unsatisfactory state as regards this disgusting nuisance of betting, as it is in at the present moment, and with, as yet, no prospect of the nuisance being abated. In the palmy days of the fistic art, when ruffianism was rampant throughout the land, there was no such black-guardism known on the race-course as may be seen there at the present day by anyone who is not wilfully blind, or anxious to wink at the scandal.'

'The paramount and absorbing object of nine racing men out of ten is,' says *Truth*, 'simply plunder, and some of the most notable turf celebrities—both past and present—have been flagrantly fruitful in expedients for robbing their friends, and have systematically done so, without shame or scruple.'

To swell the vast throng on the Course congregated;
Though it usually happens, that someone opposes
The sporting M.P. who adjournment proposes;
One who cares not a straw for that noisy crowd's
 sinnings,
But who, perhaps, is concerned in the bettings and
 winnings.

On such a day, I ventured forth to loiter
Along the road—the crowds to reconnoitre,
From Kennington, through Clapham, towards Epsom,
And saw much hasty driving, that upset some;
All driving fast, and trying to drive faster,
Which here and there resulted in disaster;
Some with the ribbons ¹⁴ showing themselves skilful,
While not a few seemed bent on mischief wilful,
Amidst the usual din of shouts and chaffing,
Of vulgar masquerading and loud laughing.

There were Frenchmen, and Spaniards, Greeks, Turks
 and Italians,
And a rough-looking number of British rascallions;

NOTES

14. *Some with the ribbons showing themselves skilful,*] A coaching and a sporting phrase for reins.

Scotch, Irish, and Welshmen, Swiss, Yankees and
Russians;

Danes, Swedes, Portugese, Chinese, Austrians and
Prussians;

Money Lenders, and Merchants, Men of Arms, Men
of Letters,

And old Fogies untrammeled by marital fetters;
Sham husbands, sham wives, too, whose well-rouged
attractions,

And dressy pretensions were spoiled by their actions;
Many, highly amused at Joe Millerish Jokers;
Others keenly cool-looking, and rigid as pokers:
There were Waggonettes, Broughams, Landaus and
Postillions,

Lords, Ladies, Landowners, and owners of millions;
Stage Actors, Stock Jobbers, News Scribblers and
Scholars,

And seedy Adventurers not worth two dollars;
Also Four-in-hand Drags, Market Carts, Cabs and
Waggon,

Some with sweet smiling women, and a few like she-
dragons;

Some looking demurely, and some full of jollity,
Some of rather low breeding, and some of high quality,

Some with cheeks and with noses as red as geraniums,
And some with bull necks, beetle brows and low
craniums ;

From the slums of Whitechapel, Seven Dials and
Westminster,

The coarse Costermonger, and brazen-faced spinster ;
The light-fingered Gentry, and betting-ring Scamp,
Some on donkey-drawn Barrows, and some on the tramp ;
Also van-loads of journeyman Hatters, Shoemakers,
Bricklayers, Watchmakers, Brushmakers, Gluemakers,
Undertakers, and Tailors, sham Niggers, and Sailors,
Greengrocery Dealers, and Catsmeat Retailers ;
The itinerant Hawker, and vagabond Gipsy,
Demireps and their Fellows—already half tipsy ;
The contrasts of manners genteel and vulgarity,
Of horses well cared for, and of horsey barbarity ;
Of all sorts and conditions of women and men.

From the Mansion, the Villa, the Shop and Thieves'
Den ;

While the fun on the road, for the fools of all classes,
Was enhanced by the racing of rival jackasses.

Here and there on the way too were brass blowing
Germans,

A few givers of Leaflets, and Lay-preachers of sermons ;
But the God of this World was in Derby-day glory,
And his friends had no ears for the very 'old Story !'
Nay ; and some that drew near (perhaps for Felix's
reason),

Turned away, till a much more convenient season
Presented itself for such serious suggestions,
As the need of repentance, and like heart-searching
questions ;

But I guess some will deem this a canting digression,
And indulge in a sneer, or a scornful expression !
Let them think so—for which I shall make no apology,
Because I approve of such way-side theology,
When the servers of Mammon, the Flesh, and the Devil,
Are assembling for sin and a horse-racing revel.

And now, to the Course let us turn our attention,
Of which, and its scenes I will make rhyming
mention ;¹⁵

NOTES

15. *Of which, and its scenes I will make rhyming mention ;*] In conjunction with Wilkie Collins, the late Charles Dickens (about six years after he wrote *David Copperfield*) wrote 'The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices,' in which Dickens drew a picture of Doncaster and its races ; and we are told

Of the Jockeys, the Trainers, horse Owner's, and
Vet's too ;
Of the makers of Books, and the makers of Bets too ;
Of the Grand Stand as crowded as Stewards can pack it ;
Of each horse made the most of, that dupes there may
back it,
By a cluster of knowing ones swaggering and lying,
Deemed by novices skilful at Turf prophesying ;
Although the pretensions of such are so various,

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that it was in the year of Blink Bonny's success, and that Collins and Dickens were the 'apprentices' under the names of Thomas Idle and Francis Goodchild. But what I more particularly wish to call attention to now, is Charles Dickens's opinions of race-course scenes ; and of the thousands of visitors on that occasion, whom Dickens likened to the murderers Thurtell and William Palmer. Indeed, so unfavourably impressed was Dickens with the place and the people, that he looked upon all as either mad, or the keepers of madmen. He well remembered his visit to the Doncaster Theatre on that occasion, for the outrages committed by 'gents' in the dress circle brought him to the verge of pitching one of those lunatics over into the pit. All these things Dickens viewed pretty much as a hideous nightmare, and after the prize cup had been run for, it was a relief to him, he said, to see 'a heavy drift of lunatics and keepers off to London by the afternoon train.' And it is a fact that the impressions left upon Dickens's mind by what he saw and heard then were of so marked a character that for readings or any other purpose he never would visit Doncaster again.

That all betting transactions are very precarious ;
But of those who are on such occasions outwitted,
There are none, I opine, who deserve to be pitied.

On all sides there are numbers of Blacklegs and
Sharpers,
Ballad Singers, Blind Fiddlers, Tin Whistlers, and
Harpers;
Sham Jockeys, Bookmakers, Purse-trick Victimisers,
Walking Sandwiches sent there by Town advertisers ;
Here and there also groups of grotesque Ethiopians,
With their bones, concertinas, tambourines and cor-
nopeans ;
While amongst the crowd move, in all sorts of
disguises,
Sly Detectives, who cause some unpleasant surprises !
And, hark ! to the uproar of multitudes cheering,
To the mingling of laughter, oaths, howling and
jeering,
To the numberless shouts of the Lords of Creation,
And of gaily-dress'd women, a vast congregation,¹⁶

NOTES

16. *And of gaily-dress'd women, a vast congregation,*] The London correspondent of a Birmingham paper, in his descrip-

Till the noise has created a brain-splitting Babel,
From the start, till the Winner returns to his stable;
The result of which sometimes creates quite a panic,
When the features of thousands look almost satanic;
While the clever manœuvres of some in the riding,
Cause a guide to the Turf to be very misleading;
And however much some on the Course are elated,
There is much disappointment and ill-will created.

NOTES

tion of the Derby some time ago—among other things—said :
'As to Brougham Hill—the rising ground opposite the Grand Stand—it was given up to St John's Wood, so far as the women were concerned. These were all of the same type—golden-haired, with dark eyebrows, dyed eyelashes, painted cheeks, and finger-rings in profusion. They wore satin and other gay robes, carried lace parasols, and were on easy and familiar terms with the postilions and coachmen who drove them there. They were all drinking champagne out of tumblers until their faces became flushed and red, even through their rouge and enamel. The men who buy their expensive robes, and pay the bill for horses, and vehicles, and postilions, never go down with Lais and Phryne, but, charter their own drags, and look them up between the races to see how they are getting on. Then the fun, such as it is, becomes fast and furious. The golden hair becomes dishevelled. Lais makes a speech to her aristocratic admirers from the dickey of the carriage with a champagne tumbler in her hand, and Phryne sleeps the sleep of a Bacchante with her head on the shoulder of a swain in a white hat and green veil. We hear of the shameless extravagance of the *demi-*

Ay, of thousands there met, I may say, in a sentence,
They will ere long be found on the 'Stool of Re-
pentance.'

Now, the noise and disputings respecting the Winner,
Dwindle down to the hum of the hungry at dinner;
Of the lordly West Enders, and of men from the City,
Of the high-titled Dame, and of commonplace Kitty,
Of the humble Plebeian, and the eyeglass'd proud
Dandy,
With their sandwiches, bottles of Beer, Wine, or
Brandy,
And with eatables some look with an eager face on,
From the well furnished hampers of Fortnum and
Mason;

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monde in Paris, but matters of that sort are little better in
London

'Oh thou resort and mart of all the Earth,
Chequered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor.

Well for thee,
That salt preserves thee, more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had power to be,
For whom God heard his Abr'am plead in vain.'

—*William Cowper's Lines on London.*

But to further enlarge on a feed so inviting,
I have no inclination, nor time to in writing.

We are now past the hour of that Race-day's refection,
And the crowd soon disperses in every direction;
Some, regarding the scene--when the runs are completed

As a gathering consisting of Cheats, and the cheated!
But I purpose not here to discuss the legality
Of betting, in that or in any locality:
Of the losers, great numbers return in high dudgeon,
And give vent to their wrath with the whip or a
bludgeon,

In other words,—some are each other browbeating,
And their quadrupeds at the same moment maltreating,
Till the hard-wollop'd donkeys, and hard-driven horses,
Seem to breathe out a curse on such brutes, and Race-
courses;

Ay! and not a few others are muttering curses,—
Whom the light-fingered gentry have eased of their
purses!

Who reflect on the racing, their outing and halts,
With a bitter distaste, that suggests Epsom Salts!

On the way back the throng of pedestrians grows
thicker,

And some scores show the strength of the Publican's
liquor,

By amusing endeavours to stand perpendicular,
And their zig-zag attempts to walk straight, in particular;

In fact, some are so drunk that they drop in the gutter,
To be shortly removed on a stretcher or shutter—
One of whom in the mire, though he seems not aware
of it,

Muddle-brained, on his back, talks of backing the
Favourite!

While another, near by, after cutting a caper,
Gets a tumble-down cutting from someone's door-
scraper,

Who I venture to say, will with painful sensations,
Many days after think of his Race-day's potations,
And consider that such a limb-shaking and bruizing,
Was a rather stiff price for the pleasures of boozing.
Then a quarrel is heard between two seedy Cockneys;
The one with a snub-nose, and the other with knock-
knees;

The one fellow dumpy, and the other one thinnish,

Who prepare for a fight, and a fisticuff finish
 Of their public-house wrangle about a crack rider,
 And a bet on the Winner, a so-called outsider,
 (In the slang of the Fancy) by a bunging of eyes-
 lights

And by tapping the claret—as the phrase is in prize-
 fights !¹⁷

Out and at it they go, with grimaces terrific,
 Though in fisticuff science they seem unscientific ;
 Showing little experience thereof, and less pluck in,
 As is seen by their dodging, and frequent nob-ducking,
 Till a clumsy collision instead of a mauling,

NOTES

17. *And by tapping the claret—as the phrase is in prize-fights*] The vocabulary of the prize-fighter, or the phraseology of Fisticuff is no doubt interesting to patrons of the so-called 'noble art of self defence,' but I presume few, if any of my readers are familiar with the terms in use among that pummeling fraternity. I will therefore furnish them with a selection of such, for their amusement, if not edification, namely, 'fibbing,' 'countering,' 'left handers,' 'on the nob,' 'rib-roasters,' 'upper cuts,' 'bashes,' 'body punches,' 'spankers,' 'smashers,' 'rattling on the ivories,' 'hot 'uns,' 'tapping of the claret,' 'flowing of the ruby,' 'raw 'uns,' 'getting both mauleys home,' 'napping a quartette of heavy ones,' 'administering loko with both mauleys,' 'one in his victualling department,' 'darkening his daylight,' etc., *ad nauseam*.

Brings the strife to an end, and the both to ground
sprawling.

And amongst the results of bets lost on such days, are
The use of a pistol, rope, knife, or a razor;
In other words—sometimes a Racing-day's betting
In a neck-stretching tragedy ends, or blood-letting;
In a Bill of Sale out, and a cent. per cent. Jew in,
Then a broken up home, and a family's ruin.

I have already hinted that those who confide in
'A guide to the Turf,' sometimes find it misleading;
And the same hint applies to the Turfite's Computer,¹⁸

NOTES

18. *And the same hint applies to the Turfite's Computer.*] In order to enlighten the curious outsider as to what the Turfite's Computer professes to ascertain for horsey inquirers and others, I will give just two or three samples of the questions and answers to be found in that publication.

Question. Even betting on one horse, and four to one against another, what are the odds on the two?

Answer. Seven to three on the two against the field.

Question. Seven to one against one horse, and thirty to one against another, what are the odds against the two?

Answer. Two hundred and nine to thirty-nine.

Question. Sixteen to one against one horse, and thirty-five to one against another, what are the odds against the two?

Answer. Five hundred and fifty-nine to fifty-three.

With its questions and answers for now and the future;
 Yet of such calculations I can be no confuter,
 And I treat such instructions as one who stands neuter;
 Because I am neither an old nor young stager,
 And because I have never indulged in a wager;
 Though I know that astonishing sums are expended
 In horse-racing affairs ere the season is ended;
 That the Newspaper Press to improve its finances,
 And in racing slang tell how the betting advances,
 Has its own Turf instructors, who on every occasion,¹⁹

NOTES

19. *Has its own Turf instructors, who on every occasion,*] On the eve of the Derby of 1887, the following Tip-i-cal Queries put by Verdant Green, jun., appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

‘Ye dealers in “tips” and unerring opinions,
 In fathomless wisdom and soundest advice,—
 Ye prophets who flock from our farthest dominions,
 Whose profits are mine at a minimum price—
 Come tell me the horses who’ll gain the first places,
 (I’ll pay you my money, and stand by your choice,)
 The horses to back in these Jubilee races,
 The names that will bid me be rich and rejoice !
 Oh, whisper, ye seers whom my spirit invokes,
 The winners to back for the Derby and Oaks !

‘Oh say, is it safety to lay upon Stetchworth ?
 Will plunging on Grandison send me to Lourdes ?
 Opine for me—what is that Florentine wretch worth ?
 Are Timothy’s chances of starting assured ?
 And Enterprise—how could I know he was damped on ?

Gives its readers straight tips with ingenious persuasion,
 And I know that the worst of degraded Humanity
 Take such hints, as do others of tip-top urbanity;
 That the Turf has its flats and its sharps, or flat-
 catchers,
 The latter astute as Police-trained thief catchers;
 That at times there is what is call'd Tout mas-
 querading ;

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That for this prize he never would enter the list ?
 Is Eiridspond likely to press Merry Hampton ?
 Does Blanchland start well ? and can Lovegold persist ?
 Ye prophets who never were guilty of hoax,
 Come tip me the truth for the Derby and Oaks !

Now I have it on very high authority, namely the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, 'Nearly all our contemporaries have one of these precious "tipsters" in their pay, who follow the pedigrees of the horses, are very likely acquainted with the owners, and possibly, on familiar terms with the jockeys, and who in all probability even condescend to the stable-boys when they can.' Yet with the tip-i-cal gift of prophecy, and all these other minor advantages to boast of, what was the result of the Derby ? That the winning horse had not been named by either one of the racing prophets of (to use the friendly phraseology of the *Pall Mall Gazette*), our esteemed contemporaries, the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Sportsman*, the *Sporting Life*, the *Sporting Chronicle*, or the *Referee*. I will conclude these interesting remarks with a piece of advice to the aforesaid gentlemen : 'Do not undertake to prophesy unless you know.'

That a tout-hunter's task leads to blows and up-
braiding,
When he catches the artfully got up intruder,
Who in horsey affairs is both dupe and deluder;
And that one kind of Layer is known as the Welsher,²⁰
Who decamps and, if caught, gets a cold bath or
squelcher;
That the Bookmaking Tribe are at all the Racecourses,
Although they, as a rule, know but little of horses;

NOTES

20. *And that one kind of Layer is known as the Welsher!*] 'So long,' says Lyndall, 'as the possession of wealth is looked upon as the highest good, every means that can be devised will be put in operation to obtain it. The robber and the gambler, though one employs force and the other stratagem, are each actuated by the same motive. And the greater part of the crimes and disorders that afflict society, originates in that fervid desire of wealth, which the Apostle declares, "drowns men in destruction."'—*Lyndall on Business as it is, etc.*

George Eliot had a great hatred to gambling. Writing once on this subject, she said, 'I am not fond of denouncing my fellow sinners, but gambling stirs my disgust even more than my pity. The sight of the dull faces bending round the gaming tables, the raking up of the money, and the flinging of the coins towards the winners by the hard-faced croupiers, the hateful hideous women staring at the board like stupid monomaniacs—all this seems to me the most abject presentation of mortals grasping after something called a good, that can be seen on the face of this little earth. Burglary is heroic compared with it. Hell is the only right name for such places.'

But I am not a Turfite, and, I have not a doubt of it,
With regard to that school, it is best to keep out of it.

Now to some, my Turf rhymes may seem too energetic,
Yet I've tried to be faithful as well as poetical;

Indeed ! only half of the truth have I written,
Of the principal Racing-day's scenes in Great Britain;
But my readers would tire of yet further rhyme
spinning

Details of its drunkenness, horseplay and grinning ;
In a word, I beheld a great deal of the latter,
And have shown up the head and the tail of the matter.

My task is Satire ! and the Stage supplies
Much for a critic's pen to satirise :
Much that to evil tends in various ways,
The indications of degenerate days ;
And my allusions to the Stage are meant
Alike for England and the Continent,
Whose Theatres, as heretofore, provide
Scenes and descriptions which good taste should hide ;
And of Society's lasciviousness
By stage extravagances, hints, and dress,

Or rather lack of it—for what else draws
Like semi-nudity, flesh-tights, and gauze ?
With attitudinisings to inflame
The passions of an audience they should shame !
Where villainy surrounds itself with charms,
And vice assumes its most attractive forms ;²¹

NOTES

21. *And vice assumes its most attractive forms ;*] In his 'Texts from the Times,' Mr Ascott R. Hope has an essay on 'Going to the Theatre,' in which he says, 'The morality of Comedy has always been bad, or at least incomplete. It has always been over friendly to certain great vices and small virtues. Prudence and wisdom are held up for ridicule, while mischievous recklessness and clever roguery are approved of as excellent jokes. While clever essayists are spinning out theories about "privation of moral light," boys are being allured to pocket-picking by the "stage" representation of Jack Sheppard's very unconventional morality.' In his description of a burlesque—this writer adds—'It was from beginning to end a confused mixture of silly rhymes, weak puns, nonsensical incidents, gaudy and indecent costumes, voluptuous dances, and vulgar parodies on songs already below contempt.

A few years ago, Mr Burnand—who was at that time editor of *Punch*, and had written Plays for the London Theatres—made an attack on the Stage, in the columns of the *Fortnightly Review*, and declared it to be his opinion 'that no girl, who did not come of a hard-working professional theatrical family, and who had not been decently brought up in the middle of it all from a child, could become an actress without deterioration of character.' He further observed ; 'Would any of us wish our daughters to go on

Where much in vogue, the vilest thoughts excite,
Excusing wrong, and ridiculing right;
Sans decency, sans sense, sans all but folly,
Enough to make some sick or melancholy.

Well may the Stage be deemed, without offence,
A School for Scandals, in a certain sense;
A mirror to reflect and teach the mind
The vices and the follies of mankind;
Where saintliness for ridicule is shamm'd,
And virtue oft is virtually damned,
By masqueraders—on and off the boards,
Admired by Demireps and spendthrift Lords;
A school wherein chaste men and women sit
For hours, enjoying its ludicrous wit,

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the Stage? No; certainly we would rather they did not choose the Stage as a means of earning a livelihood.' To the mother of a girl with histrionic tastes, he said: 'Your daughter's ideas of propriety will be rudely shocked at every turn. When she ceases to be even astonished she will be unconsciously deteriorating.'

In a short article on 'Society,' by Dr Howard Crosby, I find the following observations respecting the Theatre,—
'That it accustoms the young mind to adulteries, abandonments, intrigues, semi-nude exposures and all that depravity reckons to be the spice of life. To suppose that a Christian may go through this and preserve his integrity is absurd.'

French follies in a French or English dress,²²

Domestic hodge-podge—oft a nauseous mess,

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22. *French follies in a French or English dress,*] At a conference held in Birmingham some years ago, Mr Irving, the eminent Actor, was reported as saying respecting the productions of the French Stage, as follows:—‘What I find fault with in certain French pieces is, that they turn the domestic virtues into ridicule, and make that ridicule the pivot of the action. By so doing they efface by degrees the line between good and evil, which ought always to remain in the mind of the spectator. They see forming around them a lax moral atmosphere, which is insensibly breathed by those who remain in it. The taste for libertinism is inoculated both in young women and young men. They become familiar with dangerous ideas, and come to consider as the object of life what is in any case only an accident.’

At the Social Science Congress, held in Birmingham in the year 1884, Mrs Kendal read an interesting paper on the Drama, from which I will introduce a few of her remarks for the benefit of my readers. ‘Mrs Kendal announced her subject to be the comparison of the past and present state of the Drama; and proceeded to say,—‘That the Drama has improved in some respects, every play-goer of intelligence will admit, and that it has in some way deteriorated, those closely associated with it are forced to allow.’ She emphatically classed among the improvements, the minute attention given now-a-days to what is called the ‘Staging’ of a Play. And when she came to speak of the respects in which the Drama has deteriorated, she keenly satirised the mania, declared by her to be peculiar to the theatrical profession, of self-advertising, and made great fun of the lovers of newspaper paragraphs who could even turn affliction to profitable account, and regard an illness at the dull season as a positive boon. She also said, ‘Acting seems to have something akin to Parr’s

And—more attractive still—the private life
Of a false husband, or intriguing wife.

Again I say, the Theatre supplies,
Much that the Critic's pen should satirise;
The fever of the passions there is fed,
And many thus become to virtue dead;
While half the Plays contribute more or less
Their share to the immodesty of dress;
To much of evil for the minds of youth,
Adverse both to sincerity and truth;
Suggesting oftentimes deeds of lawlessness,
Of fraudulency and unfaithfulness,
Of cunning, jealousy, revengeful crimes,
And villainies of past or present times,
Of immorality in thin disguise,

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Life Pills and Holloway's Ointment. By advertising these commodities, large fortunes were made, and it is the actor who lets the public know through the newspapers everything he does—from the entertainments he gives his friends, to the goose he sends his gasman at Christmas—that seems to get the largest following. Bunkum of this discription has of late years been practised to an extent which is absolutely nauseating, and proves that there is something rotten in the state of Denmark.'

Corrupting morals through the ears and eyes;
But what of that—asks someone?—while it takes
Well with the Masher tribe, and grey-haired rakes,
And draws down from the wide extended jaws,
Of Gallery gods, uproarious applause!
Alas! by some, intrigues and heartless crimes,
Are deemed mere peccadilloes in our times,
Seen on the Stage—where Vice essays to please,
And on good morals acts as a disease;—
Whose morals on a loose foundation stand,
To meet—some say—the popular demand;
Or—as the Stage professional would say,
To suit the social spirit of our day,
Which, by the aid of puffs well advertised
Has been, and is made more demoralised;
Thus to enrich the modern Dramatist,
Whose tangled stuff is sometimes justly hiss'd,
And has made many reckless and unsex'd,
Unfitted both for this world and the next;
Whose bad results we see, and understand,
By night in the Haymarket and the Strand;
By day, in the Divorce and Police Courts,
And retailed filth of Newspaper reports:
Whose tendencies have been from bad to worse,

And realised by thousands as a curse,
 Because the Stage in these degenerate days,
 For lack of genius lacks superior Plays ²³

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23. *For lack of genius lacks superior Plays.*] 'The multiplication of Theatres,' says Hargrave Jennings, 'is a sign of the degeneracy of the time.' Our written Drama has given place to the unwritten:—Mind is absent everywhere, and Puff is paramount. However foolish may be the representation, everything is praised the next day in the journals. There is scarcely such a thing existent as true criticism. Reports of theatrical performances are replete with the sorriest flattery, full of laudation about nothing, and about nobodies. And, with a few exceptions, Stage Plays have become masquerades—not 'moralities,' but 'immoralities.'

The Bishop of London, some time ago, in a letter to the Church and Stage Guild made the following remarks:—'I believe there is much on the stage, and in particular in the ballet, which does grave mischief to many young men, possibly to many young women. The ballet does suggest what had better not be suggested. And I doubt if those who deny this are quite as decisive as they should be in condemning, not merely impure acts, but impure emotions and thoughts.'

In an article by Mr George Moore, under the title 'Mummer Worship,' I find these remarks of his:—'I do not mean to assert that virtue in the usual sense of the word is for women impossible on the Stage. That would be unjust and absurd. But it is most certainly the case that the odds against virtue in a stage life, are for women almost overwhelmingly great. All the conditions around them are perilous in the extreme. The very subject matter of their studies are the various phases of love and sensuality; the appeal made to the audience in seven out of ten modern theatres is a

Love of adventure, glory, and of fame,
 At all times and in all Lands is the same;
 And if the Stage had nothing worse than these
 To represent, its aims would none displease
 But at its best it now creates, we find,
 A sickly sensibility of mind,
 Tending to the corruption of the hearts,
 Alike of those who hear, and play their parts ;²⁴

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sensual appeal ; their daily associations are inevitably of the coarsest kind ; the physical strain and excitement are extremely great ; the living upon applause, and upon the daily imitation of that love which they are expected on the moral theory to for ever forbear to experience ; all these and a hundred other pitfalls there are in the way of a modest girl who wishes to retain the flower of her maidenhood amidst the dangers of theatrical life.'

And Mr Clement Scott—for about twenty-five years the leading theatrical critic in London—on being asked 'whether he considered the stage a place where women could remain moral and respectable, replied,' 'One out of a hundred may be safe, but even then she must hear things that she had better not listen to, and witness things that she had better not see. In every class of life, women are exposed to dangers and temptation, but far more in the theatre than elsewhere.'

24. *Alike of those who hear, and play their parts,]* The eloquent Dr Douglas of Montreal, in an address delivered on the subject of 'Social Purity,' in 1890, made the following remarks. 'The institution of the family is the corner-stone of every Christian State. To protect it in its integrity and

By innuendoes oft, and impudence,
Opposed to truth, morality and sense.

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virtue, to bear aloft the ideal of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavour of any man. We are here to level our impeachments and emphasize our denunciations against the conspiracies that are at work to degrade public sentiment and destroy the virtuous life of society. We are here to impeach the Modern Drama; and it is time some should lift up their voices against the influence of our Modern Stage, which Mrs Kendal, the friend of our Queen, and herself an artiste of highest character, frankly admits is tainted from its centre to its circumference. We impeach also those booksellers as at war with virtue, who stand behind counters and deal out a literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novels of Zola, and others. We impeach the moral sense of our city, for its criminal indifference to the character of its public men; and some of the constituencies of an abnegation of moral discrimination in the representatives they have sent to Parliament. We also impeach the class of so-called society men, as at war with the sanctity of the family, society men of libertine lives. At home respectable—immoral abroad. And we tell such men this planet is too small to silence or hide their iniquity.'

'To get behind the scenes of a theatre'—says the author of 'Tempted London'—'appears to be the legitimate aim of all young men who claim to be considered "fast," and notwithstanding the printed notices found at the stage doors of the West End theatres, setting forth that none but those engaged are allowed to enter on any pretext whatever, it is a comparatively easy thing to get behind the scenes of most of them. There is little desire evinced to accomplish

But Plays without intrigue and gallantry,
Without a villain, or a debauchee,
Would be deprived of their attractiveness,
And deemed a failure by the Stage and Press.

Since our immortal Shakespeare penned his Plays,
But few have merited dramatic bays;
But few among the Actors that have been,
Have shone like Siddons, Sheridan and Kean,
Or Garrick, or Macready—few, I say,
Have had their genius, or could hold like sway;
Though gladly I admit, the present Age
Has Actors seeking to reform the Stage ;
Who fairly claim, in these distinguished days
Of puffs and shams, our tributary praise;
Whose better souls are evidently fired

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this, except at such places as employ a number of young women, and here it is only necessary to be an acquaintance of one of the performers, or better still, "a friend of the manager's," to secure a passport. Going behind the scenes is, however, much too expensive a pleasure to be indulged in by any but those people who have plenty of money in their pockets, since the standing of champagne and the tipping of officials has a rapid manner of absorbing the young fellow's cash.'

With zeal for changes worthily desired,
As Garrick's was, who laboured to refine
The tastes of pleasure-seekers in his line;
Though in his laudable attempts he failed;
O'er which, licentious jealousy prevailed.
Thus Irving, of Lyceum fame well-known,
Deservedly adorns the Drama's Throne;
One who successfully has played his part
Thus far, to elevate Dramatic Art,
Which some, with bantering risibility,
Considered an impossibility;
Who deemed the Plays of Shakespeare wearisome,
So vitiated had their tastes become;
Who still with others do not wish to see
The modern Drama as it ought to be;
Who sneer at virtue in a Playhouse plot,
And in Society regard it not;
Creatures of coarseness and carnality,
Who wallow in all sensuality;
To whom things meant to profit and refine,
Would useless be as casting pearls to swine.²⁵

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25. *Would useless be as casting pearls to swine.*] In a work entitled 'The Truth About The Stage, by Corin,' the author

Now turn we to a more enticing evil,
One which well serves the purpose of the Devil,

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says, 'After twenty years' experience in London and the Provinces, he has come to the conclusion that the ephemeral glory of the Stage is not worth giving the best years of one's life to obtain ;' and he proceeds to prove that the English Stage is for the most part, corrupt ; 'and in spite of the noble efforts to reform it, of such gentlemen and ladies, as Mr Henry Irving, Miss Terry, Mr and Mrs Kendal, Mr Wilson Barrett, and a few others, the Stage has never been so corrupt as it is at the present time. In Henry Irving is blended the artist and the scholar. He is striving to raise the drama and its representatives to his own ideal standard of perfection, and the name of Henry Irving will go down to posterity as the greatest reformer the Stage has ever known since Thespis and his cart paraded the Athenian streets six centuries before the Christian Era.'

The author of 'Sketches from Bohemia' enlightens us a little as to the slang of the Stage, and informs us, that Actors love to call themselves 'pros,' properties are shortened to 'props,' and business to 'biz.' 'Fat' is slang for good or telling speeches. 'To swallow the cackle,' is to learn a part. 'To crack a wheeze' is to originate something smart, or to say something at the right moment. 'To wing' means to go through a part without knowing the text. And 'to pong' is equivalent to expanding the lines of a part. To 'queer a manager's pitch' is to disappoint him. To be 'fluffy' in a part is to be uncertain of the words, and to hesitate and 'fluff' through the scene.

In the theatrical papers, some amusing advertisements are to be found now and then, of which here is a sample, 'Mr X., disengaged for small parts, as dead bodies, mobs, processions, outside shouts, etc.'

In many modern Music Halls—those pests,²⁶
Where senseless doggerel and vulgar jests,

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26. *In many modern Music Halls—those pests,*] It is quite refreshing now and then to pause in one's own somewhat dull description of things heard and seen, in order to give special attention to the testimonies and opinions of the secular daily Press, on those matters with which I am attempting to deal in these pages. And as the leader writers in secular newspapers cannot, as a rule, be charged with puritanical squeamishness, I shall avail myself of their authoritative assistance from time to time, with greater confidence on that account. From the leading article of a London daily paper I glean the following confessions :—'We don't like much in the Music Halls. Their songs are vulgar—sometimes low ; and their morality is questionable. But on the score of morality the Music Hall is quite as good as most of our Theatres. The sexual passion—and especially the sexual passion in its immoral and licentious developments—forms the staple of nine out of ten of our Plays ; and as to our spectacles, the exhibition—the lavish exhibition—of the female figure is the chief attraction to masses of theatre-goers. All this is not as it should be. It is the pathological symptom of some social disease ; but it is there.'—I quite agree with you, Mr Editor ; it is there !

'As for our songs, it is best to say at once that we have none that take the place of those which were known as ballads ; for, if we acknowledge that there is anything to take their place, we should bow our heads in shame before the shop window of almost every music-seller in London. Those old ballads have been superseded by versified vulgarity and indecency, "songs" destitute of even the poorest semblance of rhyme, while the lewd meaning is by no means concealed in a jargon of slang, which is intended only to give verbal expression to the grin, the stare, and the gesture of the "Great

With gestures, just as vulgar, to the view,
Are tolerated and applauded too ;

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Comique" for whom they are written. These miserable jingles are furnished in any quantity, and are published with the extra attraction of a coloured portrait of the "Comique" himself. In plainer language, we have as Lions Comiques, Musical Stars, and Cosmopolitan Comicalities, Tom this, Dick the other, and Harry somebody else—all nobodies trying to be somebodies, and being puffed into notoriety by partial, incompetent, and self-dubbed critics.'

—*Hargrave Jennings's Plain Truths, etc.*

'Mr Percy Fitzgerald,' says the *Daily News*, 'has written an odd little book on "Music Hall Land," to tell us what goes on every night in those temples of the Comic muse ; and would have us believe that all the smart people he sees there are but glorified shop-boys ; but he is in error. Their social betters often turn in there, and it is a safe thing to say that their taste is deplorable. The entertainments are vulgar, but that is only another way of saying that they are pleasing to the vast majority who go there. And among the various stage names of the performers, you have the "Emerald Queens," the "Double-voice-Artistic-Speciality" the "Idol of Both Hemispheres," the "Needle King," the "Fire-flies," and "Society Stars." There, amidst the odours of cigars, tobacco, rum, gin, or brandy and water, and less expensive alcoholic beverages, the deeply interesting fact is communicated to the audience by a professional Star, that,

"I always comes home to tea,
Whenever I'm out on the spree,
And if I am late, I catch it of Kate,
So—I always comes home to tea."

'The male "pros" in these plays,' says the author of

Where high and low-bred pleasure seekers sit
To hear slang-mongers' jokes, and deem them wit !
Forth from whose lips a stream of rubbish flows,
That's neither decent poetry nor prose,
But topical or cheeky balderdash,
Atrocious nonsense, and pernicious trash;
Where mashers—heard in song, applauses crave,
And shop-boy tailors, butchers, barbers rave ;
Where sensuality outrages sense,
And so-called wit is vulgar impudence,
Corrupting minxes and apprentice fops,
From workrooms, milliners' and tradesmen's shops ;
Halls, that have been the haunts and training schools,

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'Tempted London,' 'affect a racy, flippant, light-hearted air, which attracts the empty-headed youth who has a desire to be something of that sort himself. The weak young man who asks the Great Jack Bang to have a drink (he sings the wonderful song, "I didn't tell the missus where I'd been," with such loudness of voice and variety of facial contortion, and by extra hurry and roar glosses over the fact that the lines do not scan, and the air clashes with all ideas of harmony), has an idea that it will enhance his importance in the eyes of his fellows to be seen hob-nobbing with so big a personage. So the Great Jack Bang, who is a man with a blotchy face, and a red neck, and wears a billy-cock hat, and tweedy-grey ulster, accepts by saying, "Thanks, A brandy and soda and a cigar."'

Of dissipated women and their tools;
Where pilfering puppies, sots and libertines,
Resort for chaff, beer, whiskies, gin, or wines;
Where nightly at the bar, or on the benches,
Old and young rakes are lounging with street wenches;
Until the fumes of drink, and clouds of smoke,
Are almost dense enough a dog to choke.

As *Punch* observed, in Eighteen Sixty-Two—
'There you may meet with the patrician roue,
The heartless skittle sharp and blackleg too,
And witness things disgraceful to the view;
There you may hear songs foolish and unclean,
And repartees both vulgar and obscene.'
Ay, true it is, in these sensation days,
We have vulgarities in Songs and Plays,
And in the former, he who loudest bawls,
Is deemed the Star of modern Music Halls ;²⁷

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27. *Is deemed the Star of modern Music Halls ;*]

'What's in a Name? Sounds, "Music Hall" more sweet
Than Hades, House of Sin, or Fools' Retreat?
What name could suit the Devil's Ground so well
As Hades? Hush? That Anglicised means Hell.
Gay, gassy haunt of dissipated swells,
Poor, paper collar'd cads, and common belles,

And is rewarded with tumultuous cheers!—
 A pleasing din for his expecting ears;

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And belles bedaub'd with rouge—these flaunt their sin,
 The hard-earned coin of sots and fools to win.
 Where beardless, silly shop-boys waste their pence,
 Old play'd out rakes display their lack of sense;
 And, midst foul slang and loud discordant din,
 "Men" fall a prey to Nicotine and Gin.

'Behind the scenes in "Hades" soon there came
 A fawning fop, of wife-seducing fame,
 In search of prey this caitiff glanced around,
 He saw a wife, and mean excuse soon found
 That she should take his card: demurely then
 He offered wine—they sold it in the den.
 One glass she drank, then, with a subtle laugh,
 Another "drink" he tempted her to quaff:
 Into the second draught he slily threw
 A vile narcotic drug—its strength he knew—
 Then still more wine he plied—and sad to tell—
 That night, when dead to shame, that woman fell!'

'Hades, or The Palace of King Swipes.'—*By Phoenix.*

The Entr'acte,—a Paper which is always well informed on all that concerns Music Halls, has made complaint of an organised system of extortion practised by individuals who frequent the galleries of some of those establishments as an unauthorised but regularly organised claue. The system, it appears, is to applaud and repeat the chorus of a song, in order afterwards to demand a reward from the vocalist for their volunteer services. Some performers, fearing the consequences of refusal, have, it seems, been weak enough to acknowledge these interested compliments, all which has tended to encourage what has at last become a serious nuisance. One performer had, some time ago, to invoke the

And half the rubbish in such places heard,
Is popular because it is absurd,
And sung, or raved by favourite Toms or Bills!
By great and grammar-murdering Jacks or Jills!


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protection of a constable in getting to the stage door, and an unfortunate female vocalist was actually followed to her private residence by a strong contingent of clappers and chorus bawlers clamourously demanding tribute.

On a certain occasion, when Mr Poland appeared before the Theatres and Music Halls Committee of the London County Council, in support of the application for the renewal of a Music Hall licence ; it was alleged that a song had been sung there which was not of a proper character ; and the learned Counsel, having read the song, and admitted, that if not indecent, the song was at any rate certainly vulgar ; and continuing, he said, that there was no authority for considering and controlling the words used in Music Halls ; but the wording of the songs was left to the good or bad taste of the individuals themselves ; and the song in question was certainly one of those which would have been better omitted. A County Councillor then pointed out that Mr Poland had omitted reading one verse, and the learned Counsel said he was aware of the omission. It was a bad verse, and undesirable to read it in court. As to another song referred to ; Mr Poland said, of course nobody would deny that the words in question were indelicate ; and it was unnecessary to say more than that. The words complained of had been stopped, and they should not be uttered again. It was on this matter that a popular London clergyman wrote as follows to the Press : 'I consider that the Licensing Committee is doing its duty in endeavouring to cleanse our Music Halls from the filth, which, without rebuke from Government, Police or Press, has for years been poisoning the minds of multitudes.'

Evoking grins, and laughter, and—of course
Encored by pals there, shouting themselves hoarse ;
By some applauders favoured with a Pass,
Rhyme scribblers of the Ballad-mongering class ;
Which—were they heard by the Lord Chamberlain,
Would sometimes cause him both disgust and pain ;
Which—with the fumes of swipes, and glare of gas,
Would have exasperated Balaam's Ass !
From which his days were happily exempt,
Or he would have outbrayed them, with contempt,
And thereof given more convincing proofs,
By the uplifting of his hinder hoofs :
Though some of the amusements advertised—
I ought to say, have lately been revised,
Or, here and there have been M'Dougallised !
And thus, M'Dougall is immortalised.

Enough of sing-song Bangs—on other parties,
I have to drop the censor's aquafortis ;
To deal with things, that should be deemed offences
By honourable men, and false pretences.
In shameless drunkenness, and tricks and flams,
In solemn humbug, in all kinds of shams,
And trading puffery we seem to stand,



Far in advance of every other Land.
The art of puffing in the present age,
Is one, which has indeed become the rage;
It is the offspring of degenerate days,
And everywhere in vogue because it pays;
So that where'er we go or turn our eyes,
We meet with its pretensions and its lies;²⁸

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28. *We meet with its pretensions and its lies;*] 'In the old-fashioned time, before the days of plate glass and brass surroundings, goods were goods; now all the goods are little better than paper. You, my good friend—the modern trader, are not now in your shop. You are in the puffing newspaper. You are stuck up—posted like a dangerous dummy—upon a hoarding, upon a wall, displayed to public gaze at a street corner. You are baptised in ink and paste; you cling to a lamp-post; you are carted on a man's back, and dangle on the backs of "sandwich men," who carry you about as Sindbad carried the "Old Man of the Sea." The great Showboard Advertising Contractors, who buy up all blank spaces and screens have got you for a consideration. Put your hand in your money-bag and you shall be plastered all over the world; your Morning, Noon, and Night Suits—Mould Candles—Mineral Waters—Wonderful Soaps—Travelling Bags—Musical Instruments—Elastic Stockings—Whiskies—Mustard—Vinegar and Blacking, shall be posted upon the Pyramids of Egypt; you shall rout out Pharoah from his Temples, flood the world of hieroglyphics with fustian, carry the rubbish of civilisation into the most secret places, bring down into desecration, by the ignoble trumpeting of yourself and your shabby wares, even the sacred sites of Jerusalem. Your twelve-shilling trousers

In tradesmen's windows, on bill-posters' walls,
Outside our Theatres and Music Halls,

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shall astonish the cameleopards in South Africa, advertised from the backs of the blacks. All the trash of the modern manufactories, shall fly broadcast—the fluff and seed of the new masquerading Sower—the mighty Sower in his piebald panoply—the Devil turned Commercial Imposter and Cheap Jack.’—*Hargrave Jennings's Plain Truths, etc.*

The *Standard* newspaper, and some of its correspondents rendered good service some time ago, by calling attention to the ‘Horrors on our Walls,’ by which they meant the indecent and offensive as well as gigantic advertisements which disgraced many of the walls of this great Metropolis. A correspondent of the *Press News*, wrote complaining of the prevailing practice of interleaving our periodicals with sundry fly-leaf advertisements, which to many is felt to be a serious annoyance. Time was when the advertisements which accompanied our magazines were always kept distinct from their literary contents, but now it is hardly possible to read through an article or an instalment of serial fiction without being suddenly confronted with a whole page, generally of some gaudy hue, setting forth the merits of a patent medicine, or directing attention to the wine or the whisky, the coals or the soap of some enterprising dealer in those articles. An artist—protesting against the advertisement nuisance—in the *Pall Mall Gazette* said: ‘The Great Eastern, after her noble work in the Atlantic, instead of being allowed to rest in peace, was actually fastened on by some of those reckless advertising firms and literally covered with staring advertisements of cheap goods.’ ‘Advertisements occupy far more space than the Bill of the Play,’ writes elsewhere a theatre-goer. ‘I’ve found it at last.’ ‘Found what?’ ‘Why the programme of the Play. It is here, although I began to

At every corner and in every street,
With this imposture we are sure to meet;
In Literature, Amusements, as in Trade,
In every walk of life and every grade;
On every hand Puff catches every eye,
And bids the Public read, come, see, and buy;
In every style, and under every guise,
It is paraded, and of every size;
It deals with all we see, eat, drink, and wear,
And finds its dupes of all kinds, everywhere.
'Tis that respectable dishonesty,
Which seems both sense and reason to defy;
A system, which the upright man knows well,
Is nauseating and contemptible;
But which all others seek to justify,
In order one another to outvie:
And other practices to which we pass,
The double dealing of the trading Class,
And tradesman's trick in placarding the boast,

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think it had been left out. It is a shame to fill up a programme with advertisements all round it. Who is interested in grocery, and corsets, and eating saloons, and cocoa, and all sorts of things when they come to the Play ?'

—*Daily News*, March 14, 1887

That he is selling off—much under cost !
And white lies also, by which he pretends,²⁹
At a great sacrifice ! to serve his friends.
Ofttimes the secret of commercial gains,
Is in deceptions, not superior brains !

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29. *And white lies also, by which he pretends,*] Men of business oftentimes insist, that it is impossible to succeed in life without more or less violating the law of righteousness. 'No one,' says the author of a work entitled 'Business Life ; The Experiences of a London Tradesman,' 'but those who have opportunities of getting behind the scenes in London, or in any great commercial town, can have any idea of the deceit which is carried on. Many a respectable man of business would not tell a direct lie himself, but he will suffer those about him to do it wholesale, and it is surprising how ready people are to lie on others' behalf.'

The late Rev. Baldwin Brown, in one of his Lectures, made the following startling assertions, 'That the tricks and shifts to compass cheapness in every art and industry are infinite. It runs through all arts and callings. Preachers, Legislators, Lawyers, Merchants, Shopkeepers, and even Artisans, are all pressed by it ; and the root of it lies, not in the specialities of any particular calling, but in the low tone of the moral life, the success and popularity-hunting of our times. We who are behind the scenes in the religious world do not like much that we see there, any more than much that we see in the trade world. I have known,' (said he) 'as much dishonesty in getting up a public meeting, in manufacturing public opinion, or even in the discharge of the most sacred duties, as there can possibly be in selling short measure, giving false samples, salting invoices, or shaving the ladies.'

Ofttimes it seems, success in life depends
On trickery to which man's soul descends;
Call it commercial shrewdness as he may,
'Tis but the cunning of a beast of prey : 30
In competition, what is it to him

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30. *'Tis but the cunning of a beast of prey :*] A few years ago there was a large failure in Liverpool in the Cotton Trade, with liabilities amounting to more than £500,000, with reference to which the following remarks appeared in a weekly religious Paper :—'This failure brings prominently before the world one of the many commercial abuses which exist in our midst. The merchant alluded to is celebrated as the principal figure in certain "cotton corners" from one of which he is said to have drawn immense profits. When a "cotton corner" is to be arranged, all the available cotton is bought up by one man, or a "circle" of men, and prices are thus artificially worked up. Brokers covenant to sell at a certain future date at what, under ordinary circumstances, would be the probable prices, and when the settling time comes, and they are unable to deliver the cotton, they have to pay the difference between the price they agreed on, and the far higher artificial one that has been forced up by the operators. In this way enormous profits may be made by men who have done nothing in return to increase the wealth of the world. In the olden time highwaymen transferred the money of others to their own pockets by physical force, without giving any equivalent for it; in these days speculators do the same thing by force of combination and intellect. The great difference between the two proceedings is that the latter is a legal method, while the former is not, and that for the former, society casts you into prison, while for the latter it invites you to dinner.'

That honest strugglers sink, while he can swim;
He, by his artifices breasts the tide,
And deems it cleverness, with selfish pride;
By bargain baits, and puffs, and lies he strives
To gull the Public, and by these he thrives,
While upright tradesmen their invention rack,
To steer their course in a consistent track;
And oft are forced, by trading knaves to make,
A ruinous retreat for conscience sake;
Indeed such tricky tactics seem the rule,
And he who thrives not, oft is deemed—a fool!

The glowing terms in which men advertise,
Consist of soft-soaped pufferies and lies;
In fact our Age—thanks to the advertiser,
Is, in plain words—a brazen victimiser!
An Age of shams, deceiving eye and ear,
In which things puffed as cheap, in truth are dear!
By means, which but in part I mention here—
Adulterations, Stucco, and Veneer.³¹

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31. *Adulterations, Stucco, and Veneer.*] In an American work, entitled 'Golden Truths,' I find the following accusations made by the author, against his fellow countrymen,

In a Newspaper's advertising pages,
How competition's puffing mania rages !

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which I fear are to a large extent applicable to the traders of our own Land. 'The lust of wealth,' says the candid writer, 'so overrides every other consideration here, that fraud in trade is the rule instead of the exception. We poison all our provisions with adulteration. We poison even our drugs with cheaper material. We sell shoddy for wool. We sell veneering for solid wood. We make abominable messes and call it whisky. We make horrible rolls of nastiness and call them cigars. We build wretched shells of bad brick, and bad mortar, and green wood, and call them houses. We rob and cheat each other all round, and in every trade and business, and are rapidly destroying our national sense of honesty and integrity.'

At the Church Congress held (October, 1890) in Hull, Archdeacon Farrar introduced the subject of 'The Ethics of Commerce,' and in a powerful address, made the following statements: 'That he would denounce all trade and all commerce as essentially un-Christian in principle, which based itself on pure egotism and reckless competition. He would plead the cause of labour by maintaining that human beings did not constitute a mass of dead, impersonal force, to be treated only in accordance with laws of supply and demand, but that every living soul had rights, indivisible, inalienable, eternal, which could not be trampled and crushed into the mire as though political economy were some monstrous Juggernaut which must be dragged along in triumph, no matter how many thousands it killed and crushed of the men for whom Christ died. Leaving all that aside, he said that the code of commercial ethics was very simple. It was propounded in those Ten Commandments which were to morality as its bases of granite were to the material world. For any trade which was in itself legitimate, no rules were

How with its trumpet-blare of vanity,
It stirs and then deludes Humanity !
Oft has my blood boiled, and I oft have laughed,

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needed beyond the Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Commandments, taken in all the breadth which Christ gave to them as the law of honesty, the law of truthfulness, and the law of contentment. As to the law of honesty, was it not flagrantly violated by these endless adulterations of almost every single article of commerce—of cloth, with shoddy ; of cocoa, with starch ; of bread, with alum ; of butter, with margarine ; of spirits, with oil of vitriol ; of wine, and beer, and porter, with every conceivable abomination ; and of nearly everything else with something else ? Why too, the commonest of notices which traders themselves put forth “ Beware of spurious imitations ” ? All such methods of trade violated the most elementary rules of morality. If trade were what it should be why should we be pelted with fulsome advertisements in every railway carriage, and on every blank wall ? But it was an age of advertisements, egregious frauds, of monstrous assertions, and lamentable credulity. Hardly anything stood on its own merits, but had to be bolstered up by lying and boastful representations to gain the public favour. All rotten and dishonest trade was but a development and result of the covetousness which was idolatry. It was the immense and absurd honour paid to wealth which tempted men to say, “ We must get wealth though it be by evil means.” Servitude to Mammon brought with it its careers of criminals, and forgers, its bank failures, its swindling schemes, its bubble companies, its sham mines, its corners and rings, and manipulators of the Stock Exchange. Show me a people where trade is dishonest, and I will show you a people where religion is a sham.’

At the audacious advertiser's craft,
Whose bold attempts to gull, and to astound
The Public, both above and underground,
At all times, in all forms, and every place,
Has long become a nuisance and disgrace :
And (worst of nuisances) the tainted puff,
Of the Quack Doctor's deleterious stuff !
In short, the literature of puffing Quacks,
Goes far to prove, our morals are most lax ;
And that the freedom of the Modern Press,
Is much abused by humbugs, who profess
Extreme regard for the Community,
Yet prey on mankind with impunity,
But my soul sickens, and cries hold ! enough !
O'er this vile devilry of paste and puff ;
O'er all that tricky, and quackmongering crew,
With whom the printer's devil has to do :
And from the advertising trickster's stuff,
I pass on to the editorial puff !
Although I feel I must be careful how
I smite Sir Oracle's imperious brow,³²

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32. *I smite Sir Oracle's imperious brow,*] In a volume of William Hazlitt's Essays, there is a chapter on Editors, of

With some degree of awe I therefore state,
My views of what is styled The Fourth Estate!

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whom he says, 'They in general partake of the usual infirmity of human nature, and of persons placed in high and honorary situations. Like other individuals raised to authority, they are chosen to fill a certain post for qualities useful or ornamental to the reading public; but they soon fancy that the situation has been invented for their own honour and profit, and sink the use in the abuse. Kings are not the only servants of the public who imagine that they are the State. Editors are but men, and easily "lay the flattering unction to their souls," that they are the Newspaper, the Magazine, or the Review, they conduct. Having a little power in their hands, they wish to employ that power (as all power is employed), to increase the sense of self-importance; and they are dreadfully afraid there should be anything behind the Editor's chair, greater than the Editor's chair.' To adopt the language of another critic (Colton),

'They are the
Self-constituted kings of A. B. C,
Shielded in their majestic title—We!'

'Newspaper editing,' says Thomas Carlyle, 'is the California of the spiritually bankrupt.' And another writer on the 'Ethics of Periodical Criticism,' remarks, that 'Experience has long ago proved to the readers of the Newspaper Press that the high and mighty individual, whose important personality is paraded before us as the editorial *We*, in almost every sentence of its leading articles, is as fallible as the Pope, although he sets himself up as an infallible authority both for opinions and facts. Indeed he may often be detected as a specimen of incompetent judgment, a clap-trap scribbler, and a smatterer in knowledge, although he is supposed to be

There to perfection Puff is found—indeed,³³
 The Fourth Estate in puffing takes the lead !

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furnished with all the facilities for obtaining correct information, and has probably at his elbow, the assistance of "The Newspaper Writer's Companion," "Books of Laconics," and "Dictionaries of Classical Quotations," from which to readily obtain his fine phrases, and classical padding. With such facilities is the editorial *We* frequently found trading on the weakness, the jealousies, and ignorance of political parties in general, and on the unquestioning credulity of his readers in particular.

In Theodore Hook's 'Sayings and Doings,' he makes the following remarks on the Editorial *We*—'His obscurity alone gives him importance, as vessels at sea seem larger in a fog ; and the combination of that mysterious monosyllable *we*—by which he dispenses his ordinance in the plural number, with the notorious apathy of the world at large, confers upon the individual in his editorial capacity, an importance and an influence.'

Another author says—in rhyme—

How much an editor would lose, if he,
 Abandoning mysterious incogs,
 Wrote little "I" instead of mighty "We" !
 For when a man the public memory jogs
 In a critique severe, or slashing article,
 To stamp upon the thunderbolt "Tim Scroggs"
 Would spoil its efficacy no small particle !
 There is much wisdom in that same plurality—
 It shrouds from scorn his individuality.'

33. *There to perfection Puff is found—indeed,*] In a work, entitled the 'Great Metropolis,' the author—who seemed to know a few of the secrets of the Newspaper Departments, thus writes: 'It is amusing to contrast the lofty pretensions

There too, the art of proving black is white,
 Is ofttimes practised, and that wrong is right!
 There oft, the moving spirit of the whole,
 Is found to be a man without a soul;
 In other words, one to injustice blind,
 Who scribbles to mislead the public mind;
 Whose leaders sycophantise to the great,
 And laud unworthy Pillars of the State;
 Whose editorial headship often tries,
 To weaken facts by well phrased sophistries;
 To screen the follies of the Upper Ten,³⁴

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and prodigal promises made in the prospectuses or first numbers of some newspapers, with the fate to which they are doomed. Not long since,' (says this writer) 'a weekly paper was started on Conservative principles. Never was journal ushered into the world amidst a greater flourish of trumpets. It was started for the purpose of rescuing the British Constitution from the clutches of the Radicals, and of saving the Church from the destruction with which it was threatened by infidels. It was not the worst part of the joke, however, that the two editors, engaged to conduct the paper, were actually, in their private opinions, both Radicals and infidels.'

34. *To screen the follies of the Upper Ten,*] The Press have been exceedingly cautious of giving offence to persons of distinction. The extreme delicacy with which it sometimes touches on their foibles, is (says a certain writer) a reminder of a certain elegant parson, who, after expatiating on the

And the misdeeds of so-called gentlemen !
Though some who wield the editorial pen,
Are known to gently censure now and then,
Their *leetle* slips of immorality,
With virtuous impartiality,
Towards all sections of Humanity,

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irreligion of some of his genteel auditory, concluded by telling them with all imaginable complaisance 'that if they did not reform they would run the risk of being doomed to a place which he did not think proper to mention in that polite assembly.'

The following remarks respecting the influence of secular journalism in these days—by a writer in the *Christian Commonwealth*—are in accordance with my own opinions on the subject, for which reason I take the liberty of introducing them here. 'In its efforts to diffuse that which panders to the lower passions of the people, the Secular Press is a gigantic success. It serves up daily columns of sensational reading, dilating upon murders, suicides, execution of murderers, prize fights, and racing, with a minuteness that makes one wonder where the consciences of writers are who condescend to put together such details; and I ask in all soberness what other object can be in view than that of feeding a depraved taste. I contend that by giving the publicity which these cases receive is literally outraging the public conscience, cultivating a morbid propensity in the youth of our land, and directly influencing for bad our English home life. And the Secular Press does more to keep alive the gambling customs so prevalent in our country to-day, and which are taking a firmer hold on all grades of society every day, than any other agency in existence.'

And some respect for Christianity;
Yet few will venture an insinuation,
That lowers such in public estimation;
Nay, when some rogue is most respectable!
In mildest terms of his misdeeds they tell,
And designate rascality as schemes,
Which promised fair, but proved financial dreams!
Or, that finances fraudulently spent,
Were circulated with no wrong intent;
Though wasted in wines, spirits and cigars,
And on disreputable characters;
(Of such, I have some in my mental sight,
About whose follies I may elsewhere write,
For which, I doubt not I shall be abused
By many, while some perhaps will be amused);
At times too—for so-called expediency,
The Press defends genteel indecency,
And sometimes it turns puritanical,
Or, in dyspeptic wrath, satanical;
Or saucy, blatant, and ironical,
From the dear *Times* down to the *Chronicle*:
But when the poor man through misfortune errs,
Its Papers wade through all particulars
Of his delinquencies, to blast his name,

Though others for his conduct are to blame;
And should his crime be murder, then the Press
Gives glowing details of its hideousness,
And dares to risk the evil it incurs;
To please the morbid tastes of purchasers,
In other words—to please the public taste,
In other ways sufficiently debased,
Yet ever craving after something fresh,
Degrading to the spirit, soul, and flesh.³⁵

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35. *Degrading to the spirit, soul and flesh.*] The Rev. J. Cunningham Geikie, D.D., in a lecture entitled 'True Socialism,' makes the following remarks on the Press:—'I cannot but think that the social irreligion and immorality of the day is largely due to our able editors; good men, no doubt, in private, but most dangerous in their calling. I see long reports of divorces, seductions, and breaches of promise, in papers which would scarcely say a word to help on the great Act for the protection of young girls. I look in vain day by day, for any trace in editorials of the existence of a God, or of a higher law than mere gain or pleasure. With a power greater than that of the pulpit, the able editors ignore the existence of a High Ideal in life. They have simply to think of what pays. But, till the Press rise to the dignity of its magnificent commission, and teach men that the greatness of a nation lies not in its wealth but its worth, that its prosperity does not consist in having so much money, or so much selfish indulgence, but in fidelity to truth, purity, justice, unselfishness and integrity, there is small hope for the future!'

'The religious newspapers of the day are full of quarrels

Now I opine, that some who may peruse
These caustic rhymes, will not endorse my views,
Respecting Newspapers, but deem me rash,
In thus applying the sarcastic lash,
To some superior beings, who profess
To be our teachers in the modern Press,
Who wield for party purposes their rods,
And sit in judgment as quill-driving Gods!
But such are not my masters, and their curses,
I care no more for than for their small mercies;
On shams and humbugs let their wrath be spent,
And rich transgressors share the chastisement;
Then would they render to the present Age,
A service which should their best powers engage;
Then would they be improving the condition
Of mankind, and fulfilling their true mission.

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about words—quarrels instituted in the name of the Prince of Peace, and carried on for the benefit of the Prince of Darkness—quarrels over non-essential matters of opinion—quarrels growing out of rivalries of sects—quarrels fed by the fires of human passion—quarrels maintained by the pride of opinion and by the ambition for intellectual mastery—quarrels whose only tendency is to disgust the world with the religion in whose behalf they are professedly instituted, and to fret, and wound, and divide the followers of Jesus Christ.—*J. G. Holland's Gold Foil.*

Another of the evils of the Age,
Is found in Fiction—everywhere the rage !³⁶

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A distinguished writer on 'The Liberty of the Press,' says : 'The abominable and contemptible trick of hedging and diplomatising, which by some has been thought essential to statesmanship, is fast seizing hold of journalism, and there are few papers in Britain that either can or will speak plainly. It is this wretched mixture of weakness and cunning, which has tended so often to lower the influence of newspapers. There is also a portion of the Newspaper Press, not only quite able to praise itself, but which does so with a downright effontery, sometimes amusing, and sometimes contemptible. Scarcely any great author has long remained connected with it. A man of genius, who would live by the Press, must sell his principles, forget his wisdom, and mar his wit. There is, therefore, a small portion of the Press which is nothing but a sturdy sham. It can be bought like other things. It can be influenced by cajoleries, by jealousies, and enmities, by likes and dislikes. But when all this has been freely admitted, and all that can be urged against it is granted, our Free Press is still a most admirable institution.'

36. *Is found in Fiction—everywhere the rage !*]

'The loud demand from year to year the same,
Cripples Invention, and makes Fancy tame ;
While Farce itself, most mournfully jejune,
Calls for the kind assistance of a tune ;
And authors hear one universal cry,—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die.'

—William Couper.

'We have nothing but sensations in amusements,' says Hargrave Jennings, 'and in the world of Literature to a great extent as well ; yet we are never aroused. Our capacity of

Feeding the worst of passions as it strives
To track the course of dissipated lives;
To garnish vices and create a league
Of wild extravagances and intrigue;
To saturate the mind with sentiment,
Of an unhealthy and pernicious bent;
And in Philosophy's assumed disguise
To brand the truth with subtle blasphemies.
The chief attractions of the Novelist—
Of crimes, flirtations, and intrigues, consist;
Delineations of the private life,
Of man or woman, in which jealous strife
Has prominence, with some insipid prate,
As from a dawdler's lips, and idiot's pate :

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being impressed, or improved, or delighted, or frightened, has become blunted. The truth is that we are solicited with far too many sensations to be comfortable, both in the street and privately. And a sensation of some kind has become almost a necessity every day with very many people. But it is certainly not a proper or an advantageous state of public feeling, or of public healthfulness, that we should be always looking out for these surprises; because appetite "grows by what it feeds on," and we are thus always wanting new startlers; feeling as if we had lost something, or missed something, if we do not have that novelty, or capping sensation, to occupy our attention.'

And it displays what I will here describe,
The mad-brained follies of a scribbling tribe;
A reckless, brazen, blood and thunder swarm,
Whose rubbish does incalculable harm;³⁷
And who appear to take a world of pains,
To bring corruption forth from addled brains;
The froth of passion, and light vanity,
With an admixture of profanity;
Some, who through disappointed love, with spite,

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37. *Whose rubbish does incalculable harm;*] 'During the last few years our literature has undergone a most undesirable change. Books which twenty or even ten years ago would have been kept under lock and key, and would certainly have been on sale nowhere outside Holywell Street, are now obtruded upon us on almost every bookseller's counter. French novels, whose main attraction is their indecency, have been translated and sold in thousands—a symptom of degenerate taste and of that pruriency which marks an unwholesome and undersized nature. Even a more alarming symptom of our degeneracy is that so many of our own novelists adopt so much of the French views of life as may be supposed to attract English readers, so that now you will see in Christian families, stories, the plot of which is offensive to decency.'—*Dr Marcus Dods*, on 'The Trials of Youth.'

'The Literature of the Boulevards,' says Sir Theodore Martin, 'has wrought havoc in the life of the young men and women of France;' what toleration, then, should be shown to Englishmen who make a trade of translating and propagating that poisonous trash amongst their countrymen?

Or wild imaginations rave and write,
All that a morbid fancy can devise,
To weaken virtue and the marriage ties;
Whereby minds are unsettled and debased;
Wherein broad humour violates good taste;
While not a few such scribblers in these days,
Are plagiarists in Romances and Plays;
And—misnamed authors—are but authorlings,
Learning to teach and soar with borrowed wings;
Who but provoke one's mirth, and the suggestion,
What is original?—a puzzling question!
At such, old Horace, Marvell, Pope, and Young,
Their polished darts, I doubt not, would have flung,
And stirr'd up anger's bile with scathing rhymes,
Had they been living in these twangling times.
But there are works of Fiction, I admit,
Without immoral influence or wit,
Whose milk and water paragraphs seem made,
To feed meek vanity, or further trade,
With others of the namby-pamby school,
To gratify the love-sick and the fool,
Yet harmless as an M.P's. maiden speech,
When he, with trembling knees attempts to teach;
(But let it here be understood, I want

Not to offend him by what seems a taunt).
And there are works of Fiction I might name,
That are and ever will be known to fame,
In which the writer's genius does appear,
Bright with the radiance of a loftier sphere;³⁸
Rich in ideas that instruct and please,
And leave the evil-doer ill at ease:
That strive to stem the high encroaching tide,
Of wrongs, oppression, lust, and empty pride;
That probe the deepest depths by sin defiled,
And picture virtue as a beauteous child.

On some Organisations of our Day,
That dole out charity, there's much to say;
And the remarks I have to offer next,

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38. *Bright with the radiance of a loftier sphere* ;] It is the opinion of the author of 'Texts from the Times' that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is the most popular and influential work of fiction ever published in this country. It is read and re-read with avidity, because in it we feel that the heart of a man is speaking thoughts that are more or less in the hearts of his fellow-men. We see ourselves, our hopes and fears, our sins and struggles in these homely pictures of John Bunyan's work. And our author here thinks that the nineteenth century has produced no more beautiful and truthful pictures of life, than are found in George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' and 'The Mill on the Floss.'

Suggest, and shall be prefaced by a text—
 'More blessed 'tis to give than to receive,'
 Which are the words of Christ that few believe,
 And but few practice, when from door to door,
 Or in the streets the needy help implore;
 Whose poverty with persecution meets,
 Oft from the peace preservers of our streets;
 Who—like despotic upstarts oftentimes,
 Deal with a man's wants as they deal with crimes;
 And to the Lock-up he is roughly led,
 As though 'twere criminal to ask for bread.³⁹

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39. *As though 'twere criminal to ask for bread.*] Writing on the sufferings of the poor, Cardinal Manning once said—
 'All men are bound by natural obligations, if they can, to feed the hungry. But it may be said that granting the obligation in the giver does not prove a right in the receiver. To which I reply that the obligation to feed the hungry springs from the natural right of every man to life, and to the food necessary for the sustenance of life. So strict is this natural right that it prevails over all positive laws of property. Necessity has no law; and a starving man has a natural right to his neighbour's bread.'

Professor Max Müller in one of his able Lectures on 'Ancient and Modern Charity,' informs us 'that the praise of charity ran through all the Vedas; that he who gave liberally was beloved of God; and he who gave not was impious and an unbeliever. With us the beggar is punished by law, but in the Vedic period the beggar was protected by law. Buddhism and charity,' says the Professor, 'are sy-

From such law-sanctioned harshness I proceed,
To speak of heartlessness in times of need,
Elsewhere made manifest in word and deed,
By a Society of which we read,
That—to relieve, makes methodised pretence,
Which should be styled, an organised offence,
A shifting, shuffling scheme of aggravation,
Unworthy a Relief Organisation;
That justifies the very strong suspicion—
'Tis but Hypocrisy's harsh Inquisition;
Whose policy ignores the Gospel plan,
And shows man's inhumanity to man;
Half of whose tactics are mere sound and sham,
That oft provoke the poor man's muttered damn !
And bitter disappointment, tears, and woe
To numbers of the destitute, who know

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nonymous terms. What Buddha meant by charity, was not the giving of our superfluities, but of everything to save our brothers from ignorance and sin. Standing by the death-bed of society, where political economy and social philosophy are silent, Buddha saw what Christ saw, what we see ; knew there was a remedy, and prescribed a grain of faith, a grain of love, a grain of nobility, and a grain of wisdom, compounded together into the medicine called charity. For the bitter cry of the outcast there was one sweet remedy—that practised by Buddha and preached by Christ.'

Not whence to-morrow's sustenance will come,
To them—the inmates of a so-called home! ⁴⁰

Of an organisation, (perhaps the worst

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40. *To them—the inmates of a so-called home !]* 'A Dwelling—Ugh! it was the very mouth of hell, that room! And in the midst of all the rout, the relieving officer stood impassive, jotting down scraps of information, etc. Needless hypocrisy of law! Too careless to save woman and children from brutal tyranny, nakedness, and starvation! Too superstitious to offend its idol vested interests, by protecting the poor man against his tyrants, the house owners, under whose greed the dwellings of the poor become nests of filth and pestilence, drunkenness and degradation. Careless, imbecile law, leaving the victim to die unhelpt, and then, when the fever and the tyranny has done its work, in thy sanctimonious prudishness, drugging thy respectable conscience by a "searching inquiry."'

— Charles Kingsley, 'In Alton Locke.'

'Whole streets exist where the levels of the ground-floor rooms are two or three feet below that of the street. The only means of access to many of the backyards, is through a dark passage running under the houses. These places are filthy beyond description, and must have been fruitful hot-beds of disease and death.' *Report of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor.*

'Depend upon it, while such are left in their present state, and are exposed to all the detestable circumstances that surround them, the efforts of the clergyman and missionary will be in vain; you undo with one hand the work of the other; it is a Penelope's web, woven in the morning but unravelled at night.'

— The late Earl of Shaftesbury.

In some respects,) I write, which from the first,
Has been misnamed—and by the poor man curs'd ;
Whose hirelings treat some poor men's needs as crimes,
And aid, as sought at inconvenient times ;
Who give but little help, yet many a word,
Unkind, impertinent, or else absurd ;
Who on the destitute oft turn their backs,
Or subject them to insolent attacks,
And questionings that hint at imposition,
As by a pettifogger's inquisition ;
With whom of great importance is Red Tape,
Whose inhumanity in subtle shape,
Is oft experienced in emergency,
In cases of the utmost urgency ;
By whom some applicants are shown the door,
When they the necessary help implore ;
From whom the poor have sought relief in vain,
With hunger, weary feet, and mental pain ;
By whom too has the treatment of rejection,
Been followed up by unprovoked ejection :
Thus would they have the beggar at our door
By us repulsed, and told to beg no more ;
Regardless of the miseries of life,
That goad men to the water, rope, or knife.

More too of that inquisitorial Clique
I have to say, and shall presume to speak,
Because their tactics tend to propagate,
The evils we should check, and kindle hate;
Yea, by a series of investigations,
And mean attempts to damage reputations :
The questions by which applicants are harried
Are—‘have they been to gaol, and are they married?’
While female applicants are now and then,
Asked—are they visited by gentlemen?
And whether they go out at night, or drink?
Questions from which some with resentment shrink;
With others that—in their distress’d condition,
Are piercing insults and disguised punishment :⁴¹

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41. *Are piercing insults and disguised punishment :*] At the risk of inflicting rather more foot-note information on my readers, than I have on previous topics, I proceed to speak further of the C. O. S., which has often distinguished itself by discovering flaws in the various charitable Institutions of our land ; and on one occasion, caused a letter to be written and published, signed by ‘An old Magistrate,’ who, among other things said, ‘That a Society which circulates “*private and confidential*” communications assailing the characters of any who may fall under its displeasure has hitherto escaped prosecution for libel, is due to the fact that it attacks only the defenceless. It has, however, and not unfrequently, happened that the attacks of the C. O. S., have raised up funds for the

The money such organisations spend,
Creates dissatisfactions in the end;

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assailed. A notable instance is Dr Barnardo, who owes no inconsiderable share of the personal esteem in which he is held, and of public support to his excellent institution, to the attacks made against him some years ago by the C. O. Society. Had the C. O. S. then had their way, there would have been no such happy gatherings at the Edinburgh Castle as that which has just taken place.'

The letter of 'A Journalist,' published in one of the London papers, commences thus :—'Sir, in commenting on the C. O. Society's action, or rather want of action, in regard to two cases of distress recorded by Mr Webber, you remark :—"Too often its officers treat poverty as a crime almost as heinous as shoplifting." You might have added—"and as if all applicants were professional liars."' Then follow some lengthy details of the C. O. S's *tender mercies*; but for the sake of variety I will pass to another correspondent's remarks, namely Dr Barnardo's, who in *Night and Day* said, 'It really surpasses belief that a Society which, although it has been raising five-sixths of its funds by appealing in the Papers for money to relieve distress, and yet spends sixteen shillings out of every pound received on what are called "Organisation expenses," should have the hardihood and audacity to constitute itself a tribunal, capable of determining the *bona fides* or the judiciousness of other charities.' Another writer states, 'That for two years, Miss Leigh, of Paris, was harassed and put to great expense and loss of time in consequence of this Society's inquisitorial interference with her noble Mission on behalf of English Women in that city. A report of the Mission was afterwards drawn up, the Directors of which mission therein took occasion to protest against the

For rent and salaries, and printing too,
 Their spendings far exceed the good they do;
 By one—a Barrister of judgment sound,
 And others—on what seemed sufficient ground,
 It has been stated—and in print is found—
 That sixteen shillings out of every pound,
 The C. O. S. required for its expenses;
 And but one-fifth it to the poor dispenses;
 A glaring proof that such expenditure,
 Effects but little to relieve the poor.⁴²

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assumption by the C. O. Society of the right to dictate the mode in which the management should be conducted, or to publish the result of an imperfect and partial inquiry in the form of a libellous report.' And this report of Miss Leigh's Mission to protest against the C. O. Society's interference was signed by

*The Earl of Shaftesbury, and
 The Earl of Aberdeen.*

In *Punch's* Cartoon some time ago, the 'Spirit of Charity' appeared, standing at the door of a garret, within which was a working man, with his wife and family, in an evidently starving state. Facing the Spirit, and trying to prevent her entrance, stands *Bumble* the *Beadle* (who well represented one of the C. O. Society's officials), exclaiming, 'I do assure you, miss, the distress here hain't noways exceptional,' to which the Spirit replies, 'No!—then we must make it so.'

42. *Effects but little to relieve the poor.*] Mr MONTAGU WILLIAMS and the C. O. S.—At the Worship Street Police Court, on Monday, March 9, 1891, before Mr Montagu

Of eighteen thousand yearly applicants,
About eleven thousand plead in vain their wants,

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Williams, Mr Hetherington, superintendent of School Board visitors, referring to the extremely poor condition of a family named Banks, stated that he had brought the case under the notice of the C. O. S., but they had not recommended any help. Mr Montagu Williams.—Did nothing? Mr H.—From their secretary's communication with me, it seems they did not think it a case to help. Mr M. Williams.—Well, I don't care what they think. My inquiries have been made by the missionary attached to the Court, and what is shown? That there was extreme poverty, with a husband three weeks out of the hospital, an ailing wife, a home without furniture, not even a chair to sit on, and children without beds or clothes. These facts are enough for me whatever the C. O. S. may have to say for itself. Mr H. then handed up to the worthy magistrate, a communication from the Society headed 'confidential' and Mr Williams having read it, said that it made accusations against the poor man which were directly contradicted by the man's own master. Something wanted explanation, said the magistrate—for the facts as found out by inquiry from the Court, were beyond dispute—even by the C. O. S. Of which, I doubt not, my readers have heard quite enough; and on which my last word shall be—Bravo! Mr Montagu Williams!

The Secretary of the C. O. S. having recently put himself forward to criticise the scheme of General Booth, I will in a few prosy footnotes, further endeavour, with the assistance of a pile of correspondence lying before me on the matter, to criticise the proceedings of the C. O. S.; and allude to the criticisms of its official critic, as far as his observations may appear to me of sufficient importance. Indeed, with the assistance of the *British Weekly*, of December 18, 1890, I

To men who say their figures are misjudged,
 And contributions to their funds are grudged;
 If so, they only have themselves to blame,
 And should henceforth assume another name.

In thus pursuing an unpleasing task,
 There are some others I have to unmask;
 Men, who as Boards of Guardians play their parts,
 Some with unpitying eyes and hardened hearts,
 Who care but little where the beggar roams,
 When seated in their warm, well furnished homes:
 The ways of so-called Guardians would surprise

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think I may as well deal with the critic at once, whose antagonistic pamphlet is, in the words of the *B. W.* writer, 'ineffectively written and poorly argued, doing little credit to those who produced it. In cases like that of General Booth, where there is no question of imposture, the public are quite able to judge whether they will or will not help him to try the experiment, and (we—the *B. W.*—say it with no desire to give offence), they are not at all likely to consult Mr C. S. Loch.' Just one little piece of information more for the Secretary of the C. O. S., and I pass on. The Mansion House Fund, raised to relieve the distress caused by the flooding of the Isle of Dogs in 1888, and amounting to £4328, was distributed to relieve 4000 separate cases of distress, and the total working expenses of the affair, amounted to but £45, 17s 1d.

Some people's unaccustomed ears and eyes;⁴³
 For their opinions—it must be confess'd,

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43. *Some people's unaccustomed ears and eyes;*] 'A great and wonderful discovery is reported in this morning's papers. Mr Bumble has a conscience. The discovery has been made at Chester, where the Guardians the other day immortalised themselves by discussing the question whether the paupers should be allowed knives and forks for their Christmas dinner, and deciding it in the negative. The ridicule of every newspaper in the kingdom, backed by the peremptory order from the Local Government Board, seems to have convinced those worthies that they had gone a step too far. Yesterday, not only were the knives and forks ordered, but one guardian observed that the occurrence was a disgrace to the Board, while another said that they richly deserved the ridicule heaped upon them. This is a tremendous tribute to the power of the Press.'—*The Star*, December 18, 1889.

The scandal created by the refusal of the Chester Board of Guardians, to allow the workhouse inmates the use of knives and forks at dinner, except on Christmas Day, again came up for discussion yesterday, over a very sharp letter from the Local Government Board. The Board said that they had been informed there was not a supply of knives and forks in the workhouse, and requesting the guardians to take steps to provide knives and forks to all the inmates, and further to be informed when the matter had been attended to.—Mr Mason moved that knives and forks be supplied.—The Chairman: We have no option.—Mr Jackson said their object in hiring knives and forks for the Christmas dinner only was with a view of observing how the paupers behaved with them.—The Rev. A. Campbell said *Punch* had been thrown at him at the Grosvenor Club, Chester—(laughter)—but he treated the whole matter with scorn. (Renewed laughter)—Mr Browne

Are oftentimes arbitrarily express'd;
 In other words—their lack of sympathy,
 With the distress'd creates antipathy:
 At times, a needy creature's application,
 Occasions mirth, or bumptious conversation;
 Whereby some guardians air their self-importance,
 Regardless of the question of supportance;
 Others create a catechising clamour
 At times, (regardless of the rules of grammar !)
 Who taunt the destitute, and say they shirk
 Employment's drudgery when offered work;
 Who deem it a mistake—above their station,
 To give the poor man's children *edecation* !
 Because they fear—when such have learnt their letters,
 They may less slavishly regard their betters.
 Elsewhere there are officials whose abuse,
 Is oft unreasonable and profuse;

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said that the guardians should be heartily ashamed of the whole business. It was not a subject for merriment or scorn. (Hear, hear.)—The Rev. A. Campbell: It is all explained now.—Mr Browne: Yes, and it is a disgrace to this Board.—The Rev. E. Rawson said the Board had had a very sharp lesson read to them in the Press, and as to the ridicule with which they had been covered they very richly deserved it.—*Daily News*, December 18, 1889.

By whom 'the quality of mercy's strained,'
 And needy ones are mercilessly pained;
 Who point to stony tasks, when ask'd for bread,
 For a night's shelter and a pauper's bed,
 By men, when driven in their destitution,
 To patronise the Parish Institution—
 That prison for the Poor—a Workhouse styled ! 44

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44. *That prison for the poor—a Workhouse styled !*] 'It is all very well,' says the author of 'The Gaol Cradle,' 'for people who are not likely to have to go to the workhouse, to consider it from a purely abstract point of view ; in Acts of Elizabeth, articles in a Quarterly, or elsewhere. But could the whole story be written of its woeful treatment of the poor in a variety of ways, what a magnitude of deadly work would be disclosed ! Romance has done bold things in depicting the victims of wrong ; but were the deeds of Whitehall in the haunts of poverty faithfully depicted, the most popular romances would lie unopened, at least by those who love to read in tears. Did not the "Whitehall Poor Law Board" change their name to the "Local Government Board" because, strictly speaking, their law was not a law for the poor ? Does not this State organisation assume poverty bad in the lump ? On the same level does it not meet all the hungry, be they sturdy vagabonds, sly scamps, or honest men and women ? Does not its provision require "complete and entire separation" of husband and wife, parent and child ? To thousands of the poor, is not its policy a home-breaking, heart-breaking affair, than submit to which it is easier to them to starve and die ? Doubtless the system has been mended and patched, yet it still remains a system for human nuisances. Under its operation it takes away

Of which I scarce can write in language mild,
In the remembrance that men's indigence,
Is oftentimes treated there with insolence;
As though they were no better than the scum,
And lazy scoundrels of a burglar's slum;
As though it were imprudent to be kind,
To the half-famished portion of mankind;
To such, the Workhouse is a hateful place,
Which Boards of Guardians know to be the case,
Yet disbelieve one half the wretchedness
Made known, and say, there is not much distress,
Because the Workhouses are seldom full,
And many shun their red-tape and misrule—
Inquisitorial to barbarity,

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civil, connubial, and parental rights. It is the strong arm of the leveller in the kingdom of poverty, and one grand State organisation for suppressing the manhood of the poor.'

The following remarks respecting our Poor Law system, are from the pen of our great novelist, the late Charles Dickens: 'This boasted handiwork of ours, which fails in its terrors for the professional pauper, the sturdy breaker of windows, and the rampant tearer of clothes, strikes with a cruel and wicked stab at the stricken sufferer, and is a horror to the deserving and unfortunate. We must mend it, lords and gentlemen, and Honourable Boards, or in its own evil hour it will mar every one of us.'

Towards some who test their so-called charity.
Ay! there are many who would rather roam,
Than be the inmates of a Workhouse home!
Many who scorn, amidst their wretchedness,
The degradation of a Workhouse dress,
And liveried insult to the honest poor,
An insult all who enter must endure:
And many starve outside who have a dread
Of being numbered with the Workhouse dead;
Whose horror of a Workhouse is so great,
That elsewhere they would rather meet their fate: 45

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45. *That elsewhere they would rather meet their fate:]*
'DEATH RATHER THAN THE WORKHOUSE.—Wm. Baldry, aged 67, who had lived with his son-in-law at 31 Sayes Street, Deptford, was found dead in his room on Sunday, with his head on the floor and his feet in bed. Dr Featherstone told the jury at the inquest that he knew from personal observation that Baldry was terribly poor, and he had seen him in the most inclement weather in the street wrapped in a piece of mackintosh. Privation had brought about his death. The son-in-law told the jury that the deceased had a dread of entering the workhouse.'—*The Star*, January 29, 1889.

'SUICIDE TO AVOID THE WORKHOUSE.—Early yesterday morning a farmer, named Brill, was passing through a field near Kimber's Lane, Maidenhead, when he found an old man named Thomas Wait, aged 70, with his throat terribly cut, and a large clasp knife still in it. Life had been extinct some hours. The old man had repeatedly been heard to say that

As for the Workhouse separation rule,⁴⁶
 (Framed with a purpose that displays the fool!)
 It is one proof of inhumanity,
 And a disgrace to Christianity;
 One that should kindle in a Christian nation,
 The blush of shame, and fire of indignation;
 For the command—'Let no man put asunder,
 Whom God hath joined together' is no blunder,
 But a wise part of His unerring plan,

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he would destroy himself rather than end his days in the workhouse.'—*The Daily News*, January 3, 1881.

46. *As for the Workhouse separation rule,*] Since my lines on the separation of aged couples in Workhouses were written, attention has been called to the law respecting married pauper couples, by a Member of Parliament, in the House of Commons, and Mr Ritchie, replying to that Member, said :—'The law provided now, that husbands and wives who were over sixty years of age could not be compelled to live apart from each other.' I am glad to learn that one of the cruel and senseless regulations of the nineteenth century has been altered, and I should like to hear, ere long, that the age for tolerated companionship had been reduced a little lower, so that those couples who, by the force of adverse circumstances may be compelled to become members of the House of Paupers, under the age of sixty, may not have to experience when they enter that abode, what the penalty of enforced separation, for being under sixty is to them.

As ruler of this world, and erring man.

It has been said and proved from time to time,
That Poverty is treated as a crime; ⁴⁷

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47. *That Poverty is treated as a crime* ;] Hargrave Jennings has truly asserted, 'that the laws of England make no other provision for men out of employment than that furnished to paupers or criminals. Prison reports could say much to prove that able-bodied men think the criminal position the more respectable of the two, and consequently prefer the chances of being sent to Portland or Dartmoor.'

There seems however, a prospect of a wiser and better alternative, for the unemployed for the future, thanks to the determination of that God-inspired, but once hampered Methodist,—the General of the Salvation Army, notwithstanding the '*tremendously* important' fact, that the Charity Organisation Society the other day decided, by seventy-three votes against twenty-nine, that General Booth's scheme is impracticable. Such a 'crushing decision,' and the response of a more humane British public, in the shape of about £120,000, suggest to my mind two thoughts: that of Mrs Partington's mop, and the C. O. S. on the one hand, and the title of one of Bulwer Lytton's novels. 'What will he do with it!' on the other,—To adopt a Yankee phrase,—'I *guess*' the *General knows*.'

The Japanese Ambassador, on one occasion, gave a representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a statement of his views on public affairs; and, comparing our Western civilisation with that of the East, said, 'There is one thing in Japan which you have not here, and which I miss. When I am in Tokio, for instance, there is no man from my native village, no matter how poor, how mean, or how destitute he may be, who would

And here let Johnson have a word—says he—
‘All crimes are safe but hated Poverty.’
The wrongs of men are many, and the cause
Of poverty is partly, unjust laws :
Our Age of progress has this shameful flaw,
We punish beggars by reproofs and Law :
Oft have the hapless victims of hard times,
Been treated worse than villains charged with crimes,
By men who deem all such on the same level,
Who wish that all alike were to the Devil;
Some who have thrived on trade rascality,
And some debased by immorality;
Who talk of charity’s organisation,
And Workhouse dole with canting approbation;
Men who profess respect for law and order,
Yet cause dissatisfaction and disorder,
And are themselves unblushing peace destroyers,
By their hard-hearted conduct as employers.

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not have the utmost confidence in coming to me for assistance. Nor can I refuse it him. And that, you may say if you like, is one great element of practical religion among my people in Japan. Thus it is that we keep the second commandment of Christ, “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.”—My fellow Englishmen ! I think that some Japanese missionaries should come over to *teach you practical religion!*

With a sham-pitying, or a scornful air,
Is Want regarded almost everywhere,
And by some that have from His ways departed,
Who bless'd the poor, and cheer'd the broken-hearted;
While some to utter selfishness sunk deeper,
Are wont to ask, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'
Ay, not a few, who fatten on good dinners—
—The meanest of earth's hell-deserving sinners;
Who brand as nuisances the starving poor,
And care not for the suffering they endure;
But with hypocrisy's uplifted eye,
And virtuous indignation pass them by:
At times, 'God help the poor,' some others pray,
But that is all they do, and all they say,
Towards the rescue of the perishing,
Whom want has crushed and stripp'd of everything.⁴⁸

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48. *Whom want has crushed and stripp'd of everything.*
From *The Star* of May 22, 1891, I obtained the following information—'A melancholy record has been issued by the House of Commons, giving an account of thirty-one deaths which occurred from starvation during last year in this, the richest city in the world. Thirty-one human beings died from absolute want, while the City companies alone spent £100,000 in gluttonous feasts. The record is not by any means complete. Only those victims of starvation are included on whose bodies inquests were held. Many others

'Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,'
—Writes Juvenal, who satirised that school,
And mankind's follies with fierce ridicule:
And 'tis an evil hard to be endured,
Which by mankind can be and should be cured:
An evil, far extending by the side

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died in the hospitals and elsewhere from diseases caused by destitution and exposure. In only one of the cases had the unfortunate starving outcast received aid from the union. One was in receipt of outdoor relief, and several were admitted to the workhouse in a dying condition. One woman in St George's and another in Mile-end had applied for outdoor relief, but the callous guardians had refused to grant it, and must be held responsible for the deaths. The lamentable fact that in thirty out of the thirty-one cases no application seems to have been made for relief, or for admission to the workhouses, shows that there is something radically wrong with the poor-law, when the starving poor die rather than become paupers.'

Some time ago, a Dresden lady, in the course of conversation with one of our English authors said to him :—'There certainly must be something radically wrong with the administration of charity in your country. In Saxony we are far poorer than you are in England, but not a case can be brought forward of a person dying from starvation. Yet it appears almost impossible to take up a London paper without finding notice in it of some lamentable cases of persons who have perished from want of the necessities of life. There surely must be a great amount of cruelty and neglect in the administration of your laws, or such things could not possibly occur.'

Of wealth, that drives to crimes, and suicide,
Vast numbers of the people year by year,
Whose hunger cries are echoed far and near;
Cries mingled with the curses and despair
Of the neglected almost everywhere;
The bitterness of an experience wrought,
Through lack of sympathy and want of thought;
A selfish apathy, which oft ignores
Sad destitution near, and at the doors
Of many who plead inability,
In their veneered respectability;
Of many who contend that poverty
Is remediless, and must ever be;⁴⁹

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49. *Is remediless, and must ever be.*] In 1889 Canon Furse read a remarkable and significant paper at the session of the Central Council of Diocesan Conferences on the Church and Socialism. The Canon legitimately limited his paper to the ethical side of the issue. He began by scouting what he called the 'traditionary view of poverty' taken from the standpoint of such isolated texts in the Bible as 'The poor shall never cease out of the land' and 'Ye have the poor always with you.' He described this view as 'colouring with a hue of piety the conservative traditions of the English world,' and manufacturing that class of clergymen whom S. T. Coleridge designated 'pulpit routineers.' These men 'preach patience to the poor and charity to the rich.' Canon Furse rightly declares that this style of preaching

Without one effort to remove the cause—
 The selfishness of men and unjust laws;
 The evils also of centralisation,
 And house destruction without compensation;
 By means of which whole streets of population
 Are houseless left in deeper degradation :
 Thus have the wealthy made a wholesale clearance,
 And chuckled at the poor man's disappearance,
 Regardless as to how he goes, or where; ⁵⁰

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excites indignation and a rankling sense of injustice among the unprivileged classes. He asserts fearlessly that this view of poverty, however kindly expressed by religious folk, is not after the mind of God. He says 'to survey human society with the presumption that poverty is a permanent institution in the kingdom of Christ, ordained by His Father, is in my judgment unwarrantable.'

50. *Regardless as to how he goes, or where ;*] During the time that the 'noble street improvements' (to use the words of the late Mr Charles Pearson), were being carried out, the destruction of the dwellings of the poor led to a loss of about 40,000 inhabitants from one locality alone, who were driven away, without the slightest consideration on the part of the London civic authorities, as to where they were to find shelter. In other parts of the Metropolis, where the poor were more crowded, they were ejected to even a greater extent. And not only were they driven from their dwellings, but obstacles were thrown in the way of their being allowed to return under any circumstances.

From the report of a Royal Commission on the Housing

In plainer words, they neither know nor care,
But with a freezing sneer, and scornful smile,
Treat his departure, and his faults revile;
Thus year by year the rich man plays his part,
That breaks the bruised reed, and widow's heart;
Thus have we the extremes of wretchedness,
And the abundance many men possess;
Thus more than half the poor are left half fed
On food scarce fit for swine, or lacking bread,
By men who deem our sympathy absurd
With such—the vulgar and ignoble herd,
As they are styled by Dives in his pride,
And many of the middle-class beside;
While Dives sits upon his easy-chair,
And offers up—with magisterial air,
This most unselfish, sentimental prayer—
'That the Almighty would enlarge his borders,
And aid him to keep down the lower orders!'

But I have more to say upon this matter,

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of the Poor, it appears that in London alone there are fully 60,000 families living in single rooms, rooms which serve for all purposes, day and night, and generally *small, foul, and dirty*.

In language that will neither spare nor flatter;
For Pauperism is an incubus,⁵¹

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51. *For Pauperism is an incubus,*] *The Daily News* of October 15, 1888, says: 'How to deal with our pauper population is a question which will some day have to be solved. Already some of the consequences of its neglect are staring us in the face, and the day is not far distant when the claims to be grappled with will become all powerful.'

The Christian World of October 27, 1887, says: 'Be the cause what it may, our workhouse system is a miserable and intolerable failure. To send poor old souls to bed at half-past six all the year round; to hustle them out without breakfast at seven o'clock on a cold winter's morning to do a day's work; to refuse permission to willing ladies to visit them, and to prevent them from accepting even a pair of warm stockings knitted by a friend—are actions which declare in the loudest tones that poverty is a crime, make the workhouse somewhat more exasperating than the jail, and assign to the English pauper the kind of standing assigned to the Jewish leper. Yet we relate facts connected with the *economical* administration of a London workhouse when we mention such things. Socialism, atheism, and anarchy have their roots in soil made out of such cases. Kindness and generosity are needed, as well as method, to render efficient help to the poor without degrading them.

A correspondent signing himself 'VERAX,' sends us some particulars of cruelty practised in casual wards, which he has collected in the course of professional experience as a medical man. He has seen shivering, nearly naked people, after a compulsory bath, made to walk barefoot across a stone yard and up two stone staircases. The task set them of breaking stones or picking oakum, he describes as often a cruel one. It is the custom, he declares, to appoint men nearly destitute of humane feelings to the oversight of the wards, and they

That threatens more and more to cripple us;
A burden laid unfairly on the masses,
And shirked unjustly by the upper classes;
At least by numbers of them who possess
The luxuries of Dives in excess;
By whom it seems but little understood,
That thousands seek in vain both work and food;
Men who would work had they the work to do;
Their pockets empty and their stomachs too;
Men without stockings, without shoes or shirts,
And famished women with bedraggled skirts;

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frequently assault the casuals in a wanton manner without provocation, knowing that the latter have no means of redress.

The *Daily News* of March 10, 1891, says—'Digestion is said to be promoted by cheerful conversation at meals, but in the opinion of the authorities at Edmonton Workhouse this rule does not apply to the case of paupers. For the serious offence of talking at the dinner table an inmate of that surely melancholy abode was put upon meals of bread and water, and expected, nevertheless, to pick 4lb of oakum. It is not surprising to hear that at this strict government even a pauper's spirit revolted. He had then to be brought before the magistrate whom he assured that he did no more than ask a fellow-pauper to pass the salt. The magistrate, with every disposition to support workhouse regulations, even if he could not conceal his surprise at their strictness, could not go so far as to punish the pauper in this case. The public sympathy will certainly go with the pauper.'

With woe and hunger stamped upon their features—
 Styled by some folk, repulsive-looking creatures;
 In dens where there is nothing left to pawn,
 But the uncoffined—out of misery gone.⁵²

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52. *But the uncoffined—out of misery gone.*]

‘Famine is in thy cheeks ;
 Need and oppression stareth in thine eyes ;
 Upon thy back hangs ragged misery ;—
 The world is not thy friend, nor the world’s law.’

—*Shakespeare.*

‘The rich folks never fail
 To find some reason why the poor deserve
 Their miseries.’

—*Southey.*

‘Do you hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
 Ere the sorrow comes with years ?
 They are leaning their young heads against their mother’s,
 And that cannot stay their tears.’

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

Around a mother spread,
 Her ravening offspring cry,
 ‘Bread, bread ! dear mother, bread,
 Oh give us ! or we die.’

‘No bread my babes ! have I,
 The fainting mother cries,
 As from her sunken eye
 The scalding tear she dries.

All starkly by her lie
 Two forms whence life hath fled—
 O Christ ! that they should die,
 In a Christian land for bread.

I. O. B.

And yet how patient in their slow starvation
Are such sad samples of the British Nation;
How many disregard the bitter cry
Of such, who in our midst exist and die;
Helpless, despised, to pauperism brought,
And crushed beneath that gilded Juggernaut,
Which men call Wealth, and with a servile nod
Acknowledge as their nineteenth century god;
Who boast of progress and of liberty,
Of law, and order, and the Powers that be,
And artfully pretend to trace the cause
Of Want to God's inexorable laws !
Men who in Trade combine to cheat, and grind
The toiling poor, by tricks of every kind;
Who are the tyrants of commercial life,
The cause of strikes and communistic strife.

The wealth that's wasted by Earth's rich civilians,

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(To the Police Inspector)—'Sir,' she said,
'There's by the Workhouse wall a woman—dead.
There was no room within, sir, I suppose.
There are so many of them. Heaven knows
'Tis hard for such as we to understand,
How such things happen in a Christian land.'
From Lord Robert Lytton's Poem, 'Misery.'

Each year would feed and clothe its starving millions !
 The flaunting folly of a London Season—
 As one well terms it,⁵³ is beyond all reason;⁵⁴
 A careless comedy that tends to swell
 The pauper's wrath, and hatch the crimes of Hell;
 A single Feast within the City's bounds,
 Has cost the City many thousand pounds,⁵⁵

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53. *As one well terms it,*] The Rev. Stopford Brooke, in one of his best sermons.

54. *Is beyond all reason ;*]

'Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that
 Of blood and chains? The despotism of vice,
 The weakness and the wickedness of luxury—
 The negligence—the apathy—the evils
 Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand tyrants,
 Whose delegated cruelty surpasses
 The worst acts of one energetic master,
 However harsh and hard in his own bearing.'

—Lord Byron.

55. *Has cost the City many thousand pounds,*] The contrast between poverty and riches in a Christian country like ours, is a terrible reproach to us, and will be, so long as we are content to see so much profligate luxury on the one hand, and such frightful privation existing on the other. In the richest city of the world, thousands of pounds are spent at a single banquet, while within a gunshot of the place of feasting, thousands of our poor fellow-creatures know not where the next morsel of bread is to come from. Here too we have the shameful fact of poor, foot-worn, half-famished, and heart-aching women, earning their *three*

Yet some of its rich feeders prate and pray,
 About the heathen on the Sabbath day,
 And for protection from the lower orders,
 Who toil and starve outside the City's borders;
 As though the lower order of bread winners,
 Were the worst class of miserable sinners :⁵⁶

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farthings per shirt at one end of the social scale, and of swaggering, hard hearted Dives, growing richer by their toil at the other. In other words, 'a condition of things which enriched the few at the expense of the many,' and as Canon Shuttleworth puts it, 'created an aristocracy of the purse far more pernicious than the old aristocracy of blood.'

56. *Were the worst class of miserable sinners:]* Mr Ascott R. Hope, in his 'Texts from the Times,' says—'One of the great questions of the future will be that of the relation between different classes. A time will come when no body of honest Englishmen will consent to be lorded over or patronised by so-called superiors—superiors only in the accident of birth or wealth. There are hundreds of good men now, who would fain do something to remove the barrier, not only of rank, but of thought and speech, which exists between themselves and millions of their fellow-countrymen, but they feel they dare not. They may dine and drink and jest with the genteel liar and the high-born adulterer, but at the peril of their citizenship in society is it if they take the toil-stained hand of the mechanic.'

'We keep too much aloof from those beneath us, hence their somewhat natural prejudices are left, unmitigated, and we become objects only of their suspicion and dislike. How painful is the thought that there are men and women growing

But are they better, who with champagne glasses,
 Toast one another and decry the masses ?
 Who are the lower orders, I would ask them ?—
 The dissipated rich, and I'll unmask them !—
 The base seducers of the poor man's child,⁵⁷

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up around us, and even our domestic servants, continually inmates of our dwellings, ministering to our comforts and necessities, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere. If I were to be asked—What is the great want of English Society to mingle class with class? I should reply in one word—*sympathy*.'—*The late Justice Talfourd*.

'In these days the rich do not look enough to the poor. We have public charities, indeed, but there is a separation in England between the rich and poor, which to me is a strong indication of decline.'—*General Sir Charles Napier*.

57. *The base seducers of the poor man's child,*]

JUSTICE.

Three men went out one summer night,
 No care they had, or aim,
 And dined and drank—'Ere we go home
 We'll have,' they said, 'a game.'

Three girls began that summer night
 A life of endless shame ;
 And went through drink, disease, and death
 As swift as racing flame.

Lawless and homeless, foul, they died ;
 Rich, loved, and praised the men ;
 But when they all shall meet with God,
 And Justice speaks—what then ?

From 'Poems,' by Stopford A. Brooke (Macmillan and Co.).

By gilded lies into their traps beguiled !

 eatures who fill the houses of ill-fame,
With cast-off mistresses and cause their shame;
Who leave them shameless—at a certain price,
To tempt and prey on other sons of vice !

The titled and the rich have many friends,
And all are schemers for their various ends,
Of whom, but few the seeds of kindness scatter,
Or deem men's penury a serious matter;
Or that in London at the present time,

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'THE LOWER ORDERS.'

But of 'the lower orders,'
Enough and hosts to spare
Has England for her sorrow.
And have we all for care.
The idle and the dissolute,
The cowardly and base :
Alas for countries and for homes
That have to give them space !

They are 'the lower orders'
Who practise low deceit ;
The drones in hives of industry,
The loungers in the street.
The self-indulgent sons of vice,
The sullen and untrue ;
Whose useless hands are stretched to take,
But are not skilled to do.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

Are sixteen thousand children trained in crime;
 That in this Age of progress and police,
 Thefts, violence, and murder crimes increase;
 That of poor slum-born children—sad to state—
 Nearly one half are illegitimate!
 That the results of so much destitution,
 Are overcrowded slums and prostitution,
 Where crimes, diseases, and indecencies,
 Are every day's and night's experiences;
 That many who have begged with useless breath,
 Seek in despair a suicidal death,
 Or, brooding o'er man's inhumanity,
 Despise, and curse the christianity
 Of men, who impiously attempt to prove,
 He wills it so, who is a God of love.⁵⁸

NOTES

58. *He wills it so, who is a God of love.*]

'Is it well that, while we range with science glorying in the time,
 City children, soak and blacken, soul and sense, in city slime?
 There, among the glooming alleys Progress halts with weary feet,
 Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street!'

—Lord Tennyson.

It has been stated that in this, the richest and most Christian city of the world, there are about one hundred thousand paupers, and eighty thousand fallen women. That this great city sends annually a million of money for the conversion of the ends of the Earth, while at home, in the

Yet in such dens of poverty and filth,
Some few Samaritans, do good by stealth;
Who with humane irregularity,
To divers poor deal out their charity;
Who list with pitying ears to their complaints,
Outside Organisation's cold restraints.
And there are sisterly Samaritans,
Seeking to raise our City Magdalens;
Who have been influenced by a Saviour's teaching,
And practise what so many are but preaching;
Heedless of what Organisations say

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midst of its scenes of demoralisation, ignorance, poverty and crime, we have the melancholy and humiliating spectacle of ministers of the Everlasting Gospel finding time to theologise away some of its teachings, to dispute over doctrines, about details of discipline and their various forms of worship. From the report of the Registrar General, made some time ago, we learnt these few facts, which I have deemed worthy of our serious attention on this occasion; namely, 'That one in six of those who leave this world (in London) die in public institutions, workhouses, hospitals, asylums, or prisons; and that nearly one in eleven of the deaths, takes place in the workhouse, and every sixth person dies a pauper or a criminal.' And now I would like to ask some of the best informed of my Christian fellow-men, of what other city on God's Earth can this be said? I would also like to ask our Legislators in this Age of Progress, if that is a satisfactory phase of modern progress?

Against them, and their most unusual way;
Against what such are pleased to call relieving
By unwise indiscriminate alms-giving!
But some who try to christianise the poor,
Increase the evils they attempt to cure,
Unlike the Master who—the first to preach—
First fed the hungry crowd he sought to teach;
Who wrought a miracle that all with food,
Might be supplied—the evil and the good.

Ye rich and great, who claim this Earth as yours!
Whose will it is that poverty endures!
Whose schemes for wealth and power have always been
And are, tyrannical, unjust, and mean!
Who by Earth's toilers, are housed, clothed and fed,
For wages that procure them scarcely bread!
Ye selfish rich, who neither spin nor toil,
Yet are monopolisers of the soil!
Which God who gave men life did freely give,
For all alike that all alike might live!⁵⁹

NOTES

59. *For all alike that all alike might live!*] 'The dissatisfaction and discontent of the working classes, consist not so much,' says the Rev. William Kirkus, LL.B., 'in a wish to be better off than they are, but what they complain of is, that many

Are ye at ease, while their unnumbered tongues,
 Are stirr'd by their privations and their wrongs?
 Are ye at ease, in ease luxurious nursed,
 While starving thousands deem your Class accurs'd? ⁶⁰
 Whilst the down-trampled sons of mother Earth

NOTES

men and corporations have grown rich by what everybody acknowledges to be fraud, and when they are rich they can buy whatever they like. They can buy laws; they can buy charters; they can buy juries; it is not so bad as it used to be, but not long ago they could buy judges.'

The Bishop of Liverpool, in a letter to the 'Church Pastoral Aid Society' (March 1891) said: 'It is vain to shut our eyes to the growing fact that we are living in very perilous times. Socialistic and ultra-democratic principles are spreading over the world, and unless the "upper ten thousand" awake to a sense of their duty, exhibit more sympathy with the toiling masses, and do more to promote their temporal comfort, and to improve their moral and spiritual condition, there will be a social convulsion one day in this country which will change the history of the world.'

60. *While starving thousands deem your Class accurs'd?* 'It is not God's law that there shall always be ranks in the world. It is not God's law that there shall be classes, looking on each other otherwise than as brothers. It is not God's law that one class shall be held down almost to the level of brutes, in order that another class may be enabled to feel itself only a *little lower than angels*. It is not God's law that one man shall be rich, and idle, and cultivated, while his brother in fustian shall be kept as cheaply as possible in the state of a "two-legged beast of labour" to afford hands to the world's work and nothing more.'—*Hope's Texts from the Times*.

Have cause to curse the pangs that gave them birth !
Are ye at ease, ye insolent and proud,
Who call them scornfully—the vulgar crowd ?
For whose long-suffered poverty and tears
Ye may be haunted yet with ghastly fears !
And may be swept out of their crowded path,
Or fall as harvest sheaves beneath their wrath !⁶¹

NOTES

61. *Or fall as harvest sheaves beneath their wrath !*] 'On Sunday evening, May 17, 1891, Rev. C. F. Aked of Pembroke Baptist Chapel, Liverpool, preaching to a large and deeply-interested audience, said that gorgeous bloated wealth and stifling bitter poverty existing side by side was not defensible in the eyes of God, and would not be permitted to last for ever. There would have to be some fairer distribution of the wealth of the world. The amassing of riches into the hands of the few, and the ringing it out of the blood and agony of the suffering democracy would not now be tolerated for long. The Christian would have to be a politician, and see that those things which tended to the degradation of his fellows were hateful in the sight of God.'—*Christian World*, May 21, 1891.

'Jules Simon, who has been with some difficulty persuaded to represent France at the International Labour Congress at Berlin, has been giving his views of the future to an interviewer. He believes that we are on the eve of a bitter struggle between the many and the few; between the toiling millions, who have thus far suffered silently, and those whom they regard as the authors of their suffering; between capital and labour; between wealth and misery. He thinks that no human power can avert that struggle.'—*The Star*, March 22, 1890

Away with your excuses, they are lame;
 Yet Christians with the godless share the blame;
 Let men be truthful, honest, earnest too,
 Giving the Devil and his dupes their due,
 Not with a smooth lipp'd prettiness of speech,
 With which some worldlings prate and priestlings preach:
 Man is his brother's keeper!—of one blood
 Hath God made men, for world-wide brotherhood.

Thus far, in part, I have essayed to smite
 The world's wrong-doers, and defend the right ;⁶²

NOTES

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in one of his sermons said, 'that the want of sympathy between the upper and lower classes made one tremble to think of the mine of ill-will which lay buried for the present, among the suffering and toiling classes. It was the result of the hard line drawn between class and class, by which classes were kept asunder.'

62. *The world's wrong-doers, and defend the right ;*] On the subject of right and wrong, in his 'Essays for the Age,' Mr Howard makes the following remarks, 'Right is demureness and subserviency ; Wrong is sincerity and candour. Right is money ; Wrong is poverty. Right is prosperity ; Wrong is adversity. Right is success ; Wrong is misfortune. Strict honesty, and the letter of the old law would say, Coincide only so far as the general tendency agrees with honour and justice ; but Expediency and Common Sense say, Conform at any price, and on any conditions. What art thou, in thy solitary truth, against so many mighty in error, born and

A sense of duty moved me; and I took
This step to bring wrong-doing men to book;
With some experience of the wearying strife,
The wrongs and meannesses of daily life;
The insincerity that loves deceit,
Laughs at the cheated and protects the cheat.

There are approaching, days of retribution
For Britain's follies, crimes and prostitution;
For rights withheld, demanding restitution
By moral force or wrathful revolution;
Unless she manifests her condemnation
Of such things by a speedy reformation,
Worthy a so-called Christian dispensation,
And the religiousness of a great Nation.

A few word-pictures I will now present

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destined to prevail? Have you not lived long enough to know that it is far safer to agree with fifty men upon a wrong point, than to support a right one by yourself'

'Blest is the man who can divine
Where real right doth lie;
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye!'

—Faber.

To public view, as an experiment
 On Politicians of the present Age.—
 Its public men as on a public stage;
 Trusting, however, with a critic's pen
 I may not give offence to worthy men,
 As many do who play a reckless game
 Of criticism with established fame.
 A while ago—it matters not just when—
 I spent some evenings listening to the men,
 Who at their Party's or their own expense,
 Are sent to Parliament as men of sense,⁶³
 Of leisure, honour, and abilities,
 To serve their country's Queen, whose will it is
 That all her subjects should believe and feel
 She wishes to enhance her Empire's weal.

But to proceed—or I should say begin,
 By saying, 'tis not easy to get in;

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63. *Are sent to Parliament as men of sense,*]

'This long word comes only from parler, to speak,
 As best etymologists trace;
 So we see all is parlé, and nothing is meant;
 Too often the truth of the case.'

—*Book of Epigrams, etc.*

As, at the entrance, through Westminster Hall,
One of its special guardians, smart and tall—⁶⁴
In other words—a most important Bobby
Stood and denied me access to the Lobby;
And placed with head erect, his arms a-kimbo,
Looking as though he kept the keys of Limbo;
Yet with a dignity few could surpass;
Until I had produced an M.P.'s pass,
When he assumed a yielding attitude,
For which I seemed to show my gratitude;
And muttering some smooth words, in raillery,
I pass'd on to the Commons' gallery;
The House of politicians great and small,
Of men in mental stature, short and tall;
The House wherein each member claims and shares
The right to deal with National affairs.
With difficulty I secured a seat,
On each occasion, hoping for a treat—
As others who came early and sat late,

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64. *One of its special guardians, smart and tall—*] Or—as the author of 'Haverholme' puts it, 'One of the stern policemen at the portal—who challenge even country gentlemen with acerbity, and teach the too intrusive stranger a lesson in reverence and humility.'

To hear a Parliamentary Debate.
Meanwhile the members enter, take their seats,
And each his Leader or his neighbour greets;
The Speaker then appears, with stately grace,
And in official costume takes his place;
Then at the table leisurely sit down
Law officers, attired in wig and gown:
At first there is a bustling to and fro,
Reminding one of Paternoster Row;
When anxious looking Authors are about,
And Publishers are popping in and out:
The buzz of conversation then ascends,
From an assembled band of foes and friends;
Of far-famed statesmen, lawyers, sons of Mars,
Of merchant men, and literary stars;
Men undistinguished, men of words, and deeds,
And men of all professions, ranks, and creeds.⁶⁵

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65. *And men of all professions, ranks, and creeds.*] The opinions of other writers, I often consider to be much better expressed than would be my own on the same matters, therefore I avail myself of their acknowledged assistance, whenever I find they would be of weightier importance as footnotes than my own bare statements. And a London journal's observations on Parliamentary men, made a while ago, I will introduce to the notice of my readers here.

The House of Commons Chaplain, then proceeds
With prayer preliminaries, which he reads;

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'Perhaps,' says the writer, 'there is no place in the wide world more memorable for its disenchantments than the House of Commons. It is supposed by multitudes that oratory is the distinguishing quality of its members. They accordingly put themselves to inconvenience and trouble to obtain orders for the Strangers', the Speaker's, or the Ladies' Gallery, in the expectation of hearing great speeches. As a rule, however, they find the speaking in the House of Commons to be dry, platitudinous, common-place, and disappointing. The House of Commons is also the historic home of broken hopes and disappointed ambitions. Many have gone thither flushed with triumph from the hustings in the full expectation of making a name and leaving their mark in the world. They are not there long before they see that their best endeavours are neutralised by busy mediocrities, third-rate speakers, and by men who are distinguished for nothing but tough noses; superficial convictions, and elastic consciences.'

Our great novelist, the late Mr Charles Dickens, in reply to the invitation of a gentleman to come and see the opening of Parliament from a convenient position wrote as follows:—

'TAVISTOCK HOUSE, *January 25th*, 1854.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I assure you that we are extremely sensible of your kind remembrance, and much indebted to you for your invitation, but though reasonably loyal, we do not much care for such sights, and consequently feel that you ought to bestow the places you so obligingly offer us on some more deserving objects. The last ceremony of that kind I ever saw was the Queen's coronation, and I thought it looked poor in comparison with my usual country walk. As to Parliament, it does so little, and talks so much that the most interesting ceremony I know of in connection with

A duty that—although of brief duration,
Is deemed by some, a needless ministration;
A ceremony that, the few may please,
Yet causes others to be absentees,
Who in the Commons' lobbies congregate,
Regardless of the prayers of Church and State:
Then follow sundry interrogatories,
By Liberals, and Radicals, and Tories;
Of whom, some most adroitly with their questions,
Will introduce opinions or suggestions,
Which—by the way, the Speaker—I should state,
Rules out of place and does not tolerate;
As for the other rules and regulations,
I pass them by, to make my observations,
On, what will perhaps be somewhat interesting;
Debaters and their tactics and contesting;
How rival Parties act, and their supporters,
Which but in part we learn from the reporters.
(But 'tis not my intention, had I time,

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it was performed (with very little state indeed) by one man, who just cleared it out, locked up the place, and put the keys in his pocket.'—I am, MY DEAR SIR, very faithfully yours,

'CHARLES DICKENS.'

To reproduce men's sentiments in rhyme,
 Nor touch the idiosyncrasies of men;
 But words and actions with a critic's pen,
 I shall presume to censure or to praise;
 Not as the sycophants of modern days,
 Nor as the partisanship that descends
 To undeserved abuse for paltry ends;
 Nor as the modern editorial We!
 Of the newspaper trained fraternity;
 But as the man who calls a spade, a spade,
 And scorns the tricks of Politics and Trade.)

Our House of Commons is styled now and then,
 The first assembly of real gentlemen :⁶⁶

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66. *The first assembly of real gentlemen :*] It is to a lady of the Beresford-Hope family that the following sensible and correct remark is attributed, namely :—'Some that are not gentlemen are gentlemen, and some that are gentlemen are not gentlemen.'

In the Lecture Hall of the Polytechnic, Regent Street, the Rev. Archdeacon Farrar, on a certain occasion favoured his audience with his opinions, as to who is, and what constitutes a gentleman, in the following words, 'Wealth has nothing to do with it, nor dress; no man can be made a gentleman by a dancing master or tailor. He had met with as true gentlemen among shepherds on Highland hills, among peasants in Irish huts, and among working-men, as in palaces. Among

But there are times of tumult and strange scenes,
 Which show us what ungentlemanly means;
 When the first House of Gentlemen resounds,
 With most disorderly and senseless sounds;⁶⁷
 But later on I've further observations
 To make respecting their vociferations,
 Which show, that men whose creed is—'law and order!
 Are at times, readiest to create disorder!

Proceeding with the business of the night,
 A member rises on the Speaker's right;

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the elements contributing to this fine character were, self-respect, as distinguished from self-conceit and selfishness. Instead of pushing to get the best place and heap up riches for himself, one of God's real gentlemen will make himself busy in helping others. The principles of real Christianity were the underlying principles of true gentlemanliness, and reverently, the Archdeacon did not hesitate to adopt a statement which he had somewhere met with, that *Christ* was "the first true gentleman that ever breathed."

67. *With most disorderly and senseless sounds;*]

'Hark! hark! I hear the strain of strutting chancicler
 Cry, Cock-a-doodle do!'

—*Shakespeare's Tempest*. ACT I. SC. 2.

'A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance, unrefined.'

—*Robert Burns*.

A staunch supporter of the Government,
Whose words are weighty, clear, and eloquent;
Who speaks—as wont, with elegance and ease,
Aiming not merely to convince, but please :
Another member now is on his feet,
One, who with cheers the Opposition greet;
Whose hostile attitude distinctly shows
His eagerness for controversial blows;
In fact—as one of our famed bards would say,
‘His soul’s in arms and eager for the fray!’
From the ridiculous to the sublime
He tries to rush, and ‘takes no note of time :’
The next that speaks is gentle and refined,
Of noble soul and penetrating mind;
Who has a steady, captivating way
Of bringing his great talents into play,
With evident reluctance to offend
A rash opponent or with such contend :
Another’s object seems less to convince
Than to decry, and make opponents wince;
He takes delight in splitting hairs or straws,
And chuckles o’er imaginary flaws :
Then half-a-dozen others rise, and try
With eager haste to catch the Speaker’s eye,

But though priority by each is claimed,
The next to speak is by the Speaker named;
He is a statesman of consummate skill,
Of clear ideas and undaunted will;
Who seems to have within his mental reach,
The choicest phrases to adorn his speech;
Who never wanders in his thoughts, to seek
For sundry scraps of Latin, French or Greek;
Who borrows not the plumes of any one,
Nor ransacks Miller's Jest Book for a pun;
A man whose soul with every virtue glows,
One, worthy to be honoured by his foes;
A statesman who to nothing mean descends,
Who is the best of patriots and Friends!⁶⁸

NOTES

68. *Who is the best of patriots and Friends.*] In a debate on Earl Russel's Reform Bill in 1866, when Mr Bright excited great merriment, by giving a certain section of politicians, the name of Adullamites, he also said, in allusion to a new party consisting of Mr Horsman and Mr Lowe, 'I know there was an opinion expressed many years ago by a member of the Cabinet, that two men would make a party. When a party is formed of two men so amiable and so discreet as the two right honourable gentlemen (I have just named), we may hope to see for the first time in Parliament, a party perfectly harmonious, and distinguished by mutual and unbroken trust. But there is one difficulty which it is impossible to remove. This party of two reminds me of the Scotch

The next one—by excitement flush'd and heated,
With loud ironical applause is greeted;
He seems a man of energy, and stands
All animation, voice, and arms, and hands;
A politician of the Tory school,
Who deems the Radical a dangerous fool,
Who—when the House to a division goes
Upon reforms, is always with the Noes!
Another's efforts to bring down the House,
Reminds one of the 'Mountain and the Mouse :'
And after him speaks one with legal guile,
In a precise, and cool, forensic style;
Who, like a special pleader deals with flaws,
And dwells upon them with a solemn pause;
Then, with the tactics of the law he tries,
To play the part of spider to the flies:
Another rises as the Workman's friend,
Whose speech is interesting to the end,
He is one of the People, tried and true,

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terrier, which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it.'—*The above lines, as will be supposed, were written some time previous to his death.*

To whom their gratitude is justly due :
Another speaks with hesitating tongue,
A member who is neither old nor young;
One who, unable to express his views
With readiness, the tedious task pursues
With hems and haws! while some, impatience show,
By signs, and sounds that loud and louder grow,
And shortly he cuts short his stammerings,
Sits down and looks unutterable things! ⁶⁹
The next one lacks the charms of eloquence,
Yet interests by his strong common sense;
The partisan he in the patriot sinks,
And fearlessly expresses what he thinks;
Whose aim is to uphold a righteous cause,
Indifferent to censure and applause;
Though some endeavour with imperious air,

NOTES

69. *Sits down and looks unutterable things!*] 'For a considerable number of hours, four times a week, the bores and the specialists do most of the talking. They stutter and stammer, and repeat themselves in endless mazes of feeble statement, vexatious iteration, and pointless argument. Some, though they lack ideas, are voluble; while others, full of matter, are altogether untrained as speakers. Happily the bores are seldom fully reported except in the newspapers published in the places whence they come, otherwise than with the formula: "After a few words from Mr So-and-So."'

—*Anderson's Scenes in the Commons.*

To silence him by shouts of Order! Chair!
But all such interruptions he despises,
And by a few hard hits the House surprises;
Then there's a burst of laughter, then a cheer
And intermingling cries of Hear! Hear! Hear!
Another member tries to give expression
To his best thoughts, but loses self-possession,
In other words, he seems in a dilemma,
Or realising what is called, a tremor;
Whose frequent hesitation and worse stutter,
Occasion an uncomfortable flutter;
Indeed, his verbal zigzags, jerks and curves,
With sudden pauses agitate one's nerves;
And he appears unfitted for the task,
Of doing more than just a question ask.
But one speaks next, to whom as all men know,
Our Age doth lasting obligation owe;
A statesman of ripe wisdom so refined,
That his eclipses every other mind;
A politician great in public strife,
And eminently good in private life;
A far famed member of the Cabinet,⁷⁰

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70. *A far famed member of the Cabinet,*] 'During some years

Whose glowing words I shall not soon forget;
A champion whose retorts like polished steel,
Oft make his rash opponents wince and reel;
Of whom, 'tis no exaggerated boast
To say, that in himself he is a host;
A man whose fame, with retrospective view,
Each future Age will pay high tribute to.

At times, great speakers are heard first, and then,
A thinn'd House listens to its lesser men;
And it has been my privilege to be,
A patient listener from the Gallery,
To many of our modern legislators,
Who in the House were good or bad debaters;
Some whose appearances were prepossessing,
And some whose awkwardness became distressing:

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the word Cabal was popularly used as synonymous with Cabinet. But it happened by a whimsical coincidence that in 1671, the Cabinet consisted of five persons, the initial letters of whose names made up the word Cabal—Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale. These Cabinet ministers were, therefore, emphatically called the 'Cabal;' and they soon made that appellation so infamous that it has never since their time been used, except as a term of reproach.'

—*Lord Macaulay's 'History of England.'*

And I have heard there some ill-natured speakers,
Scolding like disappointed office-seekers :
Some, who to their opinions gave expression,
As though trained for the Clerical profession ;
Whose utterances seemed an exhortation,
Lacking both interest and animation :
One, whose ideas ranged from north to south,
But failed at first to issue from the mouth ;
Like Addison's, who there conceived three times,
And failed to bring forth either prose or rhymes :
And one or two, whose pert, half-spiteful words,
Led me to think of sour milk turned to curds :
Some, with significant gesticulations,
And others with undue vociferations,
Who deemed it as a kind of recreation,
To pour forth undeserved vituperation,
And whose remarks seemed made for aggravation,
Rather than for the welfare of the Nation ;
Aimed at the Party of a famed Land Leaguer,
Deemed by all parties an important figure ;
One who through good and ill was Erin's pride,
Her able spokesman and undaunted guide ;
Whose words and actions were the constant theme
Of conversation, and are deemed extreme ;

Who, o'er the wrongs of Erin has a right
To be incensed, and for redress to fight,
Which he contends for, with the earnestness
Of one, assured of ultimate success.
Others, all eye and ear, were on the watch,
At an opponent's erring words to catch;
Who seemed like children that delight to tease,
While others strove all anger to appease,⁷¹
And seemed to play there an important part,
With an unflinching honesty of heart;
A part, which more than eloquence delights,
The advocacy of the People's rights;
Dealing with Justice as a sacred cause,
Above the so-called majesty of Laws;
For majesty nor greatness can belong,
To Laws that tolerate a single wrong.
And some, like pedagogues, essay to teach
The Senate wisdom with scholastic speech;
But in a maze of words are soon involved,
That makes the question harder to be solved.

NOTES

71. *While others strove all anger to appease,*]

‘Full of the milk of human kindness.’

—*Shakespeare's Cymbeline.*

Another's speech seems studiously designed,
To puzzle and mislead the public mind;
A manufacturing of dreary talk,⁷²
The purposes of Government to balk;
The words of one who proves to be a bore,
Inducing some to sleep, and some to snore;
And not a few besides him are so prosy,
That ere they take their seats the House grows dozy.
And there are others qualified to teach,
Who vote, but never undertake a speech;
Who grant that 'speech is silvern' with the rest,
While 'golden silence' is for them the best :
And of another I would just remark,
His speech is fair and his complexion dark;
Cold, calm indifference he nowise lacks,
And seems impervious to all attacks;

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72. *A manufacturing of dreary talk,*] The late Dr George Croly (Poet and Clergyman), in his remarks on the subject of Irish Eloquence, relates the following anecdote of Curran. 'Curran was once asked how a Member of Parliament had spoken? The answer was, "His speech was a long parenthesis." Curran was asked to explain. "Why," said he, "don't you know that a parenthesis is a paragraph which may be omitted from beginning to end without any loss of meaning?"'

But judging by his manner, words, and face,
He is the wrong man found in the wrong place;
Too candid for political intrigue,
And one whose lack of force would soon fatigue:
Some are distinguished for verbosity,
And other members for pomposity;
Others delight to wrangle or cajole,
With large pretensions and a little soul:
And let me introduce to notice next,
One, always ready with a pun or text;
Whose wit and humour—I need scarcely state,
Both hearty laughter and applause create;
He is a master at retorts and jokes,
As many members know, and other folks;
The able chief of the facetious tribe,
But whose appearance I need not describe:
Another rising member marks to be
A fitting statesman for the Ministry;
A man right-minded and of judgment cool,
Who scorns conceit, and never plays the fool;
Who in his speeches and in all he writes,
Shrewdness, sound reason and sound sense unites:
Another's movements, looks, and language tell,
That with Church bigotry his feelings swell;

And the Dissenters of the House well know
He is, and wishes to be deemed their foe;
While others emulate him in debate,
And show the world how Christian bigots hate;
And the undue pretensions of a Church,
For whose defects we have not far to search;
Men, who by narrow-minded views express'd,
Have foes aroused as from a hornet's nest;
Who air their bigotry with hostile sounds,
On personal, not legislative grounds.
And here the well known name of one occurs
Who, feared and hated, fought and won his spurs,
By controversies in and out of doors,
And in the strife with M.P. orators,
Against offensive bigotry, that taints
The truth as once delivered to the saints;
Whose atheism I do not defend,
But whose unflinching courage I commend;
Who, as a Member for Northampton shows,⁷³

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73. *Who, as a Member for Northampton shows,*] I need scarcely stay to say here, that the above lines were written some time before that honourable Member's decease. But in other footnotes I have something more to add respecting him and his assailants, and his fair-play M.P. friends as well.

Himself superior to his howling foes;
 Amongst whose rabid enemies there stands,

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The political and professedly other worldly wisdom—or want of wisdom, displayed in Parliament, was perhaps never so ridiculously manifested there, as it was in the case of the late Mr Charles Bradlaugh. In the first place, a select committee was appointed by the House of Commons to consider the validity of Mr Bradlaugh's claim to make affirmation instead of taking the usual oath, which committee decided that Mr B. did not come within the category of those who were legally entitled to affirm. About three weeks after, a second select committee was appointed to consider the decision of the first, and after taking the matter into consideration, committee number two declared that in their view Mr B. should not be allowed to take the oath, but that he should be allowed the opportunity of having his statutory rights determined beyond doubt by another step leading to the High Court of Justice; and they recommended that should Mr B. again seek to make and subscribe the affirmation, he should *not* be prevented from doing so. 'Here, then,' (says Mr D. Anderson) 'were two select committees, chosen from among Members of the House, making two separate reports, and reports advising exactly contrary courses. And however reasonable may have been the prejudice against this reputed Atheist, the facts of the case, almost inviting him to a trial of strength with an assembly uncertain of its own mind, must be recorded with fairness and impartiality.'

I need scarcely add, that during the period of this un-Christian, this hypocritically abusive and prolonged opposition to Mr Bradlaugh there were many speeches made in the House, and from the very few that were worth listening to I will make a few quotations. Mr Henry Richard—an honourable Christian, who voted for Mr B's admission, said:—'He objected to oaths altogether,' and then he drew

The man of unclean heart, and unclean hands,
Men, whose pretensions on the bended knee,

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a graphic picture of what had lately taken place in the House, when 'four or five hon. members scrambled to lay hold of a single Testament, and swore with *much good humoured merriment*.' Another member—regarded by men of common sense as an honest Christian—namely, Mr John Bright, said :—'I hold that there can be nothing consonant with Christianity in its highest principles, and nothing consonant with that religious freedom for which our fathers have striven, in determining still to obstruct the legally returned Member for Northampton (Mr Bradlaugh) when he comes to this table to take the oath.' It was clear to him that the whole matter was put as a question of religious disability, and he thought it was a gross interference with Mr Bradlaugh to assume that the oath would not be binding on his conscience, adding with uplifted arm,—

'A bigot may swell the sail he sets for heaven,
With blasts from hell.'

On the 4th of May 1881, Lord Selborne, at that time the Lord Chancellor, in a letter to a Devonshire clergyman, wrote as follows respecting Mr Bradlaugh's attempts to take his seat as Member for Northampton. 'It is part of my idea of christianity that equal justice is due to Christian and infidel, and it does not appear to me to be just to assert against one particular man a power in the House of Commons to test his sincerity of an oath which he appears to take in the manner prescribed by law by an extrinsic evidence of his actual belief or disbelief. And I cannot be persuaded that the cause of christianity or of religion is likely to be advanced by making a martyr—even in a question of mere political franchise—of Mr Bradlaugh or

Are sham, and humbug, and hypocrisy;
Men who profess to be the Saviour's sheep,
Yet very few of the Commandments keep;
Who for a long time, in a frenzied strain,
Gave evidence of Bradlaugh on the brain;
But whatso'er their varied tactics meant,
They gave his name a wide advertisement;
And his opinions, by intolerance,
Have been made known to men, in ignorance
Of his existence, ere he was returned
A member, and by bigot members spurned;
But by the Law Courts, and a wearying war
With bigots, he has been made popular,
While his objectionable works are read,
By many thousands far and near—'tis said:
Thus do opponents oft disseminate
The doctrines and the principles they hate;
Thus did they, who, with anti-Bradlaugh spite
Excluded him on a Division night,
Some, who were at that time—as Bradlaugh saith,

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of any other such man. It appears to me to be rather to annex the power and influence of such men and their opinions.'

Inebriate defenders of the faith,
 Who with a sham respect for law and order,
 Were the occasion of unjust disorder! 74

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74. *Were the occasion of unjust disorder!*] And now let Mr Bradlaugh, in his own defence be heard respecting some of his 'honourable' opponents in the House. 'It is said by some I am a bad man and the House will not have me. Have I driven men to dishonour and suicide by gambling? No; yet men who have done this, sat and voted against me. Have I been drunken within the House, or even out of it? No; yet men, parading their piety, staggered tipsily through the lobby to record their votes against me. Have I used my influence and sold my title as a director of a foreign company? No; yet a noble lord who had done this was in the House to speak and vote against me. Had I prostituted my rank on a directorate whose transactions had been judiciously condemned as fraudulent? No; yet at least one Right Honourable Member of the House who voted against me had so done.'

It was after twelve years of fighting candidature for Northampton—as some of my readers are aware—that in 1880 Mr Bradlaugh was elected as colleague of Mr Labouchere. Denied justice throughout the Parliament of 1880 to 1885, he was allowed by the new Speaker, on the assembling of the first Parliament of 1886, to take the oath and sit, the Speaker firmly refusing to let any protest or question be interposed, and thus virtually pronouncing his predecessor's policy illegal. 'But what a rebuff for those who year after year enlisted all the most hateful prejudice and intolerance in the professed service of God! What a lesson for those who made religion a stalking-horse for party purposes!' In 1881 Mr Bradlaugh was assailed with a scurrilous virulence by members of the House. In 1891 he is extolled there as a

Others there are, who, emulous of strife,
One purpose serve—to worry Gladstone's life;

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high-minded patriot. With everything against him except his own talents and upright character he gradually but surely earned the respect of men who ten years before would not have spoken to him, or shaken him by the hand. On the 30th of January 1891 his death took place at his residence in Circus Road, St John's Wood. But it is a striking coincidence in a memorable career that he lived just long enough to succeed in having expunged from the records of the House the Resolution that stood there for about eleven years, declaring him ineligible either to take the oath or to make affirmation. 'This was a final act of justice' (said the *Daily News*), 'upon the accomplishment of which Mr Bradlaugh had set his heart.' He was scarcely fifty-eight when he died, but the toils of a hard and persecuted career had exhausted him before his time. And the day after his interment Mr Gladstone, in an eloquent speech, referred to him in the following words, 'A very distinguished man and an admirable member of this House, was yesterday laid in his mother earth. He had been the subject of a long controversy in this House. We remember, when it was taken up, with what zeal it was prosecuted, and how summarily it was dropped; we remember what reparation was done within the last few days to the distinguished man who was the immediate object of that controversy. But does anybody who hears me believe that that controversy so prosecuted, and so abandoned was beneficial to the Christian religion? No, sir, the people of this country saw through the imposture.'

In a widely circulated London Paper, with the announcement of Northampton's loss, appeared the following remarks :—'Mr Bradlaugh's heroic services as a social reformer should not be forgot in summing up his life—more particu-

Whose gestures at the mention of his name,
Reveal their jealousy of his great fame;
Men whose dislike, to blundering fury grows,
Whose borrowed wit deals misdirected blows,
Whose tactics of obstruction—to their shame,
Have long become a daily practised game;
Who frequently as ill-disposed contentents,
Reveal their reckless mania for amendments;
Whose talk is but to humbug and delay

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larly what in later years he accomplished. He was always the friend of the poor—always anxious to improve their condition—and his main work in Parliament was to carry measures of a social remedial character. After fighting his own question in Parliament, he settled down to fight the people's. He accomplished more by passing bills introduced by himself, asking questions, obtaining special reports than any other Member has done in the same time.' *January 1891.*

And the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in an address at Barnsley, on Monday evening, February 2, 1891, before a Wesleyan audience, said of Mr Bradlaugh, that every Christian ought to contemplate the history of that champion of the democracy and the reasons why he became an atheist. His clergyman snubbed and bullied him when he had religious difficulties, and the result was that he became an atheist. Had sympathy been given to him he might have become a pillar of the Church. He (Mr Hughes) had lately formed a very affectionate and intimate friendship with Mr Holyoake, who was driven to atheism by the preaching of a dissenting minister.

The business of the House from day to day;
Who merely seem to have abilities,
For wasting time, and incivilities;
Who by their paltry practices o'errule
The aims of statesmanship, and play the fool;
Until by crotchets and amendments cramm'd,
Good measures are politically damn'd.
Another, with aristocratic airs,
The critic plays on almost all affairs;
And deems himself a great authority,
A statesman of superiority;
But who, the most outrageous phrases uses,
In his attacks on members and abuses;
A noted specimen of blood and culture,
With something of the bull-dog and the vulture,
In his antagonistic disposition,
And his pretensions as a politician;
A member smart in manners and in dress,
Whose name, my readers perhaps already guess,
And turn their thoughts at once to Randy-pandy,
A most audacious and pugnacious Dandy;
A noble Lordling of the West-End world,
As one from Truefitt's, nicely combed and curled;
Who airs his self-importance all he can,

And seems to deem himself 'The Coming Man!'⁷⁵
 A would-be Leader of his Tory friends,

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75. *And seems to deem himself 'The Coming Man!']* 'Politicians,' says Mr David Anderson, 'are attracted towards a man of dominant mind, as soldiers rally to the colours on a battlefield, and such a man is the chief of the "Fourth Party" (the then Member for Woodstock), whose sallies are often cutting, and whose daring knows no bounds. Once, by mistake, Mr Jacob Bright alluded to the noble lord as "the Member for Woodcock," and the House laughed consumedly. And once a newspaper scribe hit upon a happier title, namely, "*The Bantam of Debate*."'

I also remember that his Lordship has elsewhere been described as an individual who has fierce dislikes, hot contempts, vehement intellectual repulsions, and who, in other respects is a puzzle both to friends and opponents. And I am fortunate in having just at this moment discovered among a mass of newspaper reports of speeches in the House of Commons, lying on my table, a sample of his Lordship's attacks on the *late* Junior Member for Northampton. These are his words:—'It struck him as most remarkable when the Prime Minister (Mr Gladstone) sat down, that the finest speech he had ever made in the House of Commons was delivered in support of a seditious blasphemer (cries of order). Sir W. Lawson.—I rise to order. I have respectfully to ask whether a member of this House has a right to call another hon. member a "seditious blasphemer." Lord R. Churchill.—He is not a member. The Speaker.—In reply to the hon. baronet, I must say I do not think that the term "seditious blasphemer" applied to a member of this House is either proper or parliamentary, and I must call upon the noble lord to withdraw the expression. Lord R. Churchill said he withdrew it, but he meant it as a political criticism! (oh, and laughter).' Now as a political

Whom he at times agrees with and offends;
 One of the Primrose Party's whirligigs,
 Surprising Tories, Radicals, and Whigs,⁷⁶
 As suits his purpose every now and then,
 With his presumptuous chatter or his pen;

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critic I have alluded to this and some other of his Lordship's so-called political criticisms, etc., but I am pleased to bear in mind at this particular moment, one or two interesting facts, namely, that his Lordship's utterances since that period—in the House—have become less remarkable, and 'beautifully less,' and that the 'Fourth Party' (if such a Party still exists) have in their noble Leader, an African Traveller, a bearded, and perhaps wiser man.

76. *Surprising Tories, Radicals, and Whigs,*] 'In 1679,' says Lord Macaulay, 'were first heard the two nicknames, which, though originally given in insult, were soon assumed with pride, which are still in daily use, which have spread as widely as the English race, and which will last as long as the English literature. It is a curious circumstance that one of these nicknames was of Scotch and the other of Irish origin. Both in Scotland and in Ireland, misgovernment had called into existence, bands of desperate men, whose ferocity was heightened by religious enthusiasm. The appellation of Whig was fastened on the zealots of Scotland; and the name of Tory on the Popish outlaws, taking refuge among the bogs of Ireland.'—*History of England*.

Professor Pryme in his 'Recollections,' says 'Daniel O'Connell showed me in the library of the House of Commons, as an illustration of the name of Tory, an Irish Act of Parliament, for the suppression of "*Rapparees, Tories, and other robbers.*"'—*Parliamentary Anecdotes*.

Whose tall talk—never reaching the sublime,
 At times would suit a Christmas Pantomime;
 A man of large conceits and little soul,
 With a capacity for seeming droll;
 Whose captious humour and attempted thunders,
 In part consist of reckless slurs and blunders;
 And who, in some of his unruly fits
 Of self-conceit, makes harum-scarum hits;
 A bold, political contortionist,
 By some applauded and by others hiss'd;
 An office seeker without principle,⁷⁷

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77. *An office seeker without principle,*] The following sensible and indignant utterances were called forth by a speech of Lord Randolph Churchill's delivered in the Scotch metropolis a few years ago.

The Rev. A. B. Morris, of Albany Street Chapel, Edinburgh, in the course of a sermon on the moral effect of high and low aims in life, said :—' A low aim makes a low man. I think, my friends, we had a miserable illustration of this in Edinburgh last week. We had a man speaking in public in a way wholly unworthy of a man. Were this a question of politics, I would not introduce it here. It is not a question of politics; it is one of public morals. There are countries in which the moral sense of the people has become obtuse; but Scotland is not one of those. Thanks to our Protestant form of religion, and thanks to the open Bible, we are as a nation sensitive to moral distinctions. We like to have our public men, no matter to what side they belong. We like to have them criticised, but we will not have them slandered, and we

Whose reckless impudence succeeds too well;
 Who by fierce taunts, that all men should condemn,

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will not give to brazen-faced falsehoods the honour which we and our forefathers have ever rendered to simple truth. We have had a man who claims the title of Lord outraging the moral sense of the public.

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a Lord,
 Wha struts and stares and a' that,
 Though thousands worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that."

Let him go home, and if he cannot learn good manners, let him at least learn to respect moral principle. Let him learn the rudiments of morality before he comes to insult a nation that has ever esteemed high moral character.'

I was much interested the other day with a Pamphlet by Mr G. W. Norma, in which he has enlightened the British public a little on some of the sayings and doings of this *ex-Member for Woodstock*; and by whom (in that pamphlet), the following passages, in which Mr Gladstone is aspersed and malignantly held up to public odium, are taken from Lord Randolph Churchill's speeches:—

On one occasion Mr Gladstone is described as—

'An unkenneled fox.'—Speech at Blackpool, 1884.

On another as—

'A poltroon and a traitor in the garb of a Minister of the Crown.'
 —Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, 1884.

On another as—

'A purblind and sanctimonious Pharisee.'—Blackpool, 1884.

On another as—

'That evil and moonstruck Minister.'—Blackpool, 1884.

Then we read that

'Mr Gladstone's hands are literally dripping and reeking with blood.'—Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, 1884.

Has shown his hatred for the G.O.M.,
 A personage pre-eminently great,
 Before his taunting critic learned to prate;
 And long before—with other lads at College,
 He had begun to climb the Tree of Knowledge;
 But whose rash words, these words to memory bring,
 ‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,’
 Whose conduct shows, how useless education
 May be to one of noble birth and station;
 Who, although in the highest circles bred,
 Seems stronger in the lungs than in the head.

Of dry and tedious talkers there are scores,
 While few are known to shine as orators;

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We are told of

‘The atrocities and infamies of Mr Gladstone.’—Prince’s Hall, Piccadilly, 1884.

He is

‘The Moloch of Midlothian.’—Prince’s Hall, Piccadilly, 1884.

But even these poisoned taunts of low-bred insolence are eclipsed by the following :—

‘Mr Gladstone attends Divine service as a personal and political advertisement.’—Blackpool, 1884.

Says Mr Norma, ‘What a deadly pity that Lord Randolph Churchill was born too late to furnish Thackeray with a subject for another masterly sketch of “Political Snobs!”’

Indeed, though all are eager to attain
Distinction there, the many strive in vain;
Therefore but very few are men of fame,
While many are insufferably tame;
And others drearily statistical,
Who deem their figures irresistible;
And exercising that capacity,
No limits set to their loquacity;
Which leads them onward through a pathless maze,
Of facts and figures upon means and ways;
And some, whose names I need not here announce,
Are best known for their arrogance and bounce,
Which oft has been displayed with all their might,
To the Conservatives' unfeigned delight;
Who, while in power maintain that black is white;
That, on their side, 'whatever is, is right,'
For which they once were styled 'The Stupid Party!'
Whose able men are scarcely one in forty;
Who, at the very mention of reforms,
Exert themselves in raising teapot storms;
Whose tactics of obstructions have been such,
As language cannot satirise too much.⁷⁸

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78. *As language cannot satirise too much.*] The G.O.M., ix

At times the utterance of important truths
Are made a jest of, and by beardless youths
Who are desirous of a little fame,
Yet with a lack of wisdom, sense and shame.
And of some others, eager for a fray,
Known by their hostile bark or louder bray,
I have in passing, just a word to say,
That in their tall talk 'tis their chief endeavour,
To be regarded valourous and clever;
Unmindful of the gist of this expression,

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his speech to his Mid-Lothian constituents, on one occasion, made the following statement : ' We have 650 members in the House of Commons, and twice that number gives 1300. That would make two hours the average time for which every member would, in a certain sense, be entitled to speak. Now there are two Tories—I am speaking from an article that has been published in a monthly review, and I think the statement is perfectly accurate—there are two Tories whom one might almost call babies in long clothes (laughter)—that is to say, they never sat in any Parliament before this, and in this Parliament their infantine efforts have been developed in 519 speeches. (Loud laughter). You will ask me how long the speeches have been. I have not ascertained by a precise measurement, but if we allow five minutes on the average, these two young members—Parliamentary novices, youngsters—have occupied 43 hours of the public time. The same right to be heard, on the same average, would require a Session to be one year, seven months and seven days, sitting 24 hours every day, Sundays included.'

'The better part of valour is discretion;'
Which leads me to describe a—well, between
The rival Parties what is called a Scene!
A very noisy proof that now and then,
All are not gentle who are gentlemen;
Although they may be men of light and leading,
Who have been trained to manifest good breeding.

But to proceed, to some of those proceedings
Which lead us to a scene and its misleadings:
Before the House there is a Member's motion,
Which causes controversy and commotion,
From sibilant sounds to louder croaking,
And observations that are more provoking;
One Party with loud signs of approbation,
Another, shouting its disapprobation;
Till they create a House of Commons shindy,
A breeze which soon becomes extremely windy;
A mingled gust of cheers, groans, coughs, and cries
Of order! chair! sit down! while members rise,
With indignation or by merriment,
Making the tumult a bewilderment;
Then someone's mild remark evokes a cheer;
Another's words are cuttingly severe,

And have a double meaning—it appears,
A clipping purpose like a pair of shears;
Another tries to still the strife of tongues,
To gain a hearing, with stentorian lungs,
And thus begins, ‘I wish to say, sir,’ (cheers)
‘I must protest against these,’ (groans and jeers)
‘I claim a hearing, sir’ (loud shouts and laughter
And some one’s little joke about hereafter).
‘I was about to say,’ (cries of ‘Sit down!’) ‘Sir,
I’ll not be put down by a Tory bouncer!’
On which the bouncer, amid cries of order!
Resents the taunt and causes more disorder;
In other words, more hostile Party cries,
And some half uttered personalities,
Rebuked by a loud shout of, shame! withdraw!
As though proceeding from a Samson’s jaw!
Then rises one who says, ‘It seems to me,
That on this matter (cries of ‘Question’) we
Are suffering from a plethora of talk,⁷⁹

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79. *Are suffering from a plethora of talk,*] ‘One of the latest additions to the House of Commons,’ says the *Daily News* of March 29, 1890, ‘namely, the Member for Dundee, confided to the Associated Chambers of Commerce, his impressions of the House of Commons in the following remarks: “It is too

Designed the purpose of debate to balk,
And from the indiscreet remarks of, (' Who'—
A member shouts—' are you alluding to? ')
' I think such observations are unfair,
And quite uncalled for,' (cries of ' Order! Chair!')
On which the Speaker rises to request,
That order be maintained, and to suggest,
That gentlemen would please to bear in mind,
Their speeches should be to the point confined.
On some occasions, scenes and altercations,
Are made amusing by gesticulations;
By some excited member's wry grimaces,
And by retaliatory menaces;
By observations most illogical,
Accompanied by sounds zoological,
And intermingled cheers ironical,
Whose echoes are most inharmonical;

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much of a mere talking shop, and not a place for a man whose chief desire is to do some practical work. At its best, the House is the best of all representative assemblies, while it is impossible for any assembly to be worse than the House at its worst; and it is at its worst three days out of four, and five nights out of six. It is a huge organisation for the waste of time and the dissipation of energy. Further, the House excels in all kinds of sense except common sense."

Although it gives me pleasure to declare
That such proceedings in the House are rare.

Another scene deserves a brief description,
And Jingoism as its superscription;
Commencing with a blatant prostitution
Of words, about the British Constitution;
Blent with tall talk about the British Flag,
(Of which the Primrose Party loves to brag,)
And British Interests in twitting lingo,
Proceeding from the followers of Ben-jingo;
Men who, accusing Liberals of lagging,
Give them a Westminsterian bally-ragging;
On which, a member of the Liberal Party,
Demands a hearing, amid cheering hearty;
And at them from his quiver hurls a dart,
A telling stroke that seems to make them smart,
Amid loud cries of order ! shame ! sit down !
While some in scornful silence sit and frown;
And one asserts—‘ he makes a false assertion ! ’
And someone else cries, ‘ ’tis a base aspersion ’ !
Then are heard shouts of Question ! here and there,
Accompanied by cries of order ! chair !
And observations that by no means flatter,

Nor serve to lessen the discordant clatter;
The din of Question! Time! Time! 'Vide! 'Vide! 'Vide!
From half a hundred mouths extended wide;
And yaw! yaws! of aristocratic scions,
Whose efforts prove, they are not British Lions,
But more like quadrupeds that learn to bray,
O'er a supply of thistles, chaff, or hay.

Another scene almost defies description!
For which I know no better superscription,
Than one, Lord Brougham's words suggest, when he
Compared the house to a menagerie!⁸⁰

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80. *Compared the House to a menagerie!*] It is quite refreshing now and then for us—as men, upon the shady side of two score years and ten, to witness and to hear the rompishness and roars of several scores of schoolboys in a College Play-ground; for they bring back on memory's wings the days when we were young; but, in a graveyard, or under the Cathedral Dome of St Paul's, or in the House of Senators, such things would seem unseemly. Yet on one occasion, Lord Brougham compared the British House of Commons to a Menagerie, because of the tremendous uproar and babel sound of voices that had greeted an objectionable member, coupled with the gesticulations and rapid rising up and sitting down of the disturbers, having the appearance of a series of gymnastic exercises. And so we find it still.

'For there are certain men and boys,
Who certainly delight in noise,
As much as children do in toys.'

Where some create amusement, and where some
Remind one of the broils of Vestrydom :
Indeed, some take considerable pains
To be conspicuous when discord reigns,
To be the instigators of disorder,
Of squabbles in defence of law and order;
Delighting in uproarious animation,
Of which I'll give just one more illustration.

'Not for the furtherance of righteous laws,
Nor for the people's, but a factious cause,
Are,' (says a member) 'such expressions as—'
But here his words are stopped by lungs of brass,
A 'full of sound and fury' sort of clatter!
Which lasted—well, how long it does not matter!
Then he resumes his speech—'Sir, it appears,
The object of some members, (groans and cheers!)
Is to prevent discussion, or,' ('Oh! Oh!')
'To throw dust in the eyes of—' (cries of 'No!')
The opposition Party, 'Sir, I rise,
In order to protest'—another cries,
'Against such undeserved insinuations,
'And I against such Party—' (sibilations!)
'Sir, I'll not be put down by—' ('Who are you?')

And cries of 'Order! Chair! Chair! that will do!
Sit down !') while others on the benches near him,
Try to induce the noisy ones to hear him;
But all in vain, they try to cough him down,
And down he sits, with a contemptuous frown.
A statesman then uprises—tried and true,
To whom the praise of man is justly due;
Of whom—'tis well known and needs not assertion,
The stubborn Party have a great aversion ;—
And, (as well known) because the G. O. M.
Is far superior to the best of them;
Because his statesmanship and eloquence,
Exposes their devices and pretence;
Because his great renown, from Age to Age,
Will brighten History's immortal page;
Although by signs and contumelious sneers,
They manifest their hatred and their fears;
Although they interrupt him by disorder,
To show their great regard for Law! and order!
By cachination, shouts of Oh! Oh! Oh!
By angry growls, and cries of No! No! No!
In terms, rude and unparliamentary,
Coined by the Jingoës of this century;
By anti-Bradlaughism's howling bigots,

And by coercion's journalistic Pigotts :—
But let my gentle readers bear in mind,
That these excitable M.P.'s had dined,
And may have taken, just—a—leettle—wine!
Enabling them the better to combine,
Against a grand old Pillar of the State,
Assisted by the Bantam of debate!
Who poses as a Tory Democrat!
Who, with a shout of glee threw up his hat,
When by attacks, obstructions, and deceit,
The Liberal Party suffered a defeat.⁸¹

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81. *The Liberal Party suffered a defeat.*] From the columns of one of the London papers, bearing a date in June, 1885, I took a copy of the following statements: 'By a majority of twelve, the House of Commons has declined to support the financial proposals of the (Gladstone) Government, and it may be taken that Mr Gladstone will place his resignation in the hands of the Queen. The scene at the end of the division in the House this morning was the most uproarious and disorderly of the present Parliament. Lord Randolph Churchill led off the demonstration by throwing his hat into the air, waving his handkerchief, and shouting "Gladstone," and his example was followed by sundry others, who leaped on the benches, threw up each other's hats, shouting and gesticulating with unprecedented violence; amongst whose numerous cat-calls were "Coercion," "Buckshot," "Dublin Castle," and other names. Several minutes elapsed before the disorder had subsided enough to allow Mr Gladstone to speak.'

Alas! how few in Parliaments there be,
Of true, disinterested dignity;⁸²
How few and far between throughout the State
Are they, who can be called the truly great!
As for political morality,
'Tis more a name than a reality;
A name convenient for Election's cries,
Whose pledges oft-times prove, convenient lies;
The wily tactics of ambitious wights,
Of Faction leaders and their satellites:
And but a few in Parliament reveal,

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82. *Of true, disinterested dignity;*] Mr Courtney, M.P., speaking on one occasion to the members of the Liskeard Debating Society, warned them that if they took the House of Commons as their model there were defects which they would do well to avoid. One of the great defects of that House was that it did not tend to make people think too vigorously. On the contrary, it tended to numb the powers of thought. The best men in the House were ready to confess that it was not the best school for sincerity. He did not say this of one side of the House more than another, but it was a fact which he was afraid they must all acknowledge. The danger of debating clubs framed on the Parliamentary model was that of falling into the trick of insincerity and want of thoughtfulness, and when a debating society was seduced into this particular error its members became distinguished by the most miserable imitations of the worst faults and characteristics of the House of Commons, and instead of the pursuit of truth they had simply the spirit of party.'

The impulse of disinterested zeal;
While many there, with an unbridled tongue,
Commend a policy by Jingo's sung;
And, judged by their inflammatory words,
Would with one half the Nations measure swords;
Would fan the flames of passion into war,
With Afric's Tribes, Turks, Frenchmen, or the Czar :
And some there recklessly perpetuate,
The wrongs of Erin, and her people's hate;⁸³
Who deem her patriot leaders dangerous knaves,
Because they scorn to be the Landlord's slaves,
And dare to face political disasters,
Rather than truckle to land-grabbing masters;
For which they have the praises of just men,
And Tory curses every now and then.

NOTES

83. *The wrongs of Erin, and her people's hate ;*] A modern writer on Persecutions observes, 'It can scarcely be credited that England, the Knight errant abroad, should attempt to play the ogre at home ; that she should declaim against all oppression, and be herself an oppressor ; that she should cry out against despotism, and be herself a despot. This is a bitter satire on our philanthropy, and a melancholy negative of our professions.

Persecution is a compound of folly and wickedness ; and let an English Government seek to maintain abuses by severity and coercion, neither laws nor arms will be able for a great while to support it.

Unhappy Erin ! want and woes have taught her,
That so-called Christian Rulers, as all others,⁸⁴
Rely on jails, and weapons made for slaughter,
To teach mankind that all mankind are brothers !

Hers is a Land of curses and of sighs,
Whose crushed ones for just vengeance cry aloud ;
Made wretched by the worst of tyrannies,
By Landlord-robbers, arrogant and proud.

NOTES

84. *That so-called Christian Rulers, as all others,*] 'Ireland is being governed under a system of coercive law, totally different from that which we have on this side of the water. and to which the people of this country never would submit for one moment. The administration of the law in Ireland is a great deal worse than the law itself. The administration of the law is such, that it causes the law to be hated by the Irish. Yes, and causes such a state of things that the Irish people ought to hate the law. I will not say that even under these circumstances they ought to break any law, but I say, if they had the smallest self-respect, the smallest love of their country, their wives and children, the laws, and above all, the system under which they are administered ought to be hateful in their sight. I go further, and I say this, that the conduct of the administrators of the law is in many respects such as to amount to a continual provocation to breaches of the law. It is perfectly wonderful that these breaches of the law are not in Ireland infinitely more frequent than they are.'—*From Mr Gladstone's Speech in Edinburgh*, October 21, 1890.

Poor, famine-stricken, and dejected creatures,
 Out of their hovels driven—some half-dying;⁸⁵
 With smarting wrongs depicted in their features;
 Victims of force, of fraud, and police lying.

NOTES

85. *Out of their hovels driven—some half-dying;*] The *Freeman's Journal* to-day says, 'In any other country the fate of Batley Geary would produce a sensation. The old man—he is eighty years of age—was evicted from his holding at Kilterrin, Connemara, on Thursday last. That evening he crept back to what had been his poor home. He thereby rendered himself liable to 'six months' imprisonment by two of Mr Balfour's removeables. But when day dawned he was beyond the reach of the Coercion Act. The old tenant lay dead upon the floor.'—*February* 1888.

'SIR,—The eviction that I saw at Belpatrick, in Ireland on Thursday last, the particulars of which I sent you yesterday from Londonderry, I see, by the Glasgow papers this morning, (*Glasgow Herald*, October 13, 1888), has ended in the death—the same night—of the poor old man, James Dunne. I happened to be present at this eviction, and saw the doings that have ended in his death. He was suffering from bronchitis and presented a miserable spectacle as he crouched before his kitchen fire. He warned the evictors if the process of the law was carried out it would result in his death. Despite his entreaties he was put out upon the roadside and left sitting on a stool, in the midst of his broken furniture. When the evictors left a passer by heard the old man exclaim, "Emerson, Emerson, get me the poorhouse van, for God's sake. I have not a half-hour to live." He was removed to a barn at hand by some friends, and at about nine o'clock

I hear the sounding sobs of them that weep,
 O'er blighted lives, and unregarded wrongs;
 Borne by the winds across the restless Deep,
 Blent with the curses of ten thousand tongues;

Of wretched ones whose days are dark as night,
 Because the proud oppressor wills it so;
 Because the weak are taught that might is right;
 And few would strike for such, a righteous blow.

NOTES

last night expired. Evictions took place yesterday on Lord Massereene's estate, Co. Louth. The sheriff and his men completed their work despite considerable resistance.

'If the British electorate could only see what is being done in Ireland in their name, they would resolve to end the whole thing and the Government that supports it.—Your obedient servant,

'HANDEL COSHAM, M.P., East Bristol.

'October 13, 1888.'

'Fellow, you have broken our laws!'

'Yes, your honour; but not until your laws had broken me.'

'Sir, that's nothing to the point.'

'No, your honour—nothing whatever.'

—*Justice made Easy.*

'Well, patience is a silly word,
 So meaningless and dead,
 To him who hears the sickening cry,
 Oh, father, give us bread!'

—*William Thom.*

Yet Erin, though lorn-hearted, scarr'd and torn,
Beside the homes of her evicted ones;
Has faced the ruffians of the Law with scorn,
Regardless of their bludgeons, swords, and guns.

But Tory Governments refuse to feel,
For the down-trodden, driven to despair;
They rule by bludgeons, battering-rams, and steel,
And but for *Law* and *Order* seem to care;⁸⁶

NOTES

86. *And but for Law and Order seem to care,*] 'We prate about "law and order" while the whole scope of our government in Ireland for seven centuries has been to make law a curse to the multitude and order therefore impossible.'

—*J. Allanson Picton, on The Devil in Ireland.*

'We see men of position and character doing things, which under ordinary circumstances they would be ashamed of, and which everybody cries shame upon; and they do it in the "sacred name of Coercion." They talk too about "law and order," and they do so in the same way that the authors of the Massacre of Bartholomew talked about Christianity and Mother Church. Of *law* and *order* to-day we may say, as it was said of old time, "What crimes are committed in thy name." If we want to return to law and order we must return to fair dealing and fair play with all men. For law and order can never rest upon any other foundation than that of fair play and fair dealing.

—*Sir William V. Harcourt, on Coercion.*

Which has been their great cry from morn till night,
And year by year; whose spies are here and there,
Allied with traitors, sneaking, out of sight,
From Dublin Castle to Trafalgar Square.

NOTES

In the December number of the *Contemporary Review* (1888) appeared a brilliant sketch of Irish History in the past, and of coercion in the present, from the pen of Mr Frederic Harrison, who, in alluding to Ireland's tyrannical masters, said 'They are a fighting order, sprung from fight, nursed in fight for centuries, with every gift and every vice of a dominant class. The descendants of conquerors, adventurers, and soldiers of fortune, they combine the rapacity of a conquering race with the arrogance of an aristocratic order. They are keen, able, and unscrupulous; ready at any moment to shoot down savages in any corner of the Empire, or to work martial law in their dear native country. At the first signal of danger to their privileges they storm Society, the Press, the Church, and Parliament, filling the minds of the official classes and the uneasy ear of wealth with dreadful visions of ruin and chaos. But we know these shrieks, protestations, and prophecies of theirs, to be what were those of West Indian slave-holders—a sordid affair of money. All this raving about Empire, and the Sun of England, and the Union Jack, means merely that an order of rich men are trembling to think the days of extortion are all but ended. Law and Order are very fine words; but they sound strangely in the mouths of men who have organised a system of martial laws in order to maintain a system of extortion. For centuries rich men in England have found in Ireland an unlimited field where the strong might wring wealth out of the weak. There for centuries

Such, is their misrule of the Irish Nation;—
To end in their political damnation !—
Such, are the tactics, in the present Age,
Of Erin's masters on St Stephen's Stage;
Such too, the actors in St Stephen's Hall;
And now, before them, let the curtain fall.

My purpose in the next place, is to draw
Attention to the Lawyers and to Law;
The many-sided majesty of Law,

NOTES

they have built up a scheme of peculation which they please to call law maintained by a system of terrorism which they nicknamed Government, and consecrated by a system of religious injustice which they pretended to be a Church. But the end of it all was pecuniary, not political. Ireland is, politically, one of the most peaceful countries in Europe, where for forty years there has been no show of attack on the forces of Government as such. And yet it is the only country in Western Europe that is permanently governed by martial law.'

On the other (and I was going to say better) side of the Atlantic, the President of about sixty millions of people, namely General Harrison, made this manly observation to an interviewer some time ago. 'It is gratifying to know that Irishmen can make a quiet but unyielding resistance to oppression by parliamentary methods. But,' adds he, 'I would rather be William O'Brien in an Irish Gaol, a martyr to free speech, than be the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in Dublin Castle.'

On every side of which exists a flaw,⁸⁷
And of what kind I shall attempt to show,
Without the aid of John Bull or John Doe;
In other words—respecting Law's dominions,
I shall presume to offer some opinions;
And—for my readers, take a bird's eye view,
Of many things perplexing, false, and true,
Suggestive also of serbonian bogs,
Of slippery bypaths and the densest fogs;
Of subterfuges and severity,
And mere pretensions to sincerity,
To serve a purpose in forensic pleadings,
In complex and vexatious Court proceedings;

NOTES

87. *On every side of which exists a flaw,*] 'There is a time when the hoary heads of inveterate abuses will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.'—*Edmund Burke*.

'The lawless science of our law,
That endless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.'

—*Lord Tennyson's 'Aylmer's Field.'*

'The most foul feature in the profession of the law is the necessity it imposes upon those who practise it to shuffle off the frank dealing which is supposed to regulate the intercourse of other social communions.'

—'*Men of the Hour,*' by *Angus B. Reach*.

Although it is not easy to expose,
 Or criticise such things in rhyme or prose.
 But to attempt it is my present task;
 And to attempt to answer those who ask,
 What is the Law? or rather what the laws
 Which settle causes and expenses cause?
 Which—as the Acts of Parliaments and Kings,
 Define the rights of persons and of things.

By Arbuthnot, Law has been said to be,
 ‘A pit without a bottom,’ and I see
 That Blackstone says, ‘Law has for every sore
 A plaster,’ but it oft leaves something more,⁸⁸

NOTES

88. *A plaster,’ but it oft leaves something more,]*

Now Blackstone was a learned judge,
 As wise as ever sat;
 He wore his head within his wig,
 His wig within his hat.

Judge Blackstone made a learned book
 On subjects, and on kings,
 And many reasons sage he gave
 For many foolish things.

And many a wily way he found
 For lawyers to get fat in,
 And common sense, and English sound,
 He smother'd in dog-latin.—

Which many have experienced, and much faster,
Namely, a rankling wound without a plaster:
And Sidney Smith says, 'Law so patience trying,
Is little else than scientific lying,'
'Which serves'—says Cromwell, 'to maintain the
lawyers,
And rich men, to be poor men's peace destroyers.'
A Poet writes—'Whatever is, is right,'
Which cannot be, where power and wealth unite,
To crush a weak one in a legal fight;
In aiding a rich client to despoil,
A poor one of the fruits of half his toil;
Nor while the world is governed by deceit,
By rich men's pride, ambition and conceit.

NOTES

And simple ways made strange to see,
As clients, to their loss, tell;
And many things that law may be,
Although they be not Gospel.

But since (see Job) we are but worms,
Our destiny we fill,
No doubt, in being gobbled up
By some long lawyer's bill.

—*The Author of the Song of the Shirt.*

'Tell Physic of her boldness;
Tell Skill it is pretension;
Tell Charity of coldness;
Tell Law it is contention.'

—*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

'When States are most corrupt '—says Tacitus—
'Laws are most multiplied, and burdensous,'
Of which we have a multiplicity,⁸⁹
Yet few distinguished for simplicity;

NOTES

89. *Of which we have a multiplicity.*] Lord Brougham once declared 'that it would take three men's lives to read the laws of England, and that a coach and six might be driven through any of the English laws.'

Some of the best words ever spoken by Lord Brougham, are to be met with in his remarkable speech on Law Reform, delivered in the year 1828, from which the following passage seems to me worthy of introduction and attention here. 'It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble : a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear, and left it cheap : found it a sealed book—left it a living letter ; found it the patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor ; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence.'

And elsewhere, in the published opinions of his Lordship, I find these sensible remarks of his, 'How can I, or any one conversant with the practice of the law, adequately express the benefits of having a cheap redress for petty wrongs, when we daily witness the evils of the opposite system? How often have I been able to trace bankruptcies and insolvencies to some lawsuit about ten or fifteen pounds, the costs of which have mounted up to large sums, and been the beginning of embarrassment ! Nay, how often have we seen men in the situation described by Dean Swift, who represents

Indeed the multitude of British laws,
Of much perplexity have been the cause;
And many too—the cause of discontents—
Reveal the blunders of past Parliaments:
The inequality of Law's décisions,
Shows how imperfect are its best provisions;
And they who buy experience of it see,
That with much law there's little equity.

I cannot think—however much I try—
That half our laws are ratified on High;
Nor that Heaven's Great Lawgiver is well pleased,
With human Systems that are half diseased;
With laws in which, an upright mind detects,
Strange inconsistencies, and grave defects;
The cause of which, and many more events,
Have been, unconscionable Governments;
Of which, in divers ways, the consequences
Have been, disputes, dissensions and offences;
Results, where Governments consist of men,
Who legislate to please the Upper Ten,

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Gulliver's father as ruined by gaining a Chancery suit with costs !'

And deem the other classes of the State,
As subjects who should serve, obey, and wait.

Some one has said, 'that every worthy cause,
Rests in the proper sanction of the laws,'
But man-made laws have sanctioned this defect,
On which the poor continually reflect,
'In reams of cant, the framers of the laws,
Deplore the evil, but o'erlook the cause;'
And not a few of poor men's miseries,
Are the results of Law's unjust decrees.⁹⁰

Back in old Scripture days the prophets saw,
'That men decreed injustice by a law,'⁹¹

NOTES

90. *Are the results of Law's unjust decrees.*] In a debate at the Vestry Hall, Haverstock Hill, on General Booth's great scheme, Mr A. J. David, Barrister-at-law, speaking from thirty-three years' knowledge, asserted that many innocent people were sent to prison, as they could not afford to pay for legal assistance.—*British Weekly*, November 13, 1890.

91. 'That men decreed injustice by a law,']

'Unjust decrees they make and call them just,
And we submit to them—because we must.'

—J. T. Watson.

In the Litany of the Church of England our clergymen

But much law making tends to make things worse,
And has been—Sidney Smith says—‘the world’s curse’:

NOTES

are in the habit of putting up this petition, amongst others, every Sabbath day, ‘That it may please Thee to bless and keep the Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth, and all the people—men, women, children, and magistrates, saints and sinners, unite in this pious request. *We beseech thee to hear us good Lord!*’

But we find every now and then that the sentences inflicted by our English justices, are not only unjust, but are becoming outrageous. One of them some little time ago, gave a half-starved lad six weeks’ hard labour for stealing two turnips, under the sting of hunger. Another lad was consigned to prison for six months with hard labour by two other magistrates for stealing eight pounds weight of apples. By another magistrate, a young man, with a thirteen years’ reference from his employers, was sent to prison for two months with hard labour, for the fearful crime of stealing threepence. And I have a number of other reported cases in my possession of a similar description, which would occupy several pages of my Book, were I to introduce them; in which the merciful wisdom of the ‘great unpaid,’ is similarly displayed; a perusal of which has led me to think that the Litany might advantageously be revised, with the addition of this petition. ‘From unwise magistrates, merciless lawyers, blundering policemen, and false swearing prosecutors. *Good Lord deliver us!*’

The Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, at a ‘Thieves’ Supper in 1885, delivered an address, in the course of which he said, ‘The judges had often to punish men for being what society had made them, and were the engines of a system that crushed with pitiless severity the creatures it produced. In his judgment, there should be very much greater leniency introduced into the whole scale of our punishments. The

The vilest men have kept the best in awe,
By the enforcement of an unjust law;
And unjust laws have caused the worst of crimes,
And half the Revolutions of past times.
But Governments are just, and wise, and great,
Only when for all men they legislate
With generous impartiality;
And actuated by morality:
In purity and justice safely lies,
For Governments and Kings—when otherwise—
Without a People's pity or surprise—
The Constitution slowly rots and dies;
And thus, with righteous retribution meets,
However strong its armies, or its Fleets.
The Book of Laws—as he who searches sees,
Is well supplied with verbal mysteries,

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severity of our punishments, as a general rule, and the lengthened periods of imprisonment to which as a general rule, convicts were subject, were in his judgment—and he had thought a good deal about the matter—productive of almost unmixed evil. There should always be a moral proportion between crime and punishment, as, if the latter seemed unjust, it did more mischief than good. He regarded religion as the best instrument for reclaiming criminals, pointing out that the Gospel could breathe hope even into the lethargy of despair.'

By subtle brains, to swell the costs and fees,
And render indistinct the Law's decrees,⁹²
By legislators and great lawyers plann'd,
Which few besides themselves could understand.
In our Law Libraries are useless loads
Of British Statutes, Precedents, and Codes;
For they, like old clothes, become worse for wear,
To which old fogies cling, who little care,
How often they evoke contemptuous smiles,

NOTES

92. *And render indistinct the Law's decrees,*] It was declared on one occasion in the House of Commons by Mr (afterwards Justice) Williams, well known to have had considerable practice in the Common Law Courts, that there were not more than six persons practising in them, who could be considered as acquainted with the law of real property; and it was at one time asserted that there was none practising at the bar of the Court of Chancery, who had this knowledge with the exception of Sir Edward Sugden.

The Honourable F. C. Moncrieff of the Inner Temple, in his interesting little work, 'The Wit and Wisdom of the Bench and Bar,' observes, 'There are not wanting in the records of the English Bar, instances of advocates who have read up their cases so negligently, that they have actually found themselves arguing in Court in favour of the party they were engaged to attack. There have been Judges who crushed pertinacious counsel by saying, "Sit down, sir, your arguments are as devoid of justice as of law;" and there have been counsel who, when asked for authority for their arguments, requested the ushers of the Court to bring them "some elementary treatise on the law of contract."'

And work injustice, by their misty wiles,
The artifices of a bygone day,
That should by modern sense be swept away;
Though much, produced as modern evidence,
Lacks two essentials—truth and common sense.⁹³

To write a history of law affairs,
Would be to toil through fogs, and bogs, and snares;
Through dreary, brain-bewildering Courts' proceedings,
Their legal forms, and fictions, and misleadings;
Through pleas, demurrers, Acts, condemn'd or praised,
With Court of Chancery Ghosts in legions raised;

NOTES

93. *Lacks two essentials—truth and common sense.*] As one of the speakers in the debate on the address in the House of Commons, February 15, 1888, Mr J. E. Ellis—who resumed the debate—among other things said, 'There was a deal of nonsense talked about respect for law. They should clear their minds of cant. It was not the opinion of their forefathers that the law was a fetish and a Mumbo-Jumbo, and it was not the opinion of the Liberal party. He did not regard the Hon. Member (Mr W. O'Brien) as a law breaker, and there were many laws on the Statute Book, the enforcement of which he should feel it his duty to oppose. Even a London magistrate had said that there were laws which he would not put in force until he was compelled to do so by mandamus. The nonsense that was now talked about law and order was opposed to the highest traditions of constitutional liberty, and he protested against it.'

And those of others, who in legal battles
Have forfeited their lands, and goods, and chattels;
To write of a Profession part composed,
Of men whose practices should be exposed;
Of some, who as attorneys play their parts,
By quirks, and quibbles, and evasive arts;
Of a Profession wherein lawyers swarm,
For some men's benefit, but most men's harm;
A maze, wherein they lurk with argus eyes,
And prey upon mankind's necessities.
Law is a gordian knot, a galling chain,
Vexing the soul and 'wildering the brain;
A game of chance, evasions, and delays,
Of difficulties caused in various ways;
A network of accumulated Acts;
A tangled skein of fictions and of facts;⁹⁴

NOTES

94. *A tangled skein of fictions and of facts;*] 'The law is a learned profession, whose only legitimate office is to promote the ends of justice among men, but whose constant practice is to pervert justice, or prevent it, by resort to the technicalities and forms with which it is hide-bound. There is no department of human interest that is so full of the lumber—the old dead stuff—of learning, as the law. A simple matter of justice between man and man would seem to be one easily to be handled and quickly disposed of; but learning resorts to forms for delay, and picks flaws in forms for

A force, of which, the less one knows, the better,
Suggestive of a thumbscrew and a fetter;

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escape, and hunts among maggots for precedents, and bewilders with the array of authority, until that which is simple becomes complicated, and an affair of thirty minutes becomes a thing of years.'—*Gold Foil*, by J. G. Holland.

'John Bull has a great respect for law,' says the author of 'The Gentle Life' in one of his essays, 'when hurt or insulted he turns to his law-gods and consults them; and yet law is a net-work of fictions, and John's lawyers are no better than they should be.'

'Our very laws,' says the same author, 'were written in blood; and there are those now living who have striven, with the great Sir Samuel Romilly and others, to wipe the crimson stain from our Statute Book. When he related how they hung for stealing five shillings, and told of some of the victims of our laws, no wonder that that great and good man faltered and burst into tears. "I remember," Sir Samuel said, "that when I had been pleading in the cause of the unfortunate, one of our hereditary legislators staggered up to me, his breath strongly tainted with his after-dinner wine, and said with an oath, 'By —, Romilly, you are ruining the country.'"

From a Philip drunk, to other Philips sober, I would just a moment turn and ask this question 'Who are the likeliest in these days to bring about the ruin of the country—the friends of humanity, or the overbearing and immoral portion of our hereditary legislators?'

The following poetical rap at the Law, composed by Mr (*afterwards Lord Chancellor*) Erskine, may possibly interest some of the legal profession, and others of my readers:

'As mankind pretend to be governed by laws,
I claim the just right to be heard in my cause;

Within whose trammels thousands have been taught,
That justice oft is slow, and dearly bought;
That laws and law-suits are expensive things,
Which bring their remedies, but leave their stings.

The technicalities of Jurisprudence,
Are scarcely understood by its own students;
Indeed, to understand some laws—as written—
Would puzzle half the lawyers in Great Britain;
Laws, that, with their strange phraseology,
Abound with dry-as-dust tautology;
Such as, 'the said'—'aforesaid'—'furthermore'—
'Whereas'—'whereof'—'to wit'—and many more,
Which sound, with each reiterated word

NOTES

Which I found upon reason, and wrap up in rhyme,
Although not the practice of courts in our time.
For in law I must say, tho' perhaps not in season,
Proceedings are mostly without rhyme or reason.'

Another poet writes,—

'I know you lawyers can with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.'

—*Gay's Fables.*

Respecting man's identity, absurd;
 And are, or seem so, almost an offence—
 If not to Common Law—to common sense !
 As others, 'to amend the emendations !'
 And statutes to explain the explanations !
 And what are by the lawyers termed, 'detainers'—
 Attachments—replications—and retainers—
 And with them the intricacies of 'pleas'—
 And—for the sake of fees—the 'counterpleas'—
 'Demurrers'—and 'rejoinders'—and 'rebutters'—
 And 'surrejoinders' too—and 'surrebutters.'
 With which I introduce a stranger sample—
 Rhymed by Sir David Lyndsay—for example,
 In which a Scottish Carman gives account
 Of his own law-suit—except the amount.

AS FOLLOWS

'Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
 And he her drownit into the quarry holes;
 And I ran to the consistory, for to pleinyie,
 And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie,'⁹⁵

NOTES

95. *And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie,*'] Meinyie, company.

'They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum*;
Within aucht days I gat but libellandum;
Within ane month I gat ad opponendum;
In half ane year I gat inter-loquendum,
And syne I gat—how, call ye it?—ad replicandum;
Bot I could never ane word yet understand him;
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts;
Bot or they came half gate to concludendum,
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they pos'poned me twa year with their train,
Syne hodie ad octo, bade me come again;
And then their rooks they rowpit wonder fast
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
Of pronounciandum they made me wonder fain,
But I gat never my gude grey mare again.'

By subtle phrases on which laws are hinged,
Justice and common sense are oft unfriended;
And what a plaintiff or defendant proves,
Is sometimes mystified by wily moves;
Indeed, the phraseology of laws,
Seems but adapted to forensic jaws;⁹⁶

NOTES

96. *Seems but adapted to forensic jaws ;]* 'One crying need of

Those of men, slow to settle a dispute;
Of lawyers eager to protract a suit,

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the times we live in,' says a modern writer 'On Legal Verbiage,' 'is a reform in the absurd and cumbrous phraseology inherited from the clerks and scriveners of the Middle Ages, which defaces our legal forms of all kinds. We have abolished mumbo-jumbo in other departments of human intelligence; but we still bow down in reverence to the mumbo-jumbo of the law. We do not object to technical terms in law, for every science must have its technicalities, but to the absurd and meaningless repetitions that obscure the sense and retard the expression of the idea, for no other purpose than to increase the perquisites of lawyers and conveyancers. If only such pet words as "the said" and "the aforesaid" were left out of the ordinary conveyance, its bulk would be decreased by ten per cent., and to that extent the purchaser of property, and the country which has to build huge halls to house the records and keep an army of engrossing clerks to transcribe them, to that extent exactly both would be benefited. There is no reason, however, why fully ninety per cent. of the present verbiage might not be suppressed with even more than corresponding advantages. A totally unnecessary expenditure is involved in drawing up that congestion of verbal eccentricities, known as a "deed," and in recording it; and it is astonishing that property owners have stood this kind of imposition so long. But they are afraid to stir in the matter because they are afraid to meddle with the so-called wisdom of our ancestors.'

I commend these remarks to the attention of our legislators in both Houses of Parliament, and especially to those embryo statesmen of the legal profession who are desirous of doing great things in the regions of common sense, and for the public weal, during their ambitious march towards the goal

Till clients ere, or when the matter ends,
 Have cause to cry out, 'save us from our friends!'
 And dear experience tells them how, not why,
 They must distinguish Law from Equity.
 There are in Law—where they have long abounded,
 Things that have made confusion worse confounded;
 The most unscrupulous of Law's offences,
 Is that of its exorbitant expenses;
 As instances of which, I will refer
 To Tichborne's matters, and the senseless stir,
 Against the Irish M.P.'s charged with crimes,
 By Pigottism's Oracle—*The Times* !⁹⁷
 The most unfounded charge of modern times;

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of a judgeship, or the premiership, or the Lord Chancellor's
 woolsack.

97. *By Pigottism's Oracle* — The Times !] M. Renan, the great French writer, is credited with a remark which shows that the character of the 'leading English journal' was long ago fully understood in France. An Englishman went to call on this accomplished scholar with a letter of introduction; and in the course of conversation respecting the brightness and gaiety of the French capital, the Englishman added to one of his remarks 'you are so immoral here.' 'Ah!' said M. Renan, 'you think we are immoral do you? Now, tell me candidly, do you think you could find anything in Paris so immoral as an ordinary leader in your *Times* newspaper.' Renan went on to expand his views about the *Times*

And both consisting of much legal lumber
Adapted to occasion yawns and slumber !

‘Woe to the weal where many lawyers thrive’
Said Bishop Hall—who seemed to be alive
To some of the results of their proceedings—
The pocketing of fees for their misleadings !⁹⁸

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as follows: ‘Your leading journal is utterly untouched by any particle of sympathy with any noble ideal. It simply expresses the views of the most narrow-minded and uncharitable section of the English public; and if any man or any body of men, ventures to strike out some new line which they hope will lead to the advancement of mankind, they are immediately assailed with fury in the columns of the *Times*, and either scoffed at as contemptible dreamers, or denounced as unscrupulous criminals. You will find nothing in Paris so abjectly immoral as that.’

98. *The pocketing of fees for their misleadings.*] The author of a Treatise upon the Star Chamber, in his remarks on the origin of solicitors, says, ‘This branch of legal practice seems to have arisen, in great part, out of the suits of the Star Chamber. In its origin, the calling appears to have been of doubtful legality and their character not over good.’

‘In our age,’ says Hudson (a barrister of Gray’s Inn, in the reign of Charles I), ‘there are stepped up a new sort of people called solicitors, unknown to the records of the law, who, like the grasshoppers in Egypt, devour the whole land; and there, I daresay, were express retainers, and, could not justify their maintenance upon any action brought; I mean not where a lord or gentleman employed his servant to solicit his cause, for he may justify his doing thereof; but I mean

And probably he saw with wrathful eyes,
The tactics by which many strove to rise
In their profession and pursued their way,
By which they harassed and secured their prey.
Of that too numerous and thriving tribe,
A great variety I could describe;
And could, did time permit, in satire show,
What many men by sad experience know—
That the fraternity of British lawyers,
Have in their ranks some wily peace-destroyers;
Some, whose transactions—I need scarce remark,
Remind one of the spider—fox—and shark;
And of the dentist, who, with clumsy paw,
Has introduced his steel, a tooth to draw;
Of that sensation too, which longer lingers,
When accidentally one burns his fingers;

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those which are common solicitors of causes, and set up a new profession, not being allowed in any court, or, at least, not in this court, where they follow causes; and these are the retainers of causes, and devourers of men's estates by contention and prolonging suits to make them without end.'

A Mr Sergeant Davy was once accused of having disgraced the Bar by taking silver from a client. 'I took silver,' he replied, 'because I could not get gold; but I took every farthing the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession.'

Though lawyers cause a more protracted pain,
A wearying torture of the heart and brain;
Some, with the wooing utterance of a siren,
Elastic consciences and hearts like iron;
Some who, with cold looks, and with hearts of steel,
At times, disturbing qualms of conscience feel.
But—that they as a rule have hearts of flint,
I neither think, nor should assert in print;
Yet numbers of them do not care a pin,
How much their clients suffer, lose, or win;
And some will chuckle o'er a doleful tale,
Wrung out by Bills of Costs, or Bills of Sale.
They prosper because men will be flagitious;
Because large numbers of mankind are vicious;
Of whom, a large proportion are litigious,
And to supplant each other are ambitious;
By mankind's crimes and follies they exist,
And, to enrich them, all men's strifes assist.⁹⁹

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99. *And, to enrich them, all men's strifes assist.*] Lord Brougham defined a lawyer as a legal gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

'Weeds, thorns, and lawyers,' says the author of 'The Gentle Life Essays,' 'are very well in their way, but they are very ill in ours.'

'Lawyers,' says Martial, 'are, with fees in view,
 Men that hire out their words and anger too,'¹⁰⁰
 And they, by Martin Luther were declared
 'To be bad Christians,'—an opinion shared
 By many other persons in his day,
 And in our own—I need perhaps scarcely say:
 Their province is to deal with truth and lies;
 With precedents, and technicalities;
 With quibbles, and objections, and reports;
 With codes, and statutes in the various Courts;
 And many other things in litigation,
 Essential to complete their education.¹⁰¹

NOTES

100. *Men that hire out their words and anger too,]*

Two lawyers when a knotty case was o'er,
 Shook hands, and were as good friends as before.
 'Say,' cries the losing client, 'how came you
 To be such friends who were such foes just now?'
 'Thou fool,' one answers, 'lawyers, though so keen,
 Like shears, ne'er cut themselves, but what's between.'

—*Book of Epigrams.*

'Lawyers,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'are a class of men whose consciences are as tender as the bellies of alligators.'

101. *Essential to complete their education.]* It is not generally known perhaps, that one of the best of England's Poets was destined for the Bar. I allude to William Cowper, the author of 'God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,' and of some other well-known hymns and poems.

Then, as solicitors who don't solicit,
Some get at John Bull's pocket, and they pick it
By means of laws, expensive and intricate;
And, that some get the Oyster, they know well,
While, for their clients they reserve the shell:
The pains of clients are a lawyer's pleasures;
His costs for consultations and refreshers,
And much they pay for is not worth a straw,
But as experience of the shams of Law.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men'
That leads, or rather misleads, now and then,
To litigation, and a lawyer's den—
In milder terms—into a legal snare,
Into which many rush with jaunty air:
Your money or your life he does not say,
Yet gives some clients cause to rue the day,

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'From the age of twenty-three,' says Cowper, 'I was occupied, or ought to have been occupied, in the study of the law.' And in a letter to Lady Hesketh, he informed her, that for three years he spent his days in Southampton Row, at a Mr Chapman's a solicitor. There he and (the future Lord Chancellor) Thurlow were constantly employed, he says, from morning to night in giggling and making giggle. And in a letter to Mr Unwin, he observes, 'that three misspent years in a

When they as plaintiffs or defendants, get
 Themselves entangled in a legal net;¹⁰²
 And some, whom I have known entangled there,
 I've seen, at lawyers' charges wildly stare,
 And heard them too, with indignation swear,
 That they were sold when they assistance sought;
 And not a few have bitterly been taught,
 That their resort to Law was their undoing,
 And law expenses their first steps to ruin.¹⁰³

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lawyer's office, were followed by several more, equally mispent in the Temple.'

102. *Themselves entangled in a legal net;*] A modern anonymous writer says, 'The legal machinery, such as this unhappy generation possesses, by which a man has to ferret out his rights, is about the most complicated and soul-destroying "wilderness of precedents" that was ever pitch-forked into a structure. It affords the surest possible cover for human foxes.'

An ex-attorney-general, who was a Member of Parliament, stated in the House of Commons, 'that with the existing system of legal procedure he would undertake to keep any man out of his rights for two years.'

103. *And law expenses their first steps to ruin.*] 'Mr Commissioner Kerr tells us,' says the *Daily News*, 'that solicitors are very ferocious with him, abuse him in every way they can. But the Judge of the City of London Court does not complain of that. It would be perhaps more correct to say that he glories in it; for he has brought this obloquy on himself by discountenancing professional rapacity in the interest of the public. After reading a voluminous correspondence

Whene'er he gets a case within his clutches,
The lawyer makes a charge for all he touches;
For oft unnecessary consultations;
For Court Officials, and for informations;
For declarations, and examinations;
For vouchers, caveats, and for replications;
But to his client he is all politeness,
However lax his notions of uprightness;
In fact, he plays his part professional,
As some do theirs at the Confessional;
Alike, as to the strictest confidence,
Yet only him in quest of evidence;

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between the solicitors engaged in a certain case, the learned Commissioner declared his conviction that, "if they could only have got rid of the solicitors, the parties concerned in the case might have settled their affairs in five minutes. My firm conviction," said the Judge, "is that what these solicitors have done is to make costs;" and finally addressing them in his wrath he said, "Don't talk to me of justice."

On another occasion, the Commissioner said, 'Solicitors are constantly taking debtors into the Mayor's Court merely because of the heavy costs they are able to wring out of poor people.'

In another case, arising out of a street collision, when the jury assessed the damages at £15 and a bill of costs was sent in for £60, which was taxed down to £37, 12s 6d; Commissioner Kerr said, 'This is really shocking. I think the attention of the Lord Chancellor ought to be drawn to such legal extortion.'

Both, with the winning softness of the dove;
The one in law, the other, perhaps in love;
Both, interested in a fellow creature,
Upon the shady side of human nature.

At times, a lawyer, with a flattering tale,
Assures his client that he cannot fail
To be successful, as his case is good,
E'en when his case is scarcely understood;
Then, with off-handed confidence he plays
The game of chance, of details, and delays;
For 'tis the policy of legal men,
To dilly-dally every now and then;
And some will almost drive their clients mad
By plann'd procrastinations, good or bad.
The man of legal practice has a share in
Another practice, that of legal swearing;
And one I knew, without the least surprise,
Would smile at what, outside the law, were lies;
He looked at mankind with a moral squint,¹⁰⁴
And made his innuendoes without stint,

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104. *He looked at mankind with a moral squint,*] 'There is in our day,' says Hargrave Jennings, 'a large amount of

At litigants, too ready to believe;
 And, with sly glances, laughing in his sleeve;
 And things that would a just man's wrath provoke,
 He wink'd at, or regarded as a joke.

In Law as well as Medicine there are Quacks,
 As truthful and trustworthy as Cheap Jacks :
 It has its tricks—as deep as thimble rigging,
 For which some lawyers well deserve a wiggling;
 A set of crafty, pettifogging creatures,¹⁰⁵
 Whose knavery is indexed on their features;

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moral squinting. Truth is too direct for most people in this world. And so there is such an amount of wilful aversion from the positively true, that in these days nothing is thought about its mischief. Neither in political nor in private society is deceit considered a deviation from the proper laws of duty; indirect vision, on the contrary, is something that conduces often to our interest. Aversion of the eyes, when it is sometimes not convenient to see, is praised as discretion; it has the usual approval in what this good, tolerant world calls success.'

A celebrated Athenian orator, namely, Demosthenes, once truly observed, 'That success has a great tendency to conceal and throw a veil over the evil and unjust deeds of men.'

105. *A set of crafty, pettifogging creatures,*] 'Pettifoggers in Law, and Empirics in Medicine, whether their patients lose or save their property, or their lives, take care to be, in either case, equally remunerated; they profit by both horns

Who are deceivers of the lowest level,
And would, if they knew how, deceive the Devil.

Enter the sanctums of some legal foxes;
Those regions of red tape and japann'd boxes,
On which the names of clients are inscribed—
(But which, in rhymes, need not be here described;)
Whose contents are men's title deeds, and leases,
And bonds from which there ne'er may be releases;¹⁰⁶
All kinds of mortgages are there concealed,
With other red taped secrets, signed and sealed;
Known only to the keepers of the keys,
The manufacturers of costs and fees;

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of the dilemma, and press defeat no less than success into their service.'—*Colton*.

'Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning, and it is knavery.'

—*La Bruyere*.

106. *And bonds from which there ne'er may be releases;*] 'Is it not a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment?—and for deeds not always honourable!

—*Shakespeare*.

N

Who, if they were that liberty to take,
 Could many startling revelations make,
 Concerning debtors, and all sorts of wills,
 And what are termed accommodation Bills;
 For some are money-lenders, whose transactions,
 Are, in plain language, ruinous exactions,
 That are not always to the law confined,
 As many elsewhere by experience find;
 Yet now and then, the names of such dear souls,
 Are, what is styled in law—struck off the Rolls,¹⁰⁷

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107. *Are, what is styled in law—struck off the Rolls,*] The meetings of the Incorporated Law Society have on various occasions served to show that the number of lawyers qualifying themselves for the process of being struck off the Rolls is on the increase. To attack this growing evil, I learn that some time ago, a rising solicitor, Mr Hastie, undertook to move three daring resolutions at one of their meetings. The first one, asking the meeting to confess that ‘the recent frauds and thefts of solicitors have greatly shaken public confidence in the profession.’ The other two I need not for my purpose name, and I know not whether they were passed. But I know that about two years later, namely in April 1891, before Justices Matthew and Day, motions were made at the instance of the Incorporated Law Society in four cases against solicitors in respect of professional misconduct; and that most of them were cases of misappropriation of trust funds—in one to the extent of £500, whilst in another the amount embezzled was stated to be about £2000, and it was further stated in the daily papers, that the four solicitors were all struck off the Rolls.

For misproceedings others risk, no doubt,
Who are too dexterous to be found out;
Who know exactly where to find a flaw,
A loophole in the meshes of the Law;
And are as crafty for their selfish ends,
As old cardsharppers, or their thimble friends.

But ere proceeding further on our journey,
I ought to mention perhaps the name Attorney !
A name of much importance in the Law,
And of some limbs that strike some souls with awe;
'Which limbs are rogues'—a current proverb says—
Which means, that they are sharpers in their ways,
Who render Barristers at Law, assistance,
Although some keep them at a friendly distance;
It is their business to provide the game
For Barristers, and Law-suits are their aim,—¹⁰⁸

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108. *For Barristers, and Law-suits are their aim,—*] The celebrated punster Samuel Foote, who was at one time a student of the Inner Temple, had an especial aversion to attorneys; and on one occasion it is said that a gentleman in the country, who had just buried an attorney friend, complained to Foote of the great expense of a country funeral. 'Why, do you bury attorneys here?' gravely inquired Foote. 'Yes, to be sure; how else?' 'Oh, we never do that in

I mean law charges! and this charge is made
 Against them, that they are too largely paid;
 But I maintain, all law costs are excessive,
 And are inflictions shamefully progressive:

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London.' 'No!' exclaimed the other, much surprised. 'Why, how do you manage then?' 'Why, when one happens to die, we lay him out in a room over night by himself, lock the door, throw open the window sash, and in the morning he is entirely off.' 'Indeed,' said the gentleman, amazed, 'and pray what becomes of him!' 'Why, that we cannot exactly tell, not being acquainted with supernatural causes,' etc.

At a time when David Garrick was involved in a law-suit, respecting the possession of a house at Hampton, he wrote the following lines to his Counsel, a Mr Hotchkinn.

'On your care must depend the success of my suit—
 The possession, I mean, of the house in dispute;
 Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
 And the worst of his tribe, though the best are so so.'

'I was one day walking,' says Mr Cyrus Jay, 'with my father [the Rev. Wm. Jay] in Bath, when we met two attorneys, who were in partnership, and whose names were Evill and Else; Mr Else being a very little man. As they passed on, my father said, "There goes Evil and little Else."'

An attorney on one occasion, with a deal of assurance, took great liberties of conversation with a reverend individual known as Dean Swift; and among other verbal liberties taken with the Dean, asked him this question. 'Supposing, doctor, that the parsons and the devil should litigate a cause, which party do you think would gain it?' 'The devil, no doubt,' replied Dean Swift, 'as he would have all the lawyers on his side.'

Yet to the lawyers I make one confession—
I feel no disrespect for their Profession;
While I assure them, that I merely hit
At those among them, whom my caps may fit;
And such, I doubt not, readily will see,
If not acknowledge their identity.

A would-be Barrister at Law begins
His course as student of one of the Inns,
Called Inns of Court, of which there now are four,
Though at an earlier period there were more:
As for the rules and regulations thereof,
There are more than outsiders are aware of;
But what those rules and regulations say,
I need not to outsider's minds convey,
Had I the inclination, or the time,
To enter into details here in rhyme;
Yet some of them consist of interdictions,
Or what are termed professional restrictions;
In order to preserve with due discretion,
The tone and etiquette of the profession.

'Twas with a sense of awe, that I first saw,
A long-robed, horse-haired, Barrister at Law;

A full-fledged, so called Member of the Bar;
One complimented as a legal Star,
For, I imagine, his digested store
Of lore professional, if nothing more;
The time I well remember, and the place,
In which I closely watched his sallow face,
His mien and gestures as he shaped his case,
At what appeared to me a cautious pace;
How too, with lengthy argument he spoke,
And talked of Blackstone, Lyttleton, and Coke,
With grave, forensic dignity; but soon
In thought he seemed as distant as the moon;
Yet I presumed, his upward march of mind,
Was for a purpose to which mine was blind;
But, as a flagging zeal he manifested,
I must confess, I was not interested;
In fact, I shortly came to the conclusion,
That half he said was mystified delusion;¹⁰⁹

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109. *That half he said was mystified delusion;*] ‘An old barrister,’ says Mr Cyrus Jay, ‘was giving advice to his son, who was just entering upon the practice of his father’s profession, “My son,” said the counsellor, “if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be clearly against you, urge upon the jury the vast importance of sustaining the law. If on the other hand, you are in doubt

With repetitions of 'my learned friend,
Et cetera,' unto the dreary end.

In the Profession of the Law we find,
Varieties of temper, tact, and mind;
As many as in Parliaments, or more;
The plausible, the flouter, and the bore,
The pedagogic, and the petulant,
The style sophistical, and arrogant,
The technically tedious, the pathetic,
The argumentative, and theoretic;
The cross-examiner's forensic shrewdness,
And what in others, seems forensic rudeness.
A look of shrewdness, or sagacity,¹¹⁰
Or, its bold substitute, audacity,
Is as essential as capacity,

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about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," replied the old barrister, "talk round it!"

110. *A look of shrewdness, or sagacity,*] It is related of Mr (afterwards Lord) Brougham, that once, at the Lent assizes at York, he sat for some time intently looking at a witness who was giving evidence, and whom he was to cross-examine.

To him who wishes, in a Court of Law,
 To make impressions and attention draw :
 And wigs assist some in appearing wise,
 Who in reality are otherwise; ¹¹¹

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At last the poor fellow, after several efforts to continue his replies, became so dreadfully alarmed, that he declared that 'he could not say another word, unless that gentleman'—pointing to Mr Brougham, 'would take his eyes off him.'

In these days of Theosophical and other wonderful discoveries by Madame Blavatsky's disciples, and the Psychical Society, I have thought it not improbable that amongst them there would be some members of the Legal Profession ; and if it were not for the risk of being called upon for the usual inquiry fee of six and eightpence, I should like to ask a theosophic member of the profession of the law, whether he thought that Brougham's fascinating, staring experiments were the operations of a (legal) hypnotiser, who was too modest to make known his secret through other channels ? With becoming modesty I feel and acknowledge my mental inferiority to such distinguished individuals, although I venture to confess that I have had a little experience in table moving, mesmerism, electrical psychology, and other occult studies ; which have afforded me instruction and amusement in years *preceding the formation of the Theosophical Society*.

III. *Who in reality are otherwise ;]*

A counsel once, of talents vain,
 A quaker rudely treated,
 Who often, in his story plain,
 The word 'also' repeated.

'Also,' said Brief, with sneering wit,
 'Won't likewise do as well ?'
 'No, friend ; but if thou wilt permit,
 Their difference I will tell.

Whose legal lore is chiefly on their shelves,
However learned they regard themselves;
Who chiefly from their books obtain the clue,
For what they ought to say, and ought to do.
Some at the Bar adopt a style of speech,
More fitting for a man ordained to preach;
As though they had mistaken their vocation,
And studied Law against their inclination :
Others are prosy, dry-as-dust, and deep
Enough to send dull jurymen to sleep,¹¹²
Or make them feel while in a Jury box,
As men of yore did in the Parish Stocks !
Indeed, they seem, as though they ne'er would reach
The end of an uninteresting speech.
In the eliciting of evidence,
Some in a wheedling strain the task commence;

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Scarlett's a counsel learn'd, we know,
Whose talents oft surprise ;
Thou art a counsel, friend, also,
But surely *not like-wise*.'

112. *Enough to send dull jurymen to sleep,*] A Counsel once getting up to reply to another Counsel's lengthy address, which had made the jury very drowsy, began, 'Gentlemen, after the long speech of the learned sergeant'—'Sir, I beg your pardon,' interrupted the Judge; 'you might say, after a long *soliloquy*, for the learned sergeant has been talking an hour to himself!'

While others craftily conceal their wives,
 Beneath their gravity, or gracious smiles;
 In various ways they indicate their fitness,
 To tackle a defendant, or a witness.¹¹³
 Others will harp on legal precedents,
 In dreary strains to serve for arguments;

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113. *To tackle a defendant, or a witness.*] In one of Dr Parker's eloquent and witty Temple addresses, and in the month of May 1888, he had occasion to speak of lawyers, and went on to say, as follows:—"It is a difficult thing to get justice even in England; it is an expensive luxury, it is an uncertain blessing. Once my house was robbed, and everything taken out of it that looked like silver, and when the criminal was caught and put in the dock I was called as a witness, and I was treated as if I had stolen the goods:—"Who are you?" "Where did you buy these?" "How do you know they are yours?" "Can you swear this spoon is yours?"—Until I felt I was sorry I had ever said a word about it, and looked upon the poor unhappy wretch in the dock as a man whom I had basely ill-treated. How would I have it done then? I should have him interrogated:—"How did you come to have this?" "You don't look like a man that ever had any silver spoons?" "How did you come into possession of this case of knives and forks?" "Where did you buy it?" "Where is the invoice?" I thought that was the way they would do, but they did just the other way; and now if my house were broken into I think I should probably say nothing about it. But that is wrong, that ought not to be the case. But that is how you would be treated by Sergeant Buzfuz, by the almighty old lawyer, who, to use the gaoler's words, "knows how to tear the witals out of 'em."

Who weary both the Jury and the Judge;
From which they show unwillingness to budge.
And there are pleaders, who whate'er their cause is,
Indulge in what they deem, effective pauses,
But not, like public speakers, for applauses :
While others plead with much acidity,
Which they pursue with great avidity,
To cause confusion, or timidity,
And with a dash too of forensic fury,
In order to astonish Judge and Jury.¹¹⁴

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114. *In order to astonish Judge and Jury.*] I doubt not that the name of the inhuman Judge Jefferies, and the account of his judicial butchery of the prisoners after the Rebellion of Monmouth, which procured him the title of 'Bloody Jefferies' will be known to the majority of my readers ; and there are one or two anecdotes I have met with respecting him, which may be interesting to them ; so I introduce them here. On one occasion, he was retained as counsel on a trial, and had to cross-examine a countryman dressed as a labourer. Finding the evidence of this witness telling against his client, Mr Jefferies determined to disconcert him. So he exclaimed in his usually rough manner (which he called giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue) 'You fellow in the leathern doublet, what have you been paid for swearing?' the countryman looked steadily at him, and replied, 'Truly, sir, if you have no more for lying than I have for swearing, you might wear a leathern doublet as well as I.'

On another occasion, after he became a judge, an old man

Few are distinguished for the gift of tongues,
 But many, chiefly for their strength of lungs.
 Some take delight in causing trepidation
 To witnesses, by cross-examination,
 And here and there a sly insinuation;
 Or, at the witnesses they fiercely stare,
 And by dramatic gestures try to scare
 Them out of their apparent self-possession,
 Or to extort a damaging confession.¹¹⁵

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with a large beard was under examination before him ; and his evidence displeasing Justice Jefferies, he said—‘ If your conscience is as large as your beard, you’ll swear anything.’ The old man replied—‘ My lord, if your lordship measures consciences by beards, your lordship has none at all.’ I need scarcely add that he was a beardless Judge, who lived feared and hated, and who died universally execrated.

115. *Or to extort a damaging confession.*] A certain leading counsel in Lord Brougham’s days, was celebrated at the bar for the following mode of examining a witness :—‘ Now, pray, listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive ; remember, I don’t care a rush what you answer,’ etc. Lord Brougham, somewhat weary of this mode of persecuting witnesses, resolved to mortify the said leading counsel ; and one day meeting him in the street, Brougham thus accosted him—‘ Ha ! is it you C——r ? Now pray listen to the question I am going to ask you. Be attentive ; remember, you will answer what you please ; and, remember, I don’t care a rush what you answer. How are you ?’

I have read that in the palmy days of boxing in this country

With various merits, foibles, and defects,
They widely vary in their intellects,

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a certain bruising parson, of the name of Day, being under examination at the Old Bailey on some point, the counsel of the opposite party, according to the *laudable* custom of the court, attempted to browbeat the worthy divine. 'I believe you are called the bruising parson,' said his horsehaired examiner. 'I am,' answered the reverend Day, 'and if you doubt it, and will come outside this court, I will give it you under my hand.'

It is recorded of Mr Sergeant Cockle, who was a somewhat rough and blustering individual, that on one occasion he got from a witness rather more than was agreeable to him. In a trial of a right of fishery, he asked the witness, 'Dost thou love fish?' 'Ay,' replied the witness with a grin, 'but I don't like cockle sauce with it.'

The same writer also informs us that a gentleman once appeared in the court of King's Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000; and that a Mr Sergeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said sternly to the gentleman, 'And pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth £3000?' The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. 'That's all very good,' said the learned sergeant 'but you want £60 more to be worth £3000,' 'For that sum,' replied the gentleman, in no way disconcerted, 'I have a note of hand of one Mr Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty soon to settle it.' The sergeant naturally looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield, the presiding judge smilingly observed, 'Well brother Davy, I think we may accept the bail,' amid the laughter the affair occasioned.

One more instance of the risks incurred by counsel in their endeavours to display their cleverness and confound a witness shall suffice; and it is this. A witness, with a Bardolphian nose, about to be examined by a Mr Dunning, who was after-

And legal knowledge too, yet few there are,
As lawyers, and as Members of the Bar,
Who seem to shun, with honest, manly sense,
The wiles of law, and tricks of eloquence;
Who, free from affectation play their parts,
And oratorically touch men's hearts;
Who do not shape their efforts to succeed,
As some men shape their conscience and their creed.
And in their ranks the instances are rare,
Of men who shine as lawyers, and elsewhere,
As Brougham did, or half his fame secure
In Law, and Politics, and Literature;
Though some, like him, in manners are ungracious,
And have, like him, a memory tenacious.
Some Barristers have few facilities,
For exercising their abilities—
Between the Law and its unlucky victim,
To battle with a rival till he's licked him;
And others less, for 'tis the case with some,
That for their aid no sharp attorneys come;

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wards Lord Ashburton, that learned gentleman said to him, 'Now, Mr Coppernose, you have been sworn, what do you say?' 'Why, upon my oath,' replied the witness, 'I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face.'

With whom no suitor for advice confers,
But who are known as briefless Barristers;
Of whom it may be said, from day to day,
They little have to do, and less to say;
Who air their gowns in Court, and have their griefs,
Their blue-bags, and the blues, for lack of briefs,
Apparent in the longitude of faces,
And their demure expression in some cases;
A gravity like that of aged Quakers,
Or that so well assumed by Undertakers !
The practice of browbeating witnesses,
Is one which evidently serves to please,
Some of the Junior Members of the Bar,
Occasioning at times a wordy war,
Between the Bench and Bar—a breeze I mean—
Or what in Parliament is styled—a scene !
But though enlivening Law's dull routine,
Browbeating oftentimes is unfair and mean,
And—whether spleenish, or in wanton sport,
Unjustifiable in a Law Court;
At least I think so, though, to raise a laugh,
I like a little of forensic chaff;¹¹⁶

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116. *I like a little of forensic chaff;*] Mr T. A. Reed in his

Yet some men's style of railing and invective,
Shows that their brains and briefs are both defective;
Indeed at times, the conduct of a Cause,
Begets contempt for lawyers and the laws.

Some at the Bar—as though they harboured grudges,
Have manifested disrespect to Judges;
And seemed in Court desirous to perplex them,
To be at variance with them, and to vex them,
By words and manner indefensible;

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book entitled 'Some Reporting Recollections,' relates an amusing instance of a witness outwitting counsel, 'It appears that a certain witness had been summoned from a distant part of the kingdom, and was duly called. Before he was sworn he asked to have his expenses paid, and Chief Justice Cockburn ruled that the man was entitled to make the demand. He was promised that he should be paid, but he declined to accept the promise, and insisted on ready money. Some considerable time was consumed in settling his claim, a rather heavy one—so many days' attendance, so many miles travelling, so much for hotel expenses and the like. At length the amount—£20 or more—was fixed, and when a cheque was handed to him the witness submitted to be sworn. "Now sir," said the Counsel, "will you tell the Court what you know about the circumstances of this case?" "Nothing whatever," was the reply. There was an explosion in Court, and the Chief Justice leaned back in his chair, holding his sides with laughter. The witness had been called on speculation, and the result was nil.'

A course of conduct reprehensible,
 Towards the Judges, and their high position,
 Which is the goal of a Q.C.'s ambition :
 Yet have a strong-will'd Counsel's taunts been heard,
 Until between them wrangles have occur'd;
 A legal, or illegal altercation,
 Beneath the dignity of an oration;
 And as uncalled for—I would just remark,
 As Sergeant Taddy's was with Justice Parke.¹¹⁷

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117. *As Sergeant Taddy's was with Justice Parke.*] This altercation between Sergeant Taddy and Justice Parke, occurred in the Court of Common Pleas, on the trial of *Thurtell v. Beames*. (I forget how many years ago.) But Mr Sergeant Taddy was examining a witness, and asked him a question respecting some event that had happened after the plaintiff had disappeared from the neighbourhood. Mr Justice Parke interposing observed: 'That's a very improper question and ought not to have been asked.' 'That is an imputation,' replied the Sergeant, 'to which I will not submit, I am incapable of putting an improper question to a witness.' 'What imputation, sir?' inquired the Judge angrily. 'I desire that you will not charge me with casting imputations. I say that the question was not properly put; for the expression "disappear" means to leave clandestinely.' 'I say,' retorted Sergeant Taddy, 'that it means no such thing.' 'I hope,' rejoined the Judge, 'that I have some understanding left; and as far as that goes the word certainly bears that interpretation, and therefore was improper.' 'I will never submit to a rebuke of this kind.' 'That is a very improper manner for a Counsel to address the Court in.'

Keen have been the retorts by Judges flung
At Barristers with a provoking tongue,
And to offensive observations prone,
In a conceited or a hostile tone;

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'And that is a very improper manner for a Judge to address a Counsel in.' The Judge rose, and said with great warmth, 'I protest, sir, you will compel me to do what is disagreeable to me.' 'Do what you like, my lord.' 'Well,' said Mr Justice Parke, resuming his seat, 'I hope I shall manifest the indulgence of a Christian Judge.' 'You may exercise your indulgence or your power in any way your lordship's discretion may suggest; it is a matter of perfect indifference to me.' 'I have the functions of a Judge to discharge, and in doing so I must not be reproved in this sort of way.' 'And I,' replied the undaunted Sergeant, 'have a duty to discharge as Counsel, which I shall discharge as I think proper, without submitting to a rebuke from any quarter.' Anxious to terminate this dispute, Mr Sergeant Lens rose to interfere. 'No, Brother Lens,' exclaimed Mr Sergeant Taddy; 'I must protest against any interference.' Sergeant Lens, however, was not to be deterred from effecting his intention, and addressing the Bench, said: 'My Brother Taddy, my Lord, has been betrayed into some warmth'—here he was stopped by Sergeant Taddy seizing him and pulling him back into his place. 'I again,' he exclaimed, 'protest against any interference on my account.' 'My Brother Lens, sir,' said Justice Parke, 'has a right to be heard.' 'Not while I am in possession of the Court,' retorted the undaunted Taddy, 'and am examining a witness.' Justice Parke then seeing evidently that the altercation could not be advisedly prolonged, threw himself back into his chair, and was silent.

Of which more instances—had I the time,¹¹⁸
I could have introduced, and shown in rhyme,

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118. *Of which more instances—had I the time,*] A good deal of amusement has at various times been afforded by the alterations that have taken place between the counsel engaged on the opposite sides of a case. And it sometimes happens that judges are brought into unpleasant collision with counsel at the Bar, by irritability of temper, or by some trivial provocation given from the Bench or Bar.

In former times, in the Court of Common Pleas, a writer states, that the Counsel and the Judges were constantly coming into collision. A certain Judge of that Court, addressing a learned Sergeant who was arguing before him, as 'Brother,' a stranger in the Court remarked that he had never before heard a judge apply that fraternal epithet to a counsel. 'Oh, sir,' said one of them, 'it is nothing uncommon; they are brothers-in-law'—*Bench and Bar*.

It is happily unusual for distinguished members of the legal profession to make remarks derogatory to judicial dignity; and it is pleasing to find that occasional plain speaking of things and individuals in high places is but seldom deemed a punishable offence; and that candid speakers usually are well meaning and unharmful persons. These observations are suggested by a circumstance related in an interesting work by Mr David Anderson, 'On the House of Commons.' 'On the night of August 9, 1880, in that House the estimates were being discussed; and the salaries of officers of the Courts of Judicature being under discussion, the member for Carnarvonshire, Mr Watkin Williams, Q.C., (who was afterwards raised to the Bench, and whose sudden death took place at Nottingham Assizes in 1884, under very painful circumstances) was very severe on the judge's "marshal," and inveighed against the red robes of the judges, their hot horse-hair wigs, their carriages and javelin-men,

How few the steps are, at a certain time,
To the ridiculous from the sublime;
Or rather—what might serve to tickle us—
'Twixt the sublime and the ridiculous !

Now some I doubt not will with wrath peruse,
These intimations of the writer's views;
And some will probably exclaim, good gracious !—
This criticising rhymers, how audacious
He is, in the opinions here expressed !—
Whose hits may perhaps disturb a hornet's nest;
Though gentlemen of the long robe we find,
To lash and sting in Courts are much inclined;
And deem it their prerogative to say,
Vexatious things to men on whom they prey.

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their going to church in state, and what the honourable member was pleased to describe as "the rest of the old-fashioned rubbish." This avowed doctrine of judicial Iconoclasm, as soon as he took his seat, brought Mr Gorst to his feet ; who indignantly repudiated the member for Carnarvonshire in the name of the Fourth Party ; and he complained that Mr Watkin Williams had selected that place from which to express disrespect for the pomp and state of the judges of assize ; but he (Mr G.) and the "Fourth Party" had no sympathy with Mr Watkin Williams, Q.C.'

But while some lawyers' ways just men despise,
There are some others we should eulogise;
Men of high learning, if not of high birth;
In law and lore, of far superior worth,
To many, who in a black gown and wig,
Appear in their proud self-importance big;
Men, who for their good principles alone,
Should be commended and more widely known;
Who in retirement, and before a Court,
Are in the highest sense of good report;
Whose reputations—pleasing to the ear,
Are worthy of great praise, both there and here.
The names of Mansfield, Erskine, Lyttleton,
Coke, Hale, and Eldon, who distinction won
In Jurisprudence, I just mention here;
For they illumine Law's exalted sphere,
And their distinguished characters are made,
Bright for example, not for mere parade;
While many others of more recent days,
Merit the poet's and historian's praise;
Whose names, among the great ones of the Earth,
Are register'd as those of sterling worth;
Who, though their voices have for years been dumb,
Will be revered for centuries to come :

And some I find, who by their legal works
Are known to fame, were once Attorneys' clerks,
With few of the advantages of Templars,
To aid them in becoming Law's exemplars;
Who, on the Bench where they were called to sit,
Combined with legal wisdom, sparkling wit;
Although some folks erroneously suppose,
That from a Judge's lips no humour flows;¹¹⁹
And that he never perpetrates a pun,
Nor jokes in Court, to cause a moment's fun:
Yet Judges generally take their places
In Courts, with grave and patient looking faces;
And sit like Patience on a monument,
Around them gazing with sublime content;
Or like Prometheus fastened to a rock;
Some hour by hour oft thinking of the clock;

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119. *That from a Judge's lips no humour flows;*] When a very worthy Judge—namely, Chief Baron Thomson—was on circuit on one occasion, at the Judges' dinner there was present a learned dignitary of the Church who did ample justice to all the good things on the table. The cloth having been removed, 'I always think, my lord,' said the reverend gentleman, 'that after a good dinner a *certain* quantity of wine does a man no harm.' 'Oh! no, sir; oh! no; by no means,' replied the Chief Baron, smiling, 'it is the *uncertain* quantity that does the mischief.'—*Law and Lawyers*.

And some too, I will undertake to state,
 Like Mr Speaker during a debate,
 Sick of somebody's dry and tiresome prate.

It is recorded of Chief Justice Holt,¹²⁰

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120. *It is recorded of Chief Justice Holt,*] While writing of Justice Holt, I am reminded of a circumstance which occurred elsewhere in connection with that distinguished man, (who, I find, was appointed Chief Justice of the King's Bench by King William III) to which I desire to call the particular attention of the so-called friends of law and order; the 'police heroes' of Mitchelstown, and coercionists on both sides of St George's Channel. A mob having assembled in London (in Holborn, I believe) a body of the Foot Guards were requested to disperse the people. The commanding officer sent to Justice Holt to beg him to direct some constables to accompany the soldiers, and give their proceedings the countenance of legal authority. 'And pray, sir,' said Justice Holt to the officer who brought the message, 'what will you do if the people refuse to disperse at your coming?' 'Why, in that case, my lord,' replied the officer, 'we have only to fire upon them.' 'Have you so, sir,' rejoined the Judge, 'then take notice, if you do so, and *one person* be killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care you and every soldier in your party is hanged. Go back, sir, and tell those who sent you here, that the laws of this kingdom are *not* to be executed by the sword.' The Judge then went to the scene of riot and *succeeded in quelling the disturbance simply by his firmness and tact.* I trust *Mr Balfour* and *Colonel Saunderson* will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this *interesting footnote*; to which I desire to add some lines by a much more able rhymer than myself—

'Of Holt! than whom none better knew the laws,
 Or ever better served his country's cause,

That he had been a dissipated colt,
And that in after life, he from his place
On the old Bailey Bench, beheld a face
He recognised across the bridge of Time,
The face of one before him for a crime;
Of one, who had been in his youthful days,
His boon companion in licentious ways;
And that the Judge inquired as to the fates,
Of others of their old associates,
And that the culprit answered with a sigh,
'They are all hang'd, my Lord, but you and I'

My mind was much impressed in early youth,
By jesting Pilate's question, 'What is Truth ?

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Who firmly every stretch of power withstood,
And always laboured for his country's good.'

Another anecdote of Chief Justice Holt—which seems too good to pass by—is as follows, 'In a case, arising out of a contest between Law and Privilege, Justice Holt, with others, was ordered to attend the House of Commons; but, disregarding the summons, the Speaker was directed to proceed with the mace to the Court of Queen's Bench and command the Judge's attendance upon the House. To which Justice Holt is said to have replied, "Mr Speaker, if you do not depart from this Court, I will commit you, though you had the whole House of Commons in your belly."—*Oldfield's History*.

(The question of a most unrighteous Judge,
 Who seemed to owe the truth a secret grudge :)
 I then, to ascertain what things were true,
 Read many books, and search'd the Scriptures too;
 Which were the pleasures of my youthful days,
 Enlightening my mind in various ways,
 On various subjects, till the truth revealed,
 Became a light, a weapon, and a shield :
 But 'truth begets men's hatred'—Terence says—
 (A comic writer of old Roman days;)
 And some men say—who fear its searching word—
 The voice of Truth too frequently is heard;
 While others disregard its golden rule,
 Because they fear men's frowns, or ridicule.

To speak the truth, is taught us by the Bible,
 Yet a bold Judge¹²¹ declared, 'that truth's a libel;' ¹²²

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121. *Yet a bold Judge*—Lord Ellenborough.

122. *declared, 'that truth's a libel;']* 'The duplicities, the temptations, and the infirmities that surround us, have,' says Colton, 'rendered the truth as hazardous and contrabrand a commodity as a man can possibly deal in.'

'But truth,' says Sir William Temple, 'will be uppermost one time or other, like cork, though kept down in the water.' In former times it constantly happened that charges of

Which signifies—that to expose a fraud,
 And publish the transgressor's name abroad;
 To chastise such, with truth's uplifted rod,
 For deeds contrary to the laws of God,¹²³
 Is an offence—no matter where or when—
 And, whether by the tongue, or with the pen,
 A violation of the rights of men :

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libel and of treason also were brought forward by corrupt governments to free themselves from redoubtable opponents. But every man's public actions and opinions are, and should be, liable to criticism, exposure, and ridicule, when they are wrong or ridiculous. Were it otherwise, the actions of the silly must become precedents for the wise, and would tend to the perpetuity of error.

To quote once more from a work 'On the Liberty of the Press' 'As long as there are such things as printing and writing, there will be what many are so eager to describe as libels; which are evils arising out of a much greater good. But every device that low cunning could hatch; every vile, sly trick that could be planned by virulent malignity and irritated baseness has been infamously practised to draw public indignation from rascality to those who have exposed it; of which a great many instances could be given were it necessary to do so. But no man can tell precisely what is or what is not a libel. Jeremy Bentham, with caustic humour defined it as "anything that may at any time displease anybody."'

123. *For deeds contrary to the laws of God,*] When Sir Ed. Coke was made Solicitor-General, Whitgift, the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent him a Greek Testament, with a message,

And since Lord Ellenborough's declaration
 Became a law, by subtle legislation—
 A rascal's weapon for retaliation—
 It ofttimes has been used in litigation,
 And led to a defendant's ruination;
 And often has it served in divers ways,
 To shield the rascals of more recent days;
 For he who fearlessly exposes such, is
 In danger of a fine, or jailor's clutches,
 And the restriction of a felon's cell,
 As cheerless as the glooms of Dante's hell.
 But very much depends on who the Judge is,
 Or, in what frame of mind a Judge adjudges;
 How near his mind approaches this high level—
 That men 'should tell the truth and shame the Devil,'
 A saying, (Hotspur's) at which some folks cavil.¹²⁴

To me the law seems sedulously nice,
 In screening personages charged with vice;

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that 'he had studied the common law long enough, and that he ought hereafter to study the laws of God.'

124. *A saying (Hotspur's) at which some folks cavil.*]

HOTSPUR. 'And I can tell thee, coz, to shame the devil,
 By telling truth.'

Shakespeare—HENRY IV—PART I., ACT 3.

Who love corruption, and are lost to shame,
But whom it would be libellous to name.
Though in perplexing, petty, legal wars,
We waste more time than all our ancestors :
But why should Truth of Law Courts be afraid ?
As though the laws were for injustice made ;
Has Justice there become an empty name ?
Has Truth too often caused the blush of shame,
To flush a plaintiff's or his Counsel's face,
Or his opponent's while they probed a case ?
Then Parliaments should just distinctions draw,
' Twixt right and wrong, and rectify the Law ;
The law of libel in particular,¹²⁵
In which truth, sense, and justice seem to jar,

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125. *The law of libel in particular,*] Of some of the verdicts returned, and the sentences pronounced in a Court of Law, it may well be said ;—and in the very language of the Prophet Isaiah (69 chap. 14 verse)—‘ That judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off ; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter.’ And on the question of juries and verdicts, the Hon. F. C. Moncreiff, in a little work of his justly observes.—‘ That juries are apt to follow almost too slavishly the opinions expressed by the Bench ; not unfrequently, however, it does happen that they return verdicts contrary to what the judge who summed up the case has indicated. And sometimes the verdict is right, when the summing up of the judge is wrong.’ The same

And give occasion for indignant rhyme;
Particularly at the present time,

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writer also calls attention to portions of Wedderburn's celebrated speech wherein that eminent lawyer remarks, 'Juries seem to me not only the proper but the sole judges of the intention, the innocence, or malice of a libel. Libel is founded entirely on public opinion. Who then so proper as the people to determine the point? Judges may err, judges may even be corrupt. Their minds may be warped by interest, passion and prejudice; but a jury is not liable to the same misleading influences.'

On turning over the leaves of a copy of Tom Moore's Poems, the other day, namely that selection of them entitled, '*Odes upon Cash, Corn, and other matters*,' I was rather amused at one that I saw therein, which the author, for its title styles, '*A Case of Libel*,' and as my subject has become a rather dry one, I have thought that a few verses, as a sample of the Bard's sarcastic wit on such a topic might be introduced here, without a long apology on my part, although they may perhaps gently shock the feelings of some of my readers, and if so, I hope they will forgive me for introducing such a personality in such a place, and in such a way, for such a purpose—but to proceed :—

A certain Sprite, who dwells below,
'Twere a libel, perhaps, to mention where,
Came up incog, some years ago,
To try for a change, the London air.

So well he looked, and dress'd, and talk'd,
And hid his tail and horns so handy,
You'd hardly have known him as he walk'd
From C——, or any other dandy.

But the impartial Press, that snubs
Alike a fiend's or an angel's capers—
Miss Paton's soon as Belzebub's—
Fired off a squib in the morning Papers.

When vices, frauds, and inhumanity,
High life adulteries, and profanity,
The crimes of low life and insanity,
So much disgrace our christianity:
For Party ends they legislate too much,
And some important matters never touch;
Which mercy, truth, and justice indicate,
As needful for the welfare of the State:

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' We warn good men to keep aloof,
From a grim old Dandy, seen about,
With a fire-proof wig, and a cloven hoof
Through a neat-cut Hoby smoking out.

Straight an indictment was preferr'd—
And much the Devil enjoyed the jest,
When asking about the Bench, he heard
That of all the Judges, his own was Best.

In vain Defendant proffer'd proof
That Plaintiff's self was the Father of Evil—
Brought Hoby forth, to swear to the hoof,
And Stultz to speak to the tail of the Devil.

The Jury, (good men, snug, and rich,
And readers of the Sunday Papers)
Found for the Plaintiff—on hearing which
The Devil gave one of his loftiest capers.

For oh, 'twas nuts to the Father of Lies,
(As this wily fiend is called in the Bible)
To find it settled by laws so wise,
That the greater the truth, the worse the libel !

Towards immoral men the laws are lenient,
Because exposures might be inconvenient;
And might in Parliament occasion quarrels,
For what has politics to do with morals? ¹²⁶

The question of oath taking proves to be,
One on which men's opinions disagree;
Many regarding it of little use,
In Courts of Law, but rather an abuse;
The sanctity of Truth it doubtless mars,
And has almost become a solemn farce. ¹²⁷

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126. *For what has politics to do with morals?*] It was not very many years ago, that a Prime Minister stood up in the House of Commons and told them 'that politics had nothing to do with morals.'

And in a newspaper report of a trial at the Old Bailey in the month of April 1889, Mr Poland, when addressing the jury for his client, is reported to have said, 'That he was not able to base his defence on very high grounds. But he urged the jury to remember that this was not a court of morals, and that immorality was not necessarily crime.'

127. *And has almost become a solemn farce.*] 'The truth is,' says the Hon. F. C. Moncreiff, of the Inner Temple, in a little work of his on the Bench and Bar, 'that oaths are quite unnecessary and superfluous in a civilised State. The person who will not keep faith without an oath, will not feel bound by reverence for mere words.'

'From his very position, observing people always in conflict with each other, hearing oaths and counter-oaths, a barrister

'Oaths are but words'—says Butler's Hudibras—
Which oft are spoken by a thoughtless ass;
And oaths for future conduct are absurd,
Because a bad man rarely keeps his word;

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must form a mean and low estimate of humanity ; he must be acquainted with, and perhaps use, all the arts of simulation and dissimulation ; he must insinuate a lie, and repress truth ; on sundry occasions he must—if we look to common practice—call Heaven as a witness to the truth of that which he suspects, perhaps knows to be a lie, he must, to be successful, browbeat, worry, and terrify his opponents. And from such professors are our judges chosen, from such a source, the only source, save one, are the ranks of our hereditary and fast decaying peers and legislators filled.'

—*The Author of the Gentle Life, etc.*

The late Sir John Mellor, wrote a very sensible little pamphlet, entitled 'Suggestion as to Oaths,' in which he said, 'I contend, that the existing want of reverence and awe rightfully attaching to the name of God is mainly due to the frequent and profane use of oaths. Profoundly convinced by a long judicial experience of the general worthlessness of oaths, I have become an advocate for their abolition as the test of truth.' But a greater authority than that eminent judge—in his Sermon on the Mount (Matthew, 5th chapter, 34, 37 verses) said, 'Swear not at all ; neither by heaven, nor by the earth, neither by Jerusalem, etc. But let your communication be Yea, yea ; Nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' I most respectfully invite the attention of the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and Her Majesty's Judges to this portion of The Master's Sermon on the Mount, which from the days of my childhood up to the present time, I have been led to believe was a *Divine command*.

And Shakespeare somewhere says, respecting both,
‘‘Tis a great sin to keep a sinful oath:’
But sometimes a presumptuous litigant,
Will swear to things of which he’s ignorant;
While others take an oath, a foe to crush,
And coolly lie, when they should learn to blush,
And stand abashed, or from the Court be driven,
Too mean for Earth and far too vile for Heaven.
Yet Barristers for such expound the laws,
And favourably represent their cause,
With energetic gestures, all designed,
To rouse the feelings, or mislead the mind.
And some truth-haters—there is no denying,
In law-proceedings, seem like creatures trying
To shame the Devil by their reckless lying;
And some, as though they by their falsehoods try,
Their cloven-footed Master to outvie;
While some besides have so expertly lied,
That men, for their transgressions have been tried,
And now and then have innocently died.

The penalties for what the Law styles, Treason,
Have been inflicted without right or reason,
In the vindictive Past, on patriots,

Sold by political Iscariots;
By sneaking miscreants in subtle guise,
The children of the Father of all Lies,
Some in the pay of Governments as spies;
Whose imitators in these days of guile—
As prowling hirelings, with a treacherous smile
Have laid their traps o'er Erin's Emerald Isle,
To snare the men Coercion cannot tame,
Whose island rights rapacious landlords claim,
With crows and battering rams at their command,
And half of the Peace-preservers of the Land;
Where liberty is a dishonoured name,
And Justice likewise—to old England's shame,
The laws of Entail, Primogeniture,
And Settlement, unjustly we endure;
With other things that are a false pretence,
To common honesty and common sense;
That cause dissatisfaction and vexation,
Of which I'll mention one—unfair Taxation!
Which favours Dives of the Upper Ten,
And presses heavily on humbler men.
The covetous monopoly of Land,¹²⁸

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128. *The covetous monopoly of Land,* In the month of June

Is an injustice by the Devil plann'd,
Whereby the idle owners of the soil,

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1884; and in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the great political economist of Belgium, M. Emile de Laveleye, described our nation as a great people under bad laws, and proved his point by reference to existing anomalies in our home government. He referred to the Land laws, and the unequal distribution of the soil, which is really vested in the hands of a very few; the insecurity of title-deeds; the complicated system which practically results in accumulating fortunes for legal men at the cost of their clients; and the immense cost involved in any legal action of a civil kind. That these things are as this eminent Belgian asserts cannot be denied. Rogues find our laws, in not a few particulars, helpful to their success, while honest men have difficulty in obtaining justice through the complication and cost involved in seeking it.

'The practice of retaining many Counsel,' says another writer, 'is generally discountenanced by the Courts, as tending to increase the expense and protract the settlement of a law suit.'

A cause was tried at Carlisle many years ago, the parties to which were, a former Earl of Lonsdale, and the three orphan children of his deceased steward. The peer managed to retain every counsel in the place, and succeeded in obtaining a verdict, by which these poor children, *of which the poet Wordsworth was one*, were deprived of an estate, lawfully their own. But, it is pleasing to add, that upon the decease of the noble oppressor, his more noble son returned the property, so unjustly acquired, to the orphans, with interest, and the costs of the suit.

I doubt not that up and down this over lawyered and law bewildered nation of ours, there are many unrighteous holders of property, both of lands and houses, and to such, I would hold up the example of that noble son, and say, '*Go and do thou likewise.*'

In degradation keep the sons of toil :
 As for our Poor Laws, they have proved a curse,
 And made the ills of Pauperism worse;
 Or they have failed to lessen the distress,
 The people's squalor, crimes and wretchedness.

That one law cause has more than one effect,
 Some have that bitter cause to recollect;
 Of which—in Chancery—the law's delays,¹²⁹
 Have oftentimes furnish'd proofs in divers ways.
 A suit in Chancery is like a lane,
 That leads unto a House for the Insane;
 Which suitors have discovered in times past,
 To lose their sanity therein at last;
 Baffled by law costs and procrastinations,
 Of which a Novelist's investigations—
 (Charles Dickens's in 'Bleak House' revelations),¹³⁰

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129. *Of which—in Chancery—the law's delays,*] On one occasion, Lord Chancellor Cottenham—at that time, head of the Court of Chancery—officially declared 'that he would not be visited with the calamity of becoming a suitor in his own Court for all the world.'

130. (*Charles Dickens's in 'Bleak House' revelations,*)] As the author of the 'Gentle Life and other Essays,' somewhere writes—'Both Scott and Dickens have illustrated with all

Have furnished us with Jarndyce illustrations;
 And I could give some others in a trice,
 But his—to serve my purpose will suffice.

‘A Law-suit often is a suit for life,’¹³¹

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their power the miseries of a Chancery suit—the long delays, the wordy strife, the waiting, the heart-sickness of hope deferred; but were they to write in words of fire, and with a thousand-author-power of eloquence, they could not adequately describe the misery occasioned. It is no excuse to our laws to say that half of this is the growth of the selfishness of litigants, or the rogueries of lawyers. It should not be endured for one year in a Christian and intellectual nation. It is worse than useless to say that it cannot be cured: the finest intellects which have ever been practised in the law confess that it might be so, and easily; but it will not be so whilst we have so many lawyers in our Parliament.’

131. ‘*A Law-suit often is a suit for life,*’] The son-in-law of a Chancery barrister, having succeeded to the lucrative practice of the latter, came one morning in breathless ecstasy to inform him that he had succeeded in bringing nearly to its termination a cause which had been pending in the Court of Chancery for several years. Instead of obtaining the expected congratulations of the retired father-in-law, his intelligence was received with indignation. ‘It was by this suit,’ exclaimed he, ‘that my father was enabled to provide for me, and to portion your wife; and, with the exercise of common prudence, it would have furnished you with the means of providing handsomely for your children, and grandchildren.’

It may perhaps interest some of my Methodist readers to know what John Wesley had to say about lawyers’ word spinning and the Court of Chancery. In his Journal, under

Says one—familiar with that kind of strife :
 And in the Court of what is call'd—' Appeal,'
 The disappointments some have cause to feel,
 Conduce to one conclusion, which is this,
 Of man-made laws, 'that ignorance is bliss !'

At times too in our Courts of Jurisdiction,
 (For compensation, justice and conviction),
 Decisions have occasioned legal friction;

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the date of December 27th, 1744, he writes, 'I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster, a Chancery Bill ! A scroll it was of forty-two pages in large folio, to tell a story which need not have taken up forty lines ! and stuffed with such *stupid, senseless, improbable lies* (many of them, too, quite foreign to the question) as, I believe, would have cost the compiler his life in any *heathen* Court either of Greece or Rome. And this,' says Wesley, 'is equity in a Christian country ! This is the English method of *redressing* grievances.'

A noted Nonconformist minister, named Daniel Burgess, once preaching of Job's 'robe of righteousness,' said : 'If any of my hearers would have a suit for a twelvemonth, let them repair to Monmouth Street ; if for their lifetime, let them apply to the *Court of Chancery*; but if they would have one for all eternity, let them put on the robe of righteousness.'

The longest Law-suit on record was known as the famous 'Berkeley suit' which lasted upwards of 190 years, having commenced during the reign of Henry 5th in the year 1416 ;

Or I should perhaps have said—a gentle pother,
 Caused by their judgments against one another;
 In fact, the sentence of one learned Brother,
 May by his learned Brother be reversed,
 And second judgments sometimes are the worst,
 Though to another Place the case can go,
 On an appeal made from the Courts below;
 The fallibility of laws to show,
 And of the Judges, who have great objections
 To Lordly criticisms and corrections;
 To having their decisions and awards,
 Sent for reversals to a House of Lords ¹³²

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and terminated in the year 1609, during the reign of James 1st; which I doubt not the most unscrupulous of present day lawyers, would admit to have been a most unconscionable length of time.

132. *Sent for reversals to a House of Lords*] Dr Joseph Parker in one of his Temple addresses—to which I have already alluded in these pages, also touched on the provoking uncertainties of law, and the subject of reversed decisions, in these words—‘I am told by lawyers that every English law presumes that every man knows the law. That is the fundamental presumption or assumption—every man knows the law. Then the lawyers tell me that the Court of First Instance does not know it, but sends it on to some Divisional Court; the Divisional Court does not know it, but sends it on to the Court of Appeal; the Court of Appeal does not know it, but sends it on to the House of Lords; the House of Lords does not know it—but makes it.’

For very few consider that the Peers,
Are fit to be the Law's chief overseers.

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And now for the opinions of a late eminent Chief Justice, on our imperfect laws. Just before his death, the late Sir Laurence Peel, who was once Chief Justice of the Calcutta Supreme Court, and more recently a member of the Judicial Privy Council, the highest Court of Appeal from India and the Colonies, wrote a letter to *The Times*, giving expression to his views regarding law reform. 'We have acted,' he wrote, "in law reform as a foolish householder acts in a snow-storm, who clears the snow away before his door, and leaves an alp of snow on his roof. We have amended practice, pleadings, and evidence, and the trial is worse than ever.' He points for confirmation of his strictures to *Belt v. Lawes*, and other recent cases. There are, no doubt, far too many re-trials, appeals, and further appeals, and we do not wonder at the suggestion that over the portals of the new Law Courts should be inscribed the inscription given by Dante to his Hell, 'Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.'

A costly and stiffly contested instance of the 'glorious' uncertainties of law, and of the fallible wisdom of even learned judges, was furnished us in the case of Messrs Vagliano Brothers and the Bank of England a while ago; with the final decision of which English Bankers have good reason to be satisfied. As my readers will no doubt remember, this important case first came before Mr Justice Charles who decided against the Bank. It was next heard before five Lords Justices, and the Master of the Rolls, in the Court of Appeal, the first five of whom were against the Bank, and the Master of the Rolls against Vagliano Brothers. And finally the case was carried to the House of Lords, who by a majority of six to two reversed the previous decisions, and also decided that Vagliano Brothers would have to pay the costs of the litigation.

But here I pause, and shall no longer draw
Attention to the majesty of Law,
Nor its defects, lest I should some displease,
Who at abuses wink and are at ease,
Because abuses pay, as well as please;
And who dislike, or are ashamed of these,
Disclosures about laws, and flaws, and fees,
And time-worn statutes, and unjust decrees,
And declarations, precedents, and pleas,
Of litigants, attorneys, and Q. C.'s
Of lawyers of all sorts and all degrees,
And their proceedings. So, enough of these,
Till the Great Judgment Day's solemnities
Reveal the truth concerning legal things,
The poorest paupers and the proudest Kings;
The rulers and the ruled.

And now I come,
To deal with things concerning Christendom.

My verse is Satire; and its strictures next
Are for a worldly Church, that oft has vex'd
The souls of godly and consistent men,
By her dissensions, with the tongue and pen;

By party discords that her flocks divide;—
 Divisions most uncharitably wide,
 Of men disposed to curse whom they should bless,
 To squabble over creeds, and forms, and dress;—
 A Church that has been censured and assailed,
 Because to do her duty she has failed;¹³³
 Though where her interference was not needed,
 She oft has her authority exceeded,
 And boasted of her State stability,
 With notions of infallibility,
 Or what has seemed a similarity,
 And with a lack of Christian charity.

Some deem a State Church, Heaven designed, I doubt it,
 Convinced that God's cause would thrive best without it;
 That such alliances are stumbling blocks,
 To many of the Pastors and their flocks;
 That since a State Church became legalised,
 The Church has become proudly carnalised;
 And many, who within her fold were born,

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133. *Because to do her duty she has failed;*]

'When nations are to perish in their sins,

'Tis in the Church the leprosy begins.'

—*Couper's 'Expostulation.'*

Are treating faithful Protestants with scorn,
Although she tolerates religious shams,
Sham Protestants, and anti-Christian flams :
Her uniformity to rites and creeds,
Has led her to neglect the people's needs,
And sometimes to resort to stratagems,
Which Christian conscientiousness condemns;
Though, in her promising and verdant youth,
Established as the Guardian of the Truth.¹³⁴

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134. *Established as the Guardian of the Truth.*] Since the greater portion of my lines on the state of Christendom were put together, the following masterly description of the sickly, weak, formal, proud, self-sufficient, self-conceited, self-righteous, inefficient, bustling, world-loving, self-lauding condition of the Church in this Nineteenth and privileged Century came into my hands, it having appeared some years before in the pages of one of the London Quarterly Journals, the writer of which says, 'The present age boasts of its religion as a part of its progress. With many, religion is mere philosophical speculation upon truth connected with man's soul. With others, it consists in admiration of the Bible, as a book of literary excellences. With others, it is the adoption of a creed, or connection with a church. With others, it consists in bustle and outward zeal. In all, it lacks life—that deep, intense glowing life, which so marked it in earlier times. Its root is not in the conscience, but in some outer region of the soul, which does not bring us into close and living contact with Jehovah Himself. It is an easy-minded religion, with little of conscience in it, a religion without conflict and wrestling, and with a lack of simplicity,

Of her sleek Priestlings, there are not a few,
Who would the work of Protestants undo,
And practise priestcraft with impunity,
Within the Protestant Community;
Although as Protestants they were ordained,
And claim to be by Protestants maintained.

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of freshness and serenity which we should expect. Hence its hollowness and shallowness. A hollow religion with a fair exterior, but an aching and unsatisfied heart. A feeble religion, lacking the sinews and bones of hardier times—very different from the indomitable, much enduring storm-bearing religion, not merely of apostolic days, but even of the Reformation. There is a speaking for God, but too often with a faltering tongue; a labouring for God, but it is with fettered hands; a moving in the way of His commandments, but with a heavy drag upon our limbs.'

'Religion,' says the author of 'Gold Foil, etc.' 'is a simple thing, so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.' The only fountain of religious truth is the Bible. Yet theology—human invention and human learning—has made religion a very complicated thing. It has elevated dogma, and creed, and formulary into prominence, and debased love and life into obscurity. It insists more on faith in tenets, than in God, and denies to a Christian spirit the fellowship which it accords to rational belief. The wrangles of religious newspapers, the great disputes of the schools, and the high controversies of the pulpit and the pamphlet are the quarrels and strifes for mastery of theologians, not Christians—of learning, not love. In fact, theology is arrogant, selfish, and proud.

By Fortune's smiles the Church was favoured long,¹³⁵
Yet with false pride she oftentimes acted wrong;
From fœes without she has stood numerous shocks,
But with her Pastors faithful to their flocks;
And unlike those who now in silk, and lawn,
Mislead and preach with Scripture daggers drawn;
Ecclesiastic tricksters with their rites,
Of incense, genuflections, and wax lights;
Priests, whose starch'd pride and treachery have made,
Religion seem a superstitious trade;
For ritual seems the order of the day,
With half their flocks, that strive for great display;
And although many go for prayer and praise,
For curiosity more go to gaze;
Attracted chiefly by the forms of things,
Which Ritualism to their vision brings: ¹³⁶

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135. *By Fortune's smiles the Church was favoured long.*] It was a dictum laid down by the 'merry monarch,' Charles II, that—'The Church of England is the religion for gentlemen.' And the 'religion for gentlemen' has been a kind of talisman which has served to keep the Church respectable and genteel, and to raise her so much above vulgar Dissent and commonplace Nonconformity.—*The Physiology of the Sects*.

136. *Which Ritualism to their vision brings.*] Dr Perowne, the new Bishop of Worcester, in his sermon before a crowded

But when the ritualistic part is o'er,
In thoughtless groups some hasten to the door,
Away from what they deem, devotion's shows,
And a display of fashionable clothes.

My thoughts oft go back to that period, when
Christ's Church began with humble fishermen,
Who, notwithstanding people's minds were dark

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congregation at Aston Church, said—' When they looked on the face of the Church at that time, there was much that might fill them with dismay. There was no doubt much more apparent reverence than there once was ; but there was a great deal of perverted reverence also, with the inevitable consequence of a feeble sentimentalism. Our religious manuals were killing religion, and he did not hesitate to say that many of our popular religious hymns were simply shocking in their irreverent sensationalism. The mere æstheticism of worship had unquestionably been carried too far ; the revival of mediæval usages, the multiplication of ceremonies, had destroyed, instead of fostering devotion. The craving for ritual, once excited, knew no bounds until at length ritual usurped the place of worship, and that was lost, not in adoration, but in the ever-increasing diversity of ceremonial observance. The Church needed a new life, a regenerating power, and needed to break from her trivial conventionalities and her miserable strifes about posture, and vestments and rites, and of mere externals of Divine service, and her party watchwords—shibboleths for which men contended as for their life. In the presence of Christ how small would those questions appear for which men were now breaking the peace of the Church ? '

In Paganism, became men of mark,
As Christ's Apostles, both in deed and name;
Whose zeal was fired by a celestial flame;
Who were laborious yet untaught divines;
A faithful priesthood without sacred shrines;
Who sought to save men's souls, and—without boast—
Make them fit temples for the Holy Ghost;
Who spread the Truth in towns and villages,
And never dreamt of sacerdotal ease;
Who—strong in faith—went toiling on, while some
Passed through apostleship to martyrdom.
To-day, that Church consists of divers lights;
Of many sections—Isms, Ists and Ites!
And for defects, we have not long to search,
In either section of the Christian Church :
A zeal for souls in some no longer burns,
But seems absorbed in secular concerns;
And the religion many now profess,
Is blent with namby-pamby worldliness;
The line of demarcation disappears,
Between Christ's soldiers and sham volunteers;
While the Established Church is deemed to be
By some, an organised hypocrisy;
To not a few, her present attitude,

Seems one of lawless and religious feud;
 To others she appears in a condition,
 That greatly needs a spiritual physician;
 Or one who would advise her to obtain
 Divorcement from the State—a twofold gain;
 For half her troubles are of inward growth;¹³⁷

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137. *For half her troubles are of inward growth;*] From various sources, and under various dates, I have gleaned some important clerical opinions on abuses in the Established Church and the need of Church Reform, which are as follows:—*The Archbishop of Canterbury to his Clergy* said, 'Every church in England should have an open door all day, and should be made to have the look of a home. There is no more painful contrast than the way in which every temple of temptation and vice has, in London, day and night, an open door, while the temples of God alone are locked and barred.' *The Rev. Dr. Swainson of Cambridge* said, 'Intelligent laymen tell me that the only danger for the Church is from within. And there is no danger so great as that of our putting off from year to year the remedy of acknowledged abuses, the supply of acknowledged defects.' *The Rev. J. W. Diggle of Liverpool* has said, 'If the Church was not to be disestablished, it must be reformed. The best method of Church defence was Church Reform. There were certain flagrant abuses in the Church of England, abuses connected with patronage, abuses connected with the want of discipline, and other abuses.' *The Rev. Canon Cazenove of Reigate* suggested, 'That the question of Church Reform (abolition of purchase and traffic in livings, etc.) be at once taken in hand.' *The Rev. John Macnaught of Kensington* has said, 'Among writers on the patronage question there is a general wish to put an end to the scandals of traffic in livings.

Although, to separate she may be loath,
 And thinks the Sects unrighteously disparage
 Her high connection with the State, by marriage !

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The scandals attaching to private church patronage are deplorable, and ought to be abolished.'

The following advertisement appeared in the 'Sale' Column of a widely-circulated Lincolnshire paper in 1890—'The Advowson of Ingoldmells to be sold, to wind up a trust. Age of Rector about 71. For price and further particulars, apply to &c. &c.' In another column of the same journal, the Rector feelingly advertised as follows:—'Advowson of Ingoldmells—The Rector having noticed repeated advertisements that the above is to be sold, begs to state the following facts:—1st. The nett income of the "living" is below £100. 2nd. About £200 must be expended on the Church and Rectory, as both are in a very dilapidated state. Come and see. 3rd. Although the fabrics are as above stated, the Rector is in the enjoyment of the best of health; never takes physic; drinks no intoxicated liquors of any kind; never smoked tobacco or cigars; and never took a pinch of snuff; he is the youngest of seven sons, whose both parents lived upwards of ninety years. 4th. It ought,' says the Rector, 'to be the desire of every true churchman that a second *Reformation* should come to pass, and failing that—*Disestablishment*, in order to crush Advowsonmongers and other gross abuses in the Church.'

'Sir Henry Peek has opportunely republished the statistics relating to churches in the City of London, which he got together some years ago. The figures tell an extraordinary tale. There are sixty churches in the City, and the total value of the livings is £41,814 according to the Clergy Directory, and £36,685 by the Clergy List. The population was in 1861 as much as 113,387, in 1881 it had fallen to

But her coquetting with the Romeward Priest,
Has her disorders and her foes increased :

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50,578, and now it is probably smaller still. The church-going population is of course vastly less, for even we if include St Paul's and the Temple Church there is only an average of 6,731 people scattered through a number of buildings which were designed for 32,455 sittings. Omitting these two special edifices, we find the congregations in the churches proper reach a total of 3,853, with about 1,200 officials and choristers, and 1,300 school children. But the superabundance of sittings is made still more obvious by the details. Thus the 'congregation' of one church is given as 'two.' In another case the average attendance is 4, in another 8, and so on. There are 12 churches which are attended by less than 25 persons, 17 others where the attendance is below 50, and only 10 out of the sixty can boast of a weekly gathering of more than 100. St Dunstan in the East has room for 700 people, and its congregation on the day when the record was made reached the ridiculous total of 4, while there were 15 officials present. Christ Church, Newgate Street, built for 2,000 worshippers, was occupied by only 61. The disproportion between the endowments and the work to be done is vastly greater. The incumbents of seven churches each receive more than £1,000 a year, while two actually get more than £2,000 each. One clergyman receives £2,400 a year to preach to about 150 people and minister to the spiritual needs of a parish which at the last census only had 327 inhabitants. Another gentleman receives £2,000, while his parishioners only number 430, and the unofficial part of his congregation about 80.—*Daily News*, November, 1889.

'The ominous fact is that the people are more and more alienated from the churches. This is particularly true of educated young men. The ecclesiastical mind does not

At her unfaithfulness outsiders grin,
And sometimes say, that many who are in
Her fold, delight to practise secret sin,
And by dishonesty their riches win :
If so, who wonders that the Church's life
Is plagued by scandals and by treacherous strife ?
A modern Christian writer truly saith,
' We have religion with but little faith.'
Another says—what may be said afresh—
' There's too much trusting in an arm of flesh,'
And far too little in the power of God,
By all Church parties, High, and Low, and Broad.
The standard of spirituality,
Some have reduced to mere morality;
Lectures and Moral Essays take the place
Of sermons on the riches of God's grace:
It is quite fashionable now to be
A seventh-day Christian, and for six days free;
To manifest in good society,
A taste for sentimental piety,

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understand them, and they do not understand the ecclesiastical mind.'—*British Weekly*, June, 1891.

Or what, to fashion's fools, religion seems,
A course of ceremonies, sighs, and dreams.
And there are Christians of another stamp,
In the State Church, and the Dissenters' Camp;
Who down on poor men's vices fiercely pitch,
And overlook the vices of the rich;
Who, for the rich reserve their honeyed words,
And for the poor, reproofs like two-edged swords;
Whose Ministers, we sometimes hear and see,
Pay homage to respectability;
When they should live and preach the Truth to all,
With the impartial boldness of St Paul.¹³⁸

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138. *With the impartial boldness of St Paul.*] 'Christians are the ungodly man's bible, he will take his ideas of religion from what he sees in their conduct.'—*Knill*.

As to the fact that the great majority of the working classes never attend a place of worship, the Rev. Thomas Waugh once remarked, 'A lot of working men have never stopped to draw a line between Jesus Christ and His truth, and His claims on the one side, and priestism, and creeds, and ecclesiastical humbug on the other. They have confounded two things which are essentially different. Secondly, slavery and the oppression of the poor by the rich, which clever atheist teachers have fathered upon Christianity were not and are not the works of Christianity, but of creeds. Thirdly, the Church has never fulfilled its social duty to the working men. The Church has been splitting theological hairs when she ought to have been adjusting the relations

Another class of men I may displease,
 Are in the Scriptures styled, the Pharisees;¹³⁹
 Who, with intolerant self-righteousness,
 Place orthodoxy before holiness;
 Whose few ideas on Theology,
 Are narrowed by the phraseology
 Of creeds and dogmas; and who take delight
 In petty wranglings, with the bigot's spite;

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between the classes and the masses ; she has been preaching about beautiful mansions in heaven when she should have been helping the poor to better dwellings on earth. With this result : The Socialists and others are stealing a leaf out of the Christian's book, they are showing the Church the duty she has neglected in the past, and are doing work which the Church should have been the first to undertake. They are waking up the Church, whereas the Church should have awakened them.'

In one of his public London speeches, I remember the Rev. J. G. Rogers, saying, 'It is extremely interesting to me to observe the number of people whose religion has its highest manifestation in an intense zeal for the conversion of the working classes. There are some to whom the working classes might truly say, "Physician, heal thyself." For myself,' said he, 'I am perfectly sick of this continued talk, as though all the unbelief and indifference and ungodliness of the nation was to be found amongst the working classes.'

139. *Are in the Scriptures styled, the Pharisees ;*] 'The Pharisee is ever found on the side of what is rich, and strong, and proud, and established, and honoured of men. This virtue we grant him without sarcasm, for it is his most characteristic mark.'—*Hope's Texts from the Times*.

Who brand with heterodoxy every teacher
 That differs from them, whether scribe or preacher;¹⁴⁰
 Of whom, I've seen some cause the worldling's laugh,
 And Infidelity's derisive chaff;
 Whose wrangling voices in religious strifes,
 I've heard, as shrill as someone's scolding wife's.

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140. *That differs from them, whether scribe or preacher;*] The wicked or hypocritical church-goer, had his portrait drawn in full length, some time ago, in the Rev. Edward White's Merchants' Lecture at the Memorial Hall. 'He is,' said Mr White, 'the man who practises evil under the mask of religion. In Christ's time he was known by his long, sad countenance, his long clothing, his long prayers, and his long purse of ill-gotten and ill-hoarded wealth; by his ostentatious alms-giving, his zeal for ceremonies to the neglect of holiness, and his tithing of mint, anise, and cummin to the neglect of justice, mercy and faith. This, and much more he is to-day, for it is not given to the wicked men of modern times to be original, they are just like the common-place hypocrites who have lived and died before them. The wicked hypocrite is great in church worship, zealous for externals, noisy about his doctrine, and resolved on upholding the mysteries and decrees of his sect and party. Solemn at church, he is a frivolous mountebank in society, a bon vivant at his table, a trickster in his business, and a bad paymaster in the shops. Such religionists are the most wicked of men. They are the people who bring disgrace upon Christianity, and lay a stumbling-block in the way of the ignorant and vicious.'

In reply to a churchman's question, 'How can we suppress sectarianism?' a certain minister answered, 'The only method a Christian can employ, yet, I believe, a safe and certain one, is, out-live, out-labour, and out-preach them.'

As for the Sects—at various periods led
 To organise and their opinions spread,
 Where Mother Church seemed lukewarm, or half-dead;
 The men who from her State enclosure strayed,
 Who by intolerance were Dissenters made,
 And have important parts as rivals played;
 They seem to have become a brotherhood,
 Striving as much for honour as for good;
 Who with ambition have shortcomings too,
 Seen from the Pulpit, Platform and the Pew;
 Indeed, a critic in each Sect detects
 Some inconsistencies or grave defects;¹⁴¹
 To each, the Chart of everlasting life
 Has been a cause of controversial strife,

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141. *Some inconsistencies or grave defects;]*

Our little systems have their day,
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of Thee,
 And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

—Lord Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

'It is the error of sects to value themselves more upon their differences than upon their religion.'—*Grattan*.

Speaking on one occasion about the divisions between religious people the Rev. Rowland Hill said: 'I do not want the walls of separation between different orders of Christians to be destroyed, but only lowered, so that we may shake hands a little easier over them.'

And, 'like the quadrupeds in Noah's ark,
Each has its own peculiar tone or bark,'
Each by the other seems misunderstood,
And each one's method of imparting good.
The Churchman with Dissenters disagrees,
And Dissent never will strict Churchmen please ;
For some of them have said, with tauntings proud,
Dissenters are a strife-divided crowd.

But why should such distinctions cause disputes ?
Christ knows who are His followers by their fruits ;
The evidences of renewing grace,
In every Church the same, and every place.
Too long have men, in needless controversies,
Set their own limits to God's tender mercies,
And caused the masses, who have scarcely heard
The Gospel message, to reject His Word ;
Too long have men obscured its saving light,
By rival doctrines and sectarian spite ;
And by a selfish worldliness of mind,
That keeps the masses spiritually blind.
Some of the causes of religious strife,
Are, that so few feed on the Bread of Life,
And that so many on mere husks are fed,

Or trust in rites and rituals instead
 Of God, and Christ who is the Living Bread;
 Who taught men that discipleship consists,
 Not in the forms by which the Church exists,
 Nor in beliefs of creeds, by Priests or Pope,
 But in a life of zeal, and faith, and hope.

The aim of many in the Pastorhood,
 Seems rather, to be popular than good;¹⁴²

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142. *Seems rather, to be popular than good;*] 'It is not necessary for the pulpit to discuss difficult questions in theology, and the relations between theology and science, and various other matters with which our literature now teems. Leave these to the press. The preacher's sole business is with the conscience. Whether the audience be educated or illiterate, aristocratic or vulgar, strike the conscience! Use polished shafts and silver trumpets, if you have them; but whether the trumpet be brass or silver, let it sound to the conscience an alarm! Herein lies the pulpit's power. And herein lies the power of the Church to lay the world prostrate at her feet.'—*The Author of the 'Philosophy of Evangelicism.'*

In the poems of John Byrom, a writer little read, and seldom quoted from, are some lines which may perhaps be introduced here, to the advantage of some who occupy the pulpit—says he,—

'The specious sermons of a learned man
 Are little else but flashes in the pan,
 The mere haranguing (upon what they call
 Morality) is powder without ball:
 But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
 Fires at men's vices, and the shot takes place.'

While many outside the State Church assume,
Parsonic airs, and graces, and costume :
Some, in their pulpits with each other vie,
In what is called, Æsthetic piety,

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Dr Parker, in an address 'On the Modern Sermon,' said, 'There were some sermons that ought to be got rid of. For example, those which might be published under the title of "The Gospel made difficult," the simpering, mincing, chattering sermon, the portmanteau sermon, into which the giddy young preacher stuffed everything he could lay his hands upon ; the scrap-book sermon ; the rag-bag sermon ; the pulpit sermon ; and the Berlin-wool and fancy repository sermon. But sermons that did not draw thought into conduct were worthless. Referring to preaching on social questions, he said that he believed that with strikes, elections, and competing methods of government, as such, the pulpit had absolutely nothing to do. What it had to do, and do at all risks, was to create an atmosphere which could not be breathed by injustice, and which was fatal to all tricksters, tyrants, gamblers, and bad men, whether capitalists or labourers, whether classes or masses. What we wanted in the ministry were burningly earnest young preachers, not clever young men.' On another occasion Dr Parker said, 'The pulpit is dying of cowardice. It is decaying through homage paid to conventionality and a mean desire to be regarded as very definite and consistent. The new journalism is affecting modern preaching ; and there is at this moment—in my opinion—a most serious deficiency in genuine popular pulpit power.'

Archbishop Whately, somewhere in his writings has said, 'Many a wandering discourse one hears in which the preacher aims at nothing, and hits it. And some speakers resemble an exploring party in a newly discovered island, they start in any direction, without aim or object.'

Which is a modern feature of Æsthetics,
Adopted by prim Church and State ascetics;
And fashion—as one puts it—won't allow
A sermon to be long or stirring now,
For modern preaching chiefly is designed,
To please the ear, and tranquillise the mind;
The pulpit's chief attraction is the man,
The preacher rather than Salvation's plan;
Jesus of Nazareth is less admired,
Than man, in pulpit millin'ry attired:
But there are some, who are so indiscreet,
As to inflate themselves with self-conceit;
Until they, in a congregation's eyes,
Appear by no means wise, but otherwise.
Some pastors with high soaring words abound,
Others descend in thoughts to depths profound;
Another's pulpit style is ordinate,
And unattractively elaborate;
While others—hesitatingly and slow—
Seem puzzled as to where their thoughts should go.

From the mere commonplace to the sublime,
Is an ascent some vainly try to climb,
When in the pulpit they would emulate,

The oratory of the truly great,
 For oratory is not learnt like trade,
 And few like Gough, could move men, or persuade;
 Or could like Punshon eloquently blaze;
 (A Poet, meriting a poet's praise);
 Although so many in the pulpit try,
 By action, tones, and phraseology,¹⁴³
 Rather than by sincerity of heart,
 A soul arousing influence to impart:

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143. *By action, tones, and phraseology,*] In an article contributed to 'The Forum,' and entitled, 'Modern Claims upon the Pulpit,' Archdeacon Farrar says, 'Nothing will tell more powerfully or more deservedly against the modern preacher than for him to give himself the airs of the mediæval inquisitor or the domineering priest.' . . .

And Dr Joseph Parker—in one of his stirring May meeting speeches—said of present day preachers. 'If they corner themselves in little pulpits; if they compose spiritless homilies upon far-away topics; if they do anything that even apparently separates them from the sad and weary life of the people, they are priests and not ministers of Christ. I believe in a learned ministry notwithstanding. With the profoundest respect for the Docketæ, and tenderly anxious that Sabellius, Nestorius, and Appollinarius should have a good time of it in any place they may happen to have met—yet we cannot but feel that our Christianity has a message to men who are nearer home, and men who never even heard of these great names, but who are suffering under deep degradation, and whose bitter distress can never be healed by a plaster of polysyllables.'

Thus, some attempt each other to surpass,
Whose efforts are but as the sounding brass;
Who seem to overlook, or to despise,
That earnestness which for conversion tries;
While others wander from the Gospel plan,
Of dealing with the sinfulness of man;
Or, in a language of obscurity,
Deal with plain truths as with futurity;
Or mystify the doctrines that they preach,
And fail the consciences of men to reach.

Some, by hard phrases make the people stare,¹⁴⁴
And feel the need of dictionaries there;

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144. *Some, by hard phrases make the people stare,]* At one of his Tabernacle Meetings Mr Spurgeon said, 'There were different ways of winning souls. There was the grand high faluting style of preaching, of which there were specimens extant, in which the man was very great, and his Master was somewhere or other, but nobody knew where. And some said when they had heard it, "What a wonderful sermon!" They knew the tendency was with some young preachers to use long words and fine sentences, especially if they did not understand them. There was a member of that church, who, in offering prayer, said, "Thou, so encinctured with the auriferous zodiac." If he had to say such words,' continued Mr Spurgeon, 'he should get down to the bottom of his garden where nobody could hear him. No doubt the poor man thought such language as that was very superior. But they wanted to win souls, not to crack jaws. He did not

But they forget that spiritual food,
To be digested must be understood : ¹⁴⁵

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care either for people who deared everybody. "Dear this," and "dear that" (in a mincing and affected tone), like a certain lady who said she had been reading in "dear Hebrews."

The Rev. Hamilton Paul—a Scotch clergyman in the town of Ayr many years ago, was understood to have been a great favourite with the fair sex in his congregation; and it is said that when he left that town, he preached his valedictory sermon from this passage in the 20th chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, 'And they all fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him.'

It is also recorded of this Scotch Divine, that he once made serious proposals to a young lady, whose Christian name was Lydia. On this occasion he took for his text these words from the 16th chapter of the Acts, 'And a certain woman named Lydia, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.'

'The tone of the minister's voice in preaching,' says John Selden, 'does much in working upon the people's affections. If a man were to make love in an ordinary tone, his mistress perhaps would not regard him. If a man were to cry "Fire" or "Murder" in an ordinary voice, nobody would come out to help him. As a "certain poet" well puts it,

"'Tis not enough that what you say is true,
To make us feel it you must feel it too,
Show yourself warm and that will warmth impart,
To every hearer's sympathising heart."

145. *To be digested must be understood* ;] 'A very fair way of testing the utility of any style of preaching,' says Professor Henry Christmas 'is to submit it to the criticism of simple, humble believers ; they care comparatively little

Not by strange language can the people know,
 The will of Him from whom all blessings flow;
 But many by strange phrases are misled,
 Who seek to be with heavenly manna fed.
 A few, too, air their Latin when they speak,
 And show familiarity with Greek;
 But such paraded learning seems absurd,
 In order to explain the Sacred Word;
 For profitable preaching should be plain,¹⁴⁶
 And ineffectual such displays remain.

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for "adjuncts and collaterals," but they can always appreciate the presence and detect the absence of the one thing needful.'

And Dr Adam Clarke has somewhere in his writings said, 'With me it is a maxim :—the sermon that does good, is a good sermon.'

146. *For profitable preaching should be plain,*] Sidney Smith has thus defined the object of preaching. 'It is constantly to remind mankind of what mankind is constantly forgetting; not to supply the defects of human intelligence, but to fortify the feebleness of human resolutions; to recall mankind from the by-paths where they turn, into the path of salvation which all know, but few tread.'

He once said, in speaking of the prosy nature of some people's sermons, 'They are written as if sin were to be taken out of man like Eve out of Adam—by putting him to sleep.'

Rowland Hill is said to have been a great observer of the various modes of preaching in his day, and on one occasion, speaking of a certain preacher, who knew the truth, but

The modes of preaching some Divines devise,
Seem for one object—to create surprise;
Or, if they have another one—for profit,
They seem at times to make but little of it;
While other Ministers of less renown,
Will set up theories to knock them down;
And others, when they have announced the text,
Go wandering, till our minds inquire—what next?
Or, unlike the Divines of former days,
For Sermons, give us Lectures, and Essays;
And some, on subjects that have seemed to be
Beyond the range of their ability.
A few there are too, who with caustic wit,
Essay to teach the truths of Holy Writ;
Who, with a weakness for hilarity,
Can scarce refrain from jocularity,
And an irreverent lack of charity;
An unbecoming singularity,
Except for Platform popularity.

Of late there has been some attention paid,
To what is designated, 'The Down Grade,'¹⁴⁷

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seemed afraid to preach it in its fulness, 'He preaches the gospel as the donkey mumbles the thistle, very cautiously.'

To men who hanker after something new,
Outside the doctrines that are old and true;

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147. *To what is designated, 'The Down Grade,']* I find that the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle has had some very plain expressions of opinions appear from his pen in the *Sword and Trowel*, on 'The Down Grade' question, and on two occasions I have selected paragraphs for present use. In one article he says, 'That many would like in these days to unite church and stage, cards and prayer, dancing and sacraments. Too many ministers are toying with the deadly cobra of "another gospel" in the form of "modern thought." As a consequence their congregations are thinning, the Episcopal Church is awake to that fact, and spiritual life is waning among certain Dissenters.' In another article he writes, 'If Satan could remodel the preaching of the day to suit himself, he would put the word reformation in the place of regeneration; he would insist that living is everything, believing is nothing; he would have science and morality and sentiment abound in sermons; he would represent religion as an out-growth of human effort, improving as the world grows wiser; and he would endow a few chairs of "higher criticism" to prove that the Bible is not inspired, and was not written at the time or by the men commonly supposed to have done so.'

And in one of his sermons on 'The Down Grade controversy,' he was heard to say, 'When it comes to defending the Gospel where do we see it in this age? New theology or old theology, human speculation or divine revelation—who minds? The thorns have choked the seed in the pulpits, and in the churches as well as in private individuals. The fruit of much modern piety is nil.'

The following remarks of the Rev. Archibald Brown on 'Modern Methods of Christian Work'—made on two or three particular occasions—I have also thought worthy of serious

Who misinterpret truths by Scripture taught,
With a conceited liberty of thought;
To men in search of paths but seldom trod,
Whose texts and doctrines are obscure or odd;
Yet who believe their teaching will be found
In doctrine and in orthodoxy sound.

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consideration by the so-called followers of Christ on this occasion. When he (Mr Brown) first commenced his work, the preaching of the Gospel was alone relied on to attract a congregation. Now there was a mad competition to secure audiences and all sorts of worldly expedients were resorted to. 'Modern Thought' had been denounced with praiseworthy vigour of late, but he thought there was equal need now to turn attention to 'Modern Methods.' The Church was practically telling the world that Jesus Christ was not sufficient in Himself to draw a congregation. The clap-trap announcements of the present day were a scandal. They were degrading the work of Christ, and demoralising the people. 'A happy evening' is about the last thing an unconverted soul needs, and about the last thing he would get were St Paul the preacher. In the name of religion our children are being trained for the theatre, and under the shadow of the name of Christ, young people are being introduced to the world. What would our grandfathers have said to such an announcement as this in connection with supposed evangelistic work: 'Grand pictorial comic pantomime! Lots of fun and roars of laughter for everybody. Come early?' It gives the infidel ground for saying—as one did to my knowledge lately, 'Your Christ is played out.' The devil never did a cleverer thing than when he suggested to the Church of Christ that it was part of her mission to amuse the people.

From many modern pulpits there is heard
 Another gospel, which is not the Word ¹⁴⁸
 Of a Divine Instructor, but of man,
 Aiming to supersede the saving plan,
 Taught by St John, St Peter and St Paul;
 And to impugn the doctrine of the Fall,
 In so-called Sermons that are destitute
 Of unction, point, and power, and bear no fruit. ¹⁴⁹

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148. *Another Gospel, which is not the Word*] St Paul once wrote these words,—‘I marvel that ye are so soon removed from him that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel; which is not another; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. But if any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.’—1st chap. Galatians, 6th, 7th, 9th verses.

149: *Of unction, point, and power, and bear no fruit.*] What is unction in preaching? ‘It is thought so clothed in emotion, as itself to reproduce emotion.’—*Rev. Austin Phelps, D.D.*

‘There are preachers,’ says Dr Phelps, ‘who spin discourses of thin fabric, and are not fond of definite divisions. Nothing discovers poverty of thought more surely than a pertinent plan. A good division would cause many an inflated sermon to collapse.’ ‘Oh for a thought!’ said a layman, after listening to a fluent preacher—‘Oh for a thought! I get nothing to carry away with me.’ To these remarks of Dr Phelps, I particularly invite the attention of some of the young ministers who are sent out from year to year, from our Theological Institutions, whose ambition to shine is

Ofttimes religion's great realities
 Are half obscured by technicalities,
 Or by the hubbub caused by party plans
 Between its rivals and its partizans.
 And there are coxcombs at the present day,
 Whose pulpit themes are leading men astray;
 Who with inflated notions preach and pray;
 Who point to Heaven and do not lead the way,
 But neglect things that should their thoughts engage,
 In this time-serving, superficial age:
 Ay, and some modern preachers are to blame
 For giving vice an euphemistic name;
 And dealing out the Gospel to mankind
 Divested of its force, by terms refined
 To smooth servility for ears polite; 150
 For the self righteous and the hypocrite;

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sometimes in danger of appearing greater than their prudence or abilities.—*The Chiel.*

150. *To smooth servility for ears polite;*] The practice of reading written sermons from the pulpit, as many do at the present time, was publicly and authoritatively denounced in the reign of Charles II. And readers of sermons have been thus satirically described by William Cowper, in one of his compositions,—

'Behold the picture! is it like? Like whom?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,

While but a few who are ordained to preach,
Dare to displease men with reproving speech;
And seldom in the pulpit do we find
Men, to assail the follies of mankind;

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And then skip down again : pronounce a text ;
Cry, Hem ! and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper, close the scene !

The following advertisement, which is unique, of its kind, appeared in the columns of a monthly church publication some time ago, 'Lenten Sermons for use in Pulpit : Six stirring pulpit sermons, plainly pointed, pithy, pleasing, and picturesque, sixpence half-penny each, or two-and-sixpence for the six.'

What a sermon ought to be, another poet ventures to inform us in the following lines :—

'It should be brief ; if lengthy, it will steep
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep ;
The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

'It should be warm, a living altar-coal,
To melt the icy heart and charm the soul ;
A sapless dull harangue, however read,
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

'It should be simple, practical and clear ;
No fine spun theory to please the ear ;
No curious lay to tickle letter'd pride,
And leave the poor and plain unedified.

'It should be closely, well applied at last,
To make the moral nail securely fast :
Thou art the man, and thou, alone, will make
A Felix tremble, and a David quake !'

There—fearing to offend—their conscience halts,
And scruples to attack men's glaring faults.

In all the ranks of Nonconformity,
Are Christians who conform, and disagree;
And modern Methodism is as far
From faultlessness as other Isms are;
On which, as a Wesleyan, perhaps I may
Without a special licence have my say;
And exercise a critic's claim to be
From red tape and officialism free;
At liberty to deal, in various ways,
With men and things in these time-serving days,
When things by common-sense are being tried,
And by that rule condemn'd or justified.

For many years, the current of events,
Has moved me to note down my sentiments;
And I have closely watch'd the current's course,
But more especially its moral force;
Therefore it is my privilege to own,
That much of Methodism I have known;
Whose founder, Wesley, was a Church-trained youth,
A man of faith, and valiant for the Truth,

Famed for good works, and individual worth;¹⁵¹
 'Whose Parish, in extent, was the whole Earth;'

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151. *Famed for good works, and individual worth;]* We are told that John Wesley practised a strict economy, not with any sordid motives, but for the purpose of administering extensively to the wants of the poor. His integrity was unimpeachable, and money would have been of no value in his estimation, but that it afforded him the means of increasing his utility. He passed six months in Georgia without possessing a single shilling; and— it is said—when he was a young man at Oxford, his income was £30 per annum, and he gave away £2; the next year, receiving £60, he still lived on £28, and gave away £32; the third year he received £90, and gave away £62; the fourth year he received £120, still he lived as before on £28, and gave away £92. He no doubt felt on this matter, for the Master's sake, and put into action, the meaning of one of Dr Watt's best hymns; (No. 700, in the Wesleyan Hymn Book), the last verse of which begins 'Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small,' etc. Of the many Sketches, Lectures, Booklets, and Biographies of John Wesley in circulation — to be rated as middling, good, better, and best, I will not express my opinions. They are certainly more in number than I have had time or inclination to read. But it has been my privilege to be acquainted with two of the writers, as esteemed correspondents, whose departure to the 'bright Inheritance of Saints,' obliges me to refer to now, as the *late* Dr Morley Punshon, and the *late* Rev. Luke Tyerman.

To John Wesley's memory the following poetic tribute of well-earned praise was penn'd several years after his decease.

'To his last hour the good man's meed was given,
 Approving conscience and approving Heaven !

(In his own words—‘the World’) o’er whose vast tract,
His purpose has become a wondrous fact !
But Methodism—I cannot forget—
Has pass’d through scenes that all men now regret ;
It has been rent and torn asunder by
Mistaken, blundering authority,
By some who managed Methodist affairs,
And wrangled themselves into Satan’s snares ;
Who exercised inquisitorial powers,
And caused their brethren grief, and anxious hours ;
Who overruled in pastoral affairs,
With despotism’s dictatorial airs ;
Who, domineering were to an extent,
That men of spirit ventured to resent ;
Feeling that Methodism ought to be,
From such severe officialism free.

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With all the warmth that genius could impart,
He poured the living precept on the heart ;
Consoled the feeble and confirm’d the strong,
And led the timid fearlessly along ;
Grief, sickness, sorrow, want, his bounties shared,
And needy worth was sure of its reward.
Not even avarice, the vice of age,
Clouded the lustre of his life’s last stage ;
Rich in the treasure of a feeling mind,
He knew no good but that of all mankind.’

One phase of modern Methodism's this—
For worldly fame it too ambitious is,
(Yet, let it be distinctly understood,
My aim is—not to harm it, but for good;
Neither would I offend their dignity,
Who own a University Degree,
For their attainments, or their eloquence,
To which I cannot make the least pretence.)
Another phase—not easy to forget,
Is its courageous plunging into debt,
With Chapel building schemes upon the brain;
The cause of mental and of pocket pain,
In many Circuits, to a great extent;¹⁵²
And in some other branches of Dissent;

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152. *In many Circuits, to a great extent* ;] On the occasion of presiding at an entertainment, held in the North of England, to clear off a chapel debt, in 1886, Mr Samuel Smith, M.P., was led to say, 'That one of the crying evils of the day was the gigantic debts into which the religious bodies of this country seemed to rush, and which were so extremely difficult to pay off at the present time. He did not think he had ever in his experience, come in contact with so much difficulty of that description as there was in these days.'

In the same year, a meeting was held in a large Methodist centre, to devise means for purchasing sites for new chapels ; and a well known layman, to whom the promoters of the meeting were looking for great assistance, opposed the plan

At times, to gratify a wealthy man,
Who has ambition and a Church-like plan,
Who disregards a saying—which is true,
‘That to o’erdo a thing is to undo!’
And Methodism’s character is known,
By many signs in various sections shown;
Some in organisation show their zeal,
Some in appearances they deem genteel;
Some by designs to raise a Sect as high,
As the State Church, in power and dignity:
A little inconsistency exists,
Amongst the higher grades of Methodists;
Who, while they at State Church pretensions laugh,
Are too aspiring in their aims by half;

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strongly on the ground, that instead of building new chapels, means should be adopted to fill the existing ones.

And the following words, quoted from a leading article that appeared in the so-called Leading Paper of our times, namely, *The Times* newspaper, will perhaps by some be deemed worthy of notice in this place: ‘It is,’ says the writer, ‘to be feared that an immense amount of time and money is wasted in these days upon new schemes. We are inclined to think that too much money has been expended in the erection of large and costly churches. But the one thing essential is, not new plans, experiments, and changes, but a belief in, and a devotion to the permanent truths of the Christian religion.’

Who cast a slur at the old-fashioned days
 Of Methodism, and old-fashioned ways;
 Though much presented to my mental view,
 Induces me to satirise the new,
 And give to 'Forward Movement' days their due,
 Which, whilst old-fashioned ones I thus defend,
 May perhaps some modern Methodists offend;
 Of whom, it seems to me that no small part,
 Are glorying in appearance—not in heart;¹⁵³
 'That with some, there is the same pride and strife,
 As with men of the world in daily life;

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153. *Are glorying in appearance—not in heart;*] John Wesley, somewhere in his writings, observes, 'I am not afraid that the people who are called Methodists, will ever cease to exist either in Europe or America. But I am afraid, lest they should only exist as a dead Sect, having the form of religion, without the power.'

'If there be any danger in Wesleyan Methodism, it is the risk that persons will give money instead of hearts.'—*The late Dr Waddy*.

Another Wesleyan minister writes, 'Let us ask ourselves—Is Methodism moulding, as it once did so mightily, the men of the world after its own type? or is it being modified in any way, and moulded by worldly men?'

Dr Campbell, in the *Christian Witness* once wrote, 'The danger of Methodism at this moment is from the rising respectability of its people.'

Another writer says, 'A fearless fidelity in reproving sin, is one of the greatest wants of the churches of these days.'

In their amusements and in their attire,
 Alike they envy, copy and admire;
 The line of demarcation is so thin,
 One scarcely knows what is or is not sin,
 Or who is out of Christ or who is in :¹⁵⁴

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154. *Or who is out of Christ or who is in :*] At the Œcumenical Conference held in London in September 1881, I had the privilege of hearing Bishop M'Tyerie's excellent sermon in City Road Chapel on 'The Old Paths,' and at the risk of offending some of the highly respectable, well-to-do, new departure, and anti-old fogey portion of John Wesley's so-called followers, I will quote a few passages in the Bishop's discourse of which I took notes, and would like the Methodist people generally to take notice of. "Be not conformed to this world," said the Bishop, 'means something more than, "Be a good citizen." Between the Church and the world there is, and must be a difference as well as a distinction, and Methodism draws (or is supposed to do so) the line on this side of theatres, and ballrooms, of round dances and racecourses. So it was in the primitive Church. It is a mistake to suppose that by lowering its rules the Church increases its power to attract. Slack pastors, who quote the Master as allowing the wheat and tares to grow together until the harvest, will do well to recollect that the field in which these allowably grow together is the world. But we are set to look after and cultivate that vineyard or garden which is fenced off from the world—the Church. The Gospel was sung by angels before it was preached by men. And Methodist singing was once proverbial. It was hearty, spiritual and general. Thirty years ago I heard a High Church Bishop say to his congregation : "Sing, sing like the Methodists." But what has become of our singing? Alas, we must forsake most of our

Their godliness grows formal and less warm,
Influenced by rank, wealth or uniform,
And that absurd philosophy of clothes,
At which stern Carlyle dealt his withering blows.

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city congregations and go to the country chapels, and to our camp meetings to hear the old time melodies. Solos and quartettes are too often the entertainment of the House of God. Sopranos and tenors are employed not to help the congregation to sing, but to sing for them. Ballad and operatic music in some places has invaded the sanctuary. But whenever there is spiritual life and power in a congregation, congregational singing breaks forth. As to worldliness, it is a fact—an evil—a sin. How to describe it, to identify it, to locate it, is not so easy. It must be studied by its manifestations—in the various forms of disease produced by it. Let us mention a few signs that may detect its presence. It is developed principally in amusements. Two men may work in the same shop for a month and not drink into each other's spirit so much as they will in one day's pleasure taken together. It is in amusements that we follow our tastes, and unbend and tend to a common level with our associates. The Church encounters worldliness mainly in the form of worldly amusements. At a time of thorough Gospel revival, the theatre and the dancing party are felt to be a grand impertinence. They succeed best when religion is at a low ebb. Tertullian tells us of a woman who was seized at the theatre and became a subject of demoniacal possession. The Christian exorcist who was called in asked how the devil dared to enter a baptised person—how he presumed to possess a Christian? The devil answered, "I had a right, for I found her upon my own ground." In the proceedings of Church Councils in the third, and fourth, and fifth centuries are found as strong utterances and enactments

The love of worldly pleasures and of dress,
 Show that some act not out what they profess ;
 With them, as elsewhere, men are valued more,
 For their possessions than they've been before;¹⁵⁵

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as ever were put forth by a Methodist Conference in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries against these forms of worldliness. Having begun in the Spirit shall we end in the flesh? God forbid.'

155. *For their possessions than they've been before.*] An important letter of the late Mr Beauchamp's which appeared in the *Methodist Recorder* not long before that esteemed gentleman's decease, called forth other correspondence on the same subject, namely, 'the relationship of Methodism to rich men,' and the writer of one of the letters to the *Recorder* on that subject asked, 'Is there not manifest among us an increasing subserviency to men of wealth and social position which is contrary to the simplicity of primitive Christianity, and contrary to our own traditions? I do not refer to other sections of the Christian Church. Probably the evil is more extended in some of them than in our own. I believe, however, it is growing among ourselves, and will inflict upon us great spiritual injury, if not rebuked and checked. We see this subserviency to unspiritual but wealthy men within the Church; we see it perhaps still more startling to wealthy men of the world who are without. If some public ceremony has to be performed, such as the opening of a bazaar, or the laying of a foundation stone, is it a rare thing to observe a local magnate, who is a man of the world, and even sometimes a man of questionable private life (this witness is truth) associated with it? His presence is supposed to guarantee a certain financial result, and to lend a certain prestige to

And lowly piety seems valued less
Than the rich man's paraded righteousness :
The flattery they proffer men of wealth
Is not a sign of spiritual health ;
But seems a somewhat servile stratagem ;
To get as much as possible from them.

In modern Methodist Societies,
Old fashioned Methodism slowly dies ;
And many look back with regrets to days
Of real revivals in old-fashioned ways ;
When Local Preachers trudged through miles of mire,
Warm'd and impell'd by Pentecostal fire ;
Who, many wearying miles each Sabbath trod,
Bent on the turning of a soul to God,
And, conscious by the service they had given,
That souls were saved and swell'd the joys of Heaven ;
While humble, earnest voices now and then
Were heard to praise the Lord, and shout Amen !
But in these days some deem it ungentle,
Thus to express the sacred joy we feel ;

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the proceedings. Men of social status and wealth are frequently placed in positions of prominence in the Church, though disqualified so far as spiritual condition is concerned.'

And genteel Methodists, with upturned eyes,
 Would turn indignant at such vulgar cries:
 Though some of Wesley's modernised successors,
 Will bear with such emotional professors ;
 And envy the success of General Booth,
 In his bold tactics to proclaim the Truth,¹⁵⁶

NOTES

156. *In his bold tactics to proclaim the Truth,*] The mention once again of General Booth's name, reminds me that in the May (1891) number of *Harper's Magazine*, appeared what a daily newspaper styled, 'a vigorous defence of the Salvation Army and all its works, even putting in a plea for "the drums, trumpets, and tambourines."' Some have asked, 'Is this Christianity?' The venerable Archdeacon Farrar, who wrote that article in *Harper's Weekly* shall give the answer in his own words, and his answer is, that 'the question is silly,' because nobody supposes these things to have anything more to do with essential Christianity 'than the crosses and banners and processions, the acolytes in surplices and scarlet cassocks, and thuribles, and brodered stoles of our Ritualistic churches.' There are, he bids his readers note, four important elements of its structure which account for the rapid success of the movement. One of these is 'the use which it has made of the energy and devotion of women.' Next in importance is the immediate use to which the Army puts its converts. Again, while the offertory is generally reputed to frighten away the steady-going Christian from our churches, the Salvation Army has 'taught men to give.' 'But after all,' says the Archdeacon, 'the chief secret of its growth has lain in the self-sacrifice—not short of heroism—which it has evoked in hundreds of its votaries.'

Who, without formalism, zeal displays,
In showing men the error of their ways;
Whose heart with valiant resolution throbs,
In spite of devils, magistrates, and mobs;
Whose ardent efforts to bring men to God,
Defy the rabid persecutor's rod;
The paltry schemes for opposition plann'd,
And put to shame the Churches of the Land.
I venerate the man who thus disdains,
To fear Law's unjust penalties and pains,
And who believes an unseen Arm sustains,
God's faithful followers, where Satan reigns,
And will, long as the Truth of God remains.¹⁵⁷

NOTES

157. *And will, long as the truth of God remains.*] The great Dr Thomas Chalmers, alluding on one occasion to its early and troubled days (I doubt not) said, that 'Methodism was Christianity in earnest.' And another minister, writing on the subject of Methodism, observed, 'that Methodism was doubtless in earnest in those days when "the sect" was ever spoken against, and when her first preachers were pelted from place to place; when she began her mighty mission on Kennington Common and in Moorfields; when her first memorial stones were not laid with silver trowels, and in stately ceremony; but by men who, amidst stone-throwing and other modes of assault, fearlessly proclaimed the message of the Gospel of Christ, and with signs following.'

As John Henry Carr—(a writer on 'The Local Ministry') reminds us, 'Local preachers have been, from an early period,

Yet large-souled, pure, broadminded, earnest men,
Are scarce, and met with only now and then;
One here and there in solitary might,
A soul in arms, to battle for the right.

As an old Local Preacher's son, I know
A little of their journeyings to and fro;
And oft on Sundays by my father's side,
I walked such journeys, with a boyish pride;
And in my memory will long remain,
A village Christian, known as 'praying Jane!'
Who entertained us on her humble fare,
And was remarkable for fervent prayer.
The sacrifices Locals had to make,
Were great and frequent for the Master's sake;
For many of them laboured all the week,
Burdened with cares, that almost seemed to break

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an integral force in Methodism. They have not only been identified with Methodism's origin, but its successes have, in a great measure, depended upon their zealous and devoted labours.'

'In times past,' said the late Canon Miller, 'the simplest believers, an impotent throng, have been raised up, to baffle the wise, and mighty and strong.'

Their spirits down; ay! and some were so poor,
That they could scarcely food and clothes procure,
For their large families, yet they worked hard,
And look'd to Heaven alone for their reward;¹⁵⁸
With the approving conscience that sustains
Men through anxieties and toils and pains.
Such men I honour, and regard their deeds,
Above all oratory, rites, and creeds;
For, with the faithfulness of saints in days,
When Wesley warned men of their evil ways,
I saw them walk consistently with God,
And bow submissive to affliction's rod;
Indeed I almost deemed their lives sublime,
When they had pass'd beyond the bounds of Time.

And Local Preachers are an unpaid class,
Of useful workers still, of whom, some pass,
Into the paid Itinerancy's ranks,
Though they as Locals get but little thanks;
Yet in the country they have proved to be,

NOTES

¹⁵⁸. *And look'd to Heaven alone for their reward ;]* 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.'—*Psalms* 37, *verse* 16.

As good as some in the Itinerancy;¹⁵⁹
 And not a few now creditably vie,
 With them in educated piety;
 Therefore some think they have as great a right--
 And are as worthy in the Master's sight,
 To be regarded Pastors and co-Teachers,
 As Reverend Divines, styled 'Travelling Preachers;'

NOTES


159. *As good as some in the Itinerancy;*] I may perhaps be permitted to mention the name of a remarkable sample of an old-fashioned Local Preacher, who was known far and wide as Billy Dawson. And, as a sample of his preaching—for which I am indebted to a Wesleyan Minister who heard the discourse—I quote the following sentences, from a sermon the old-fashioned man preached in Carver Street Chapel, Sheffield (in 1832) 'On the Christian Racer.' He said, 'All racers had a prize in view. Suppose we ask them what they run for. Here is Abraham—What are you running for? "The recompense of the reward." Here is David—Well, what are you running for? "The joys which are at God's right hand." Here is Peter—Why do you run? "For an inheritance that fadeth not away." And Paul is running—What for, Paul? "A house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." Here is John, now grey-headed in the race—What are you running for John? "Well, I cannot describe it, for it doth not yet appear what we shall be."' Thus preached Billy Dawson, and with such control over the feelings of his congregation, that, at his pleasure, he made them either laugh or cry. Now I opine that the celebrated actors of our day, namely Messrs Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, and Toole cannot move an audience to laughter or tears much more readily, therefore I venture to affirm that local preacher Billy was a bit of a genius.

Of whom I have to say, it seems a pity,
That in this, or in any other city,
Where ministers are for their circuits fit,
They every three years are compell'd to flit;
No matter what their piety or brains,
Or, through their usefulness, a Circuit's gains :¹⁶⁰

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160. *Or, through their usefulness, a Circuit's gains ;*] On these eventful periods in a minister's career, there are one or two other thoughts just this moment uppermost, to which I will give utterance ere they pass from my mind ; and my doing so in prose, I doubt not, will be more appreciated by many of my readers than in the shape of rhymes. And in justice to my ministerial friends I wish to say, what other writers may have said before my time ; that a faithful minister will have raised up spiritual children, whose separation from his pastoral care after so short a period as three years may be spiritually detrimental to them ; and churches that have had the benefit of a useful pastor cannot experience a change so soon without the endurance of a loss. I have witnessed instances at various times, especially in my earlier days, when separations of ministers, families and congregations have been tearfully painful ; and I have known officials in circuits, whose ideas as to the sort of minister they would like to have, and the kind of woman they would like his wife to be, have been almost amusing, nearly absurd, quite unreasonable, and out of character with the inducements their circuits were able to offer. And these remarks will have prepared my readers' minds for the following very long metre hits at some of the unreasonable requirements of circuit officials, in the persons of a pastor and his better half.

'A Minister is wanted for a Circuit in the North,
And he must be a first rate man, a man of solid worth.



And many laymen will agree with me,
 That too much red tape binds the Ministry,
 (Whose Legal Hundred are 'The Powers that be;')
 That all those ministers whose flocks increase,
 Should of their circuits have a longer lease;
 That the retaining Pastors of their choice,
 Should be decided by the Circuit's voice;
 Whose congregations oft dislike a change,
 Because new-comers introduce things strange,
 And sometimes needlessly old plans derange:
 One—to bring souls to God, with zeal has sought,
 Another half destroys what God has wrought,

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The congregations are not good, "the Cause" is rather low,
 And they must have a man that knows the way to make them grow.
 The man they want must perfect be, in body and in mind;
 In judgment sound, in counsel wise, in disposition kind.
 He never must be bilious, and never have the tic;
 They can't afford to keep a man who now and then is sick.
 It will not do for him to have just common flesh and blood;
 No, he must have unbroken health, or he will be no good.
 Within the pulpit he must be an eloquent divine,
 And on the platform, 'midst his peers, a radiant star must shine.
 His wife must be a model wife, and perfect in her way,
 Must meet a class, of course,—or two, and in the meetings pray:
 Collector for the Mission Fund, she cheerfully must roam,
 Superior to the smaller claims of children and of home:
 Must visit in the town at least, and work for each bazaar,
 And speak at every lovefeast, too, whate'er her feelings are.

—A. Hebbleshwaite, B.D., 'On the Tongue,' etc.

By red-tape, fussiness, or lack of zeal,
 Or sermons, all too dull to make men feel :¹⁶¹
 But many now for souls evince a passion,
 Since Forward Movements have become the fashion;
 And sermons sometimes soar above the clouds,
 Whilst Sunday Lectures draw admiring crowds;
 Though Methodism's past successes tend
 To make less sacred both its aims and end ;
 For there are Preachers who dislike to dwell
 On the realities of Heaven and Hell,
 Or what is called 'Eternal Punishment,'
 For the ungodly and impenitent ;

NOTES

161. *Or sermons, all too dull to make men feel:]* The Rev. Austin Phelps in his work on 'The Theory of Preaching,' observes, 'Recent Methodist authorities say that they are losing in some degree their ancient hold upon the lower orders of the people. They affirm that the spirit of their denomination is rising in the direction of refinement, of education, and of social position ; but they are not lifting the masses with them ; they are simply soaring overhead ; and many earnest friends of culture, in Methodism think they see that the work of clerical education is not wholly a gain. They acknowledge, that, as their ministers become more highly cultivated, their tendency is to work away from those portions of the people which are not so. Like seeks its like. The danger is that nature will outweigh grace. Their educated preachers and their humble classes are in peril of parting company, because they are in peril of losing sympathy.'

And almost tell us, at the present day
 The words of Scripture lead mankind astray :
 But much more useful ministers are they,
 Who deal with sinners in the plain old way
 Of Peter, standing up with the Eleven,
 To preach repentance, at Jerusalem :¹⁶²

NOTES

162. *To preach repentance, at Jerusalem.*] The following lines, on a slip of paper, accidentally came into my possession the other day, between the leaves of an old book I purchased at a way-side book stall. The writer's name is not given, but the sentiments expressed seemed to me worthy the attention of my ministerial readers, therefore I have introduced them here. They are entitled—

‘THE EARNEST MINISTRY’

‘ Could I but preach as if I saw the woe,
 Which like a sea spreads over all below ;
 As if I heard earth's weeping millions cry,
 Give us the Light, before we faint and die :
 With eloquence of words and tears, I then
 Would rouse the Church to pity dying men.

‘ Oh ! could I preach as Christ would have me do,
 With heaven and hell immediately in view ;
 With heart inflamed with pure seraphic love,
 Like those that wait and minister above ;
 What victories then would from my labours spring,
 To honour Christ, my blessed Lord and King !

‘ Oh ! could I preach as I would like at last,
 When days and months and rolling years are past ;
 And just before me in deep mystery, lies
 The world, as yet unseen by mortal eyes :
 How would I agonise in love to bring,
 Mankind in sweet submission to the King !’

The vital interests of religion claim
Their best attention, and it seems a shame,
So many petty, secular affairs,
Eat up their time and multiply their cares ;
Respecting which, there is a deal to learn
And be considered, with discreet concern ;
Much that by Conference or Committees could
Be rectified, and for a Circuit's good ;
But congregations as a rule will find,
Their Pastors one with them in heart and mind ;
Who have, as Pastors crosses to endure ;
The difficulties of both rich and poor,
To make their calling and election sure,
And keep their minds amidst temptations pure ;
Who oft heart-searchings have, and aching heads,
And sleepless nights, as though on thorny beds,
Or on a midnight sea's tempestuous billows ;
And oft their harps are hung upon the willows,

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Martin Luther once said, 'Prayer, meditation, and temptation will make a good preacher.' And an old writer has quaintly said with reference to the former exercise : 'God looks not to the oratory of prayers, how eloquent they are ; nor at their geometry, how long they are ; nor at their arithmetic, how many they are ; nor at their logic, how methodical they are ; but he looks at their sincerity, how spiritual they are.'

Through inward conflicts known to Him alone,
To whom the secrets of all hearts are known.

To other matters of a multitude,
Before my mind's eye, I need not allude—
With one exception, which I will include;
And it is one, with which I will conclude:
Amongst Dissenters in our towns and cities,
There seems to be a mania for Committees;
Committees Grand, and General, and Great,
(As all-important as the Fourth Estate!)
Committees for the purpose of debate,
On big or little schemes of little weight,
Which eat up too much time at any rate! ¹⁶³


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163. *Which eat up too much time at any rate!*] A Wesleyan minister of great preaching talent, on one occasion bitterly bemoaned the serious absorption of his time in attending to, or looking over subscription lists, schedules, and statistics, 'We are almost scheduled to death,' said he.

'Our time,' said another Wesleyan minister, 'is taken up in doing that which many other men might do, whilst we are drawn away from those solemn duties which none else can discharge for us.'

Another minister wrote, 'Amidst the multifarious extras, committees, etc, which occupy so much of the preacher's time in these days, and often leave the mind barren, I look back with regret to the times, when all a minister's work was spiritual work.'

Committees large and small for this and that,
And some which prove unprofitably flat;
Some, though but large enough to form a quorum,
Verbose enough for a discussion Forum.
But whether held in large or small apartments,
Committee meetings represent Departments;
And some of them appoint a sub-committee,
For minor matters in the town or city;
And after members have exchanged a greeting,
The usual course at a Committee meeting,
Is to appoint—I mean, elect a Chairman,
(Who is, of course, an able and a fair man.)
Who thanks the members, and invites attention
To certain matters he proceeds to mention;
Which may be as to funds at their disposal,
Or, as to raising some, with a proposal,
Submitted to them for consideration,
Deliberation and their approbation,
Which someone—who is wise in his own eyes,
Uprises to oppose or criticise;
Who shows himself, perhaps, by strong feelings stirr'd,
And who, by some, is with reluctance heard:
By others there the matter is discuss'd—
Which some approve of and consider just;



And some demur to, until every one
 Has had his say, as to what should be done ;
 And when the Chairman has his views express'd,
 (Of course, believing that his views are best),
 The matter is decided by their votes,
 Of which a Secretary there takes notes ;
 But matters sometimes—as all Chairmen know,
 Create disputes, which make proceedings slow ;¹⁶⁴

NOTES

164. *Create disputes, which make proceedings slow;*] A ministerial writer on Methodist matters (whose remarks I have once before quoted) says, 'The just and well balanced precept, "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves" is not always found in its full force, even in the best-formed committees. There may be the serpent's sagacity, where there is not the dove-like meekness. Hence the old proverb may be verified, that, "The doves are often censured whilst the crows are spared." And some small committees, as well as the great ones, combine strong wills. Indeed some of their strong or stubborn-willed members are like the "gals" of whom Mrs Stowe's Sambo speaks, that "allays go by the rule of contrar;"—and to some committee men a couplet of William Cowper's seems rather applicable, where he says,

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain."

In the leading article of a Methodist paper, on Connexional Committees and other matters, some time ago, the editor said, 'Too often there is more of the City of London than of the City of God in the proceedings of such committees. No one can have attended these gatherings without feeling that

And Party spirit warmly is displayed,
And calls to 'Order' now and then are made,
With cries of 'Question,' as in Parliament,
Where valuable time is oft misspent ;
Then someone mildly makes a wise suggestion,
Which silences the cries of 'Order,' 'Question,'
And Mr Chairman puts it to the Meeting,
With certain observations worth repeating !
But wordy breezes—I need scarcely state,
Impede the work and keep Committees late ;

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it is extremely desirable to increase the devotional element at them.' And in another number of the same paper on the same subject, I read this confession, 'It is business, business, business;—pounds, shillings and pence from beginning to end.' In another number of the same journal, a correspondent states, 'That one principal reason why intelligent laymen attend "certain" committees so languidly and slip away from the "greater Annual Assembly" after a second or third day's attendance, is because so much time is wasted over the twopenny-halfpenny details of mere routine.' On another occasion, a Wesleyan minister, in a letter to the same journal said, 'We have to-day a great many tinkers in Methodism. He had heard Dr Dixon say more than once that Methodists were great talkers and what a good thing it would be if we all held our tongues for a time.' Other correspondence of a similar character I have in my possession; but bearing in mind the saying, that 'a word to the wise is sufficient,' I will add no more on this particular topic — on this particular occasion.

And my belief is, that such work could be
As well accomplish'd by the 'Rule of Three
Indeed, I think some would be better done,
By a Committee to consist of One ;
Such ones as Parker, Booth and Spurgeon,
For the one Master !—without ceremonials,
Or flattering votes of thanks, or testimonials.

THE CYCLE OF LIFE

‘Life is a tragedy to those who feel.’

‘The sunsteeds of Time, lashed by invisible Spirits hurry on the car of our destiny, while we in cool self-possession hold the reins with a firm hand. Whither we are hurrying who can tell?’

‘COUNT EGMONT.’

‘Know that the human being’s thoughts and deeds,
Are not like ocean’s billows, blindly moved.’

‘SCHILLER.’

Not as the bright ideal may create
The beautiful of Being, life is seen,
Amid the actual of this earthly state,
As something that is changeless and serene.

Would ye survey the immemorial years?
Or measure back each stride of hoary Time?
His onward flight is through the vale of Tears;
He reaps the destinies of every clime!

The tedious yesterdays of pilgrim toil,
On Lethe’s wave steal silently away;
And each mutation of this mortal coil,
Brings with the present, traces of decay.

Lift the dark mantle that enshrouds the Past,
Amidst the tombs of buried Ages stand;
'Tis a mysterious region, drear, and vast,
Each moment strewn with life's last shifted sand.

And solemn voices as a funeral chime,
Forth from those antique graves of human-kind,
Haunt thy deep thoughts, in warning words sublime,
The teachings of mortality and mind.

It's might of empire, and ambitious schemes,
It's lofty purposes for wealth or power,
Were but the triumphs of delusive dreams,
The haughty dictates of a treacherous hour.

Life has its seasons, bridging o'er the span,
With dear enjoyments, and obstructive cares,
And treasured hopes that fortify the man;
The solace of the spirit that despairs.

Theirs are the gentler and terrestrial ties;
The fleeting images that crown the years,
Of youth and beauty in Arcadian skies,
O'er many a scene, which after-thought endears.

Firstling of mortal mould, the tender bud
Of infant innocence opes, and grows
Into the bloom of youth, when life's warm blood—
With every passion stirr'd—impetuous flows.

Next, manhood in meridian vigour, turns
The various wheels of action, to mature
The good or evil of its great concerns,
And vaunt of Fortune's frail investiture.

Then limping age drags on his wearing days—
A setting sun in Winter's chilling skies;
With trembling steps he tracks the dreary maze,
And battles with Time's shadows till he dies.

So passeth Life!— the sunlight, and the gloom,
Of manifold realities, and strange;—
A brief existence, pointing to the tomb,
Through secret sufferance and ungenial change.

LIFE'S VANITIES AND TRIBULATIONS

'What are life's joys and gains? 'Lift this untoward strife
What pleasures crowd its ways, On which the mind is bent :
That man should take such pains See if this chaff of life
To seek them all his days ?' Is worth the trouble spent.'
JOHN CLARE.

'How much of meanness here we find !
Men peddle thro' this world of ours,
And barter with the sunny hours,
And leave an empty name behind.'
THE AUTHOR OF 'MOODS.'

'Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
The shapes we trace.
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
And leave no trace.'
FROM THE SPANISH OF COPLAS DE MANRIQUE.

'O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried.'
LONGFELLOW'S 'GOBLET OF LIFE.'

'What's Life ? at best, a wandering breath ;
When saddest, but a passing sigh ;
When happiest, but a summer wreath—
A scent of roses floating by.'

DR CROLY.

THIS world is full of troubles,
And disappointments vexing;
Its joys are cheating bubbles;
Its cares grow more perplexing.

The height of man's endeavour,
Is wealth, or fame, or glory;
To be accounted clever,
Or be renowned in story.

What is man's fame, or glory?
A word-charm ere long broken;
A soon forgotten story,
Or one but seldom spoken.

Yet mankind in all stations,
Such objects are pursuing;
Or yielding to temptations,
That lead to their undoing.

Men's souls are oft aspiring,
To some unreach'd attraction,
For which they strive, desiring
A lasting satisfaction.

Ofttimes have we to witness,¹⁶⁵
Mean men with power invested;
Not chosen for their fitness,
Which seldom has been tested.

How many that we meet with,
 Are selfish, vain, and hollow;
 And some we take a seat with,
 We should object to follow.

By custom, bent, or fashion,
 Men are wrong things pursuing;
 By lust, and shameless passion,
 They seek the road to ruin.

What is the miser's gladness,
 Amidst his hoarded treasures?
 His fears oft cause him sadness,
 Though riches are his pleasures.

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165. *Oftimes have we to witness,*] ' Might is seen sitting on his sinful throne in all the walks of society. The rich wield the might of their wealth over the poor, and the poor watch for their opportunity to strike back. Companies oppress individuals. Men in authority are often gods on a small scale. Tradesmen worry each other in traffic, like dogs biting each other for mastery. Professional men strive on the arena of public life for victory, which, when gained, shows them to be tyrants. The proud lord it over the humble; the strong sit on the backs of the weak; the great make the small lift them up that they may appear greater. What childish freaks the lovers of Might play before high Heaven! How chains clank, tall forms come down to the dust, the earth grows bloody, and countries groan under the weight of thrones! '— *Weaver's ' Ways of Life.*'


Men's likes and inclinations,
Tend to some one's displeasure;
Their hopes and aspirations,
Yield but a fleeting pleasure.

To-day men are devising,
Another's hurt and sorrow;
In friendship's garb disguising,
Some mischief for to-morrow.

By friends that proved deceitful,
Men's minds have been embarrass'd;
By enemies conceitful,
They frequently are harass'd.

The bonds of truth are broken,
In almost every calling;
Deceits are plann'd, and spoken,
By placarding and bawling.

How many are distressful,
Through loss of trade and credit;
Upright, yet unsuccessful,
They shrink from and they dread it.



How few men would befriend them
In adverse circumstances;
How many reprehend them,
And laugh at their mischances.

The trustful oft are swindled;
'All is not gold that glitters,'
Life's joys with griefs are mingled;
It has less sweets than bitters.

I've seen the unjust thriving,
On upright people's losses;
And treacherously striving,
To aggravate their crosses.

I've seen the good forsaken,
When by misfortune smitten;
Their goods and chattels taken,
And they left hunger bitten.

I've seen the so-called outcast—
Some one's want-stricken daughter,
Borne down by misery's storm blast,
A suicide, by water.

What made her act insanely?

What led to her immersion?

She looked for pity vainly,

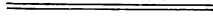
And help in base desertion !

All have their tribulations,

Of one kind or another ;

And gloomy contemplations,

Of this life or the other.



IS LIFE WORTH LIVING ?

A FEW PLAIN THOUGHTS AND TRUTHS, CONCERNING DIVES AND THE DESTITUTE !

'Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power and affluence surround;
How many pine in want and dungeon gloom,
Or eat the bitter bread of misery.'

THOMSON.

'This truth the sage of Sparta told,
Aristodemus old—

"Wealth makes the man," on him that's poor,
Proud worth looks down and honour shuts the door.'

'Alcæus,' Merivale's Translation.

'They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression :
they speak loftily.'

The words of Asaph, 73rd Psalm 8th verse.

'Rob not the poor because they are poor. For the Lord will
plead their cause, and spoil the soul of those that spoiled them.'

22nd chapter Proverbs.

'Work—work—work !

My labour never flags,
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.

O ! men, with sisters dear !

O ! men, with mothers and wives,

It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives !'

Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.'

'Some by the halter lay their miseries down,
And rush unsummoned to a world unknown.'

Simonides of Ceos.

'And it came to pass, that (Lazarus) the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom : the rich man (Dives) also died and was buried. And in Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame." But Abraham said, "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented, etc."—*The Teachings of Jesus Christ (The Poor Man's Friend)*, Luke 16th chapter.

'Break off thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor.'
4th chapter Daniel, part 27th verse.

'Much have I seen—much more I've heard,
 Of chance and change in this vain world;
 The low to high estate preferr'd—
 From high estate the haughty hurled.'
 WILLIAM PARK.

Is life worth living ? That's a serious question,
 For mankind, poor or wealthy, saints or sinners ;
 One which involves the Socialist's suggestion,
 Especially for overtask'd breadwinners.

It is a question for the Age—momentous !
 Oft pondered over by the toiling masses ;
 And answered wrathfully—in gloom portentous,
 By thousands who dislike the Upper Classes.

I ask my fellow men, Is life worth living ?
 And some, upbraidingly reply, It is not !
 Because men have mislearnt the art of giving,
 And doing good by trifles they would miss not.

The people starve, and homeless ones are wandering
About from day to day, with none to heed them;
While thousands of the rich are daily squandering,
In senseless gaiety more than would feed them.

Is life worth living?—life that is a battle
With mighty wrongs and merciless taskmasters;
To creatures, toiling like o'erburdened cattle;
Who, for a meager pittance risk disasters.

Is life worth living? to the thousands pining
In vain for sympathy, through all life's stages;
The prey of the despotic and designing,
And a distress, no gleam of hope assuages.

Is life worth living? Ask the poor shirtmaker,
And, at her midnight toil, the milliner,
Who oftentimes sighs the wish that death would take her,
Whose underpaid hard work is killing her.

Ay, ask those wrecks of womanhood, toil weary,
Those slaves of Christian England crush'd in spirit;
To whom each day of life is dark and dreary,
Without the glimmer of a hope to cheer it.


In lanes and alleys—lean and hunger bitten,
Are thousands of our so-called fellow creatures !
In gloomy attics—crushed and fever smitten,
Lie many with despair stamp'd on their features.

Worse than the beasts that perish some are treated;
In human styes unfit for swine they wallow;
By sweaters underpaid, ground down and cheated,
And others too, whose hearts are hard and hollow.

Some, who are branded by the proud and wealthy,
As worthless scum, deserving no one's pity;
By men whose characters are most unhealthy;
Whose morals are no credit to the City.

Too few there are who for the poor and needy,
Seem to have sympathy or Christian feelings;
With selfishness and lusts men's hearts are weedy,
While most are deaf to poverty's appealings.

Is life worth living ? Ye with well-lined purses,
And ye luxurious idlers in high places,
Answer for them who meet your scorn with curses;
Ye rakes, whose daily lives are life's disgraces !



What is the gripe of poverty to rich men ?

For those who feel it many of them care not;
And long, our Christian Teachers failed to teach men
Their duty to Earth's toilers and their bare lot.

To Dives, wealth brought selfish joy and gladness,
Although it may have failed to bring contentment;
He cared not for a poor man's pains and sadness,
But treated his appeals with proud resentment.

Our brother Lazarus's want and leanness,
Is a disgrace to this most Christian Nation;
And by his overbearing pride and meanness,
Our modern Dives risks his own damnation.

He knows the secret of successful lying,
But not what 'tis to have a conscience tender;
He plays the servile part—unsatisfying,
Of an idolater to wealth and splendour.

Is life worth living? yes, he answers loudly,
Because he can command its wealth and pleasures,
And has the power to be unjust, and proudly
To exercise it by oppressive measures.

Who is my neighbour? is to him a question

He seldom puts himself, or answers rightly;

His selfish soul repels the mere suggestion,

That others' wants concern him much, or slightly.

To such, the poor man is a worthless person,

One of that so-called dangerous mob—the masses!

A creature to be treated with aversion,

And with disdainful glances as he passes.

We hear a deal of pharisaic canting,

About poor people's faults, and negligences,

When such, in destitution, bread are wanting;

And beg—as some say—under false pretences!

The Earth is not the Landlord's, though he claims it,

And with the Prince of Darkness seems to share it;

Though—as his own, in parchment deeds he names it,

And his, a Nation's unjust laws declare it.

There is a week-day Christianity!

The tyranny of capital o'er labour;

A hell-deserving inhumanity,

The bondage in which one man holds his neighbour.

With all our pride of progress, and our vaunting,
We, as a Nation are our duty shirking;
And in the scales of Justice are found wanting,
While men, half-starved, are but half paid for working.

It is high time that such men's wrongs were righted;
That they should cease with poverty to battle,
Who for hard labour are but half requited,
And herd in fetid dens unfit for cattle.

Against our tyranny the poor have striven,
Ofttimes with heroism and in sadness;
Until, to want and crime they have been driven,
Or to despair, that terminates in madness.

For such as Dives there's a dread hereafter,
Because a God of justice hath decreed it;
Though some believe it not, and some with laughter,
Deride as superstitious those who heed it.

The conflict between Capital and Labour,
Will cease not until Christianity,
Has taught men, that man's duty to his neighbour,
Consists of justice and humanity.

BRITISH JINGOISM

IN 1880

'Who can all sense of others' ills escape,
Is but a brute at best, in human shape.

TATE.

'If Adam had seen in a vision the horrible instruments his children
were to invent, for wholesale murder, he would have died of grief.

MARTIN LUTHER.

'From the earliest dawns of policy to this day, the invention of
men has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from
the first rude essay of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of
gunnery, cannoneering, and bombarding.'

EDMUND BURKE.

WHAT is this world in which man frets and labours

But a vast battle-field for martial Neroes;

Where man's oppressors, armed with guns and sabres,

Sate their ambition, and are dubb'd its heroes?

O'er every land has swept war's crimson'd surges—

The blood of victims whom that demon slaughters;

On every continent woe's wailing dirges,

Have sounded like the voice of many waters.

War is the game of despots and of madmen!

A kingdom's strife for reputation's bubble;

That seeks its hirelings in the haunts of bad men,

And badly pays them, good men's hearts to trouble.

War is an infamously fierce afflicter !

A fiend whose nodding crest is grimed and gory !

A curse to both the vanquish'd and the victor !

Whose devastations are the cost of glory.

It is a mania that is most contagious,

In circles formed of men of rank and culture ;

Who, when their blood is stirr'd, with zeal outrageous,

Reveal the instincts of the shrieking vulture.

In feuds political, and troubled waters,

Their thoughts are turned to armaments and fighting ;

War's wrathful thunders and its fiery slaughters,

Are sounds and scenes they seem to take delight in.

I speak not of those stormy aspirations,

Provoked by tyranny and misnamed treason ;

But of that martial restlessness, which nations

Have kept alive for a dishonest reason.¹⁶⁶

NOTES

166. *Have kept alive for a dishonest reason.*] A remarkable article on Christianity and Mohammedanism appeared in a Turkish paper in December 1890, in which the writer made some telling attacks on our European Civilisation and Christianity, from which I have thought fit to select a few sentences, as follows, 'What is this "progress of Civilisation" that the Europeans speak of? It means that success justifies

On every hand conspiracies seem brewing;
And it is almost needless here to mention,
That statesmen everywhere have been pursuing,
The crooked policy which breeds dissension.

In every land are men equip'd for battle!
While might is here and there with right contending,
Amid the cannon's roar, the rifle's rattle,
And death-shrieks of the weak and unoffending.

Though every Sabbath *we* are peace invoking,
And calling on the Prince of Peace to hear us,
Are we not Africa's dark tribes provoking,
And causing them to hate, if not to fear us?

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everything. To lie, to cheat, or to flog and hang starving Mussulmans for stealing a mouthful of meat is justified by it: The motto "Clear out for I want to come there," is justified by it, and is illustrated by the destruction of native races wherever Europeans set foot. This "progress of Civilisation," includes the regarding of adultery as permissible folly, as in London, and the leaving of families to starve or commit suicide from want as in Paris, the destruction of all confidence of man in man, and the regarding religious observance as childish. Tell these facts to a savage and he will say, What barbarism! They keep their property safe without the aid of police, in a hut of straw, while in the palaces of Civilisation, with all their police and law courts, guillotines and executions, the people are unable to keep their solid stone house and their iron safes from attack. Islam is grateful that it has none of this "progress of Civilisation."

For an extended empire, and for glory,
 In Afghanistan we have left the traces
Of our aggressive guilt in carnage gory,
 And raised the blush of shame in honest faces.

What have we gained by Tory bounce and bluster
 But scorn and hatred, blent with heathen curses?
Ay more! our deeds have dimm'd Old England's lustre,
 And brought about a series of reverses.

Yet with reverses, and amid fresh dangers,
 Our nation seems imbued with the same spirit
That animates the Czar's blood-thirsty rangers—
 The weak of other lands to disinherit.

'Tis strangely true, one murder makes a villain,
 While thousands make a hero!—he, regarded
As a great genius in the art of killing;
 The other, with a hangman's noose rewarded.

Now war is by ambition's lust created;
 A wish to rob or crush some weaker nation;
While murder oft is unpremeditated—
 The sad result of wilful provocation.

But some may think perhaps nothing is absurder
Than the remarks I have just made in passing ;
Yet war is nothing less than wholesale murder,
And heinous as the deed of an assassin.

This is an age of most amazing marches,
In science, intellect and education ;
In hostile creeds, dinn'd through a Court of Arches ;
In pauperism and unjust taxation.

An age of volunteers and monstrous armies ;
Of humbugs, shams and almost endless isms ;
Of landlord tyranny, o'er which a storm is
Brewing, to blast that last of despotisms.

An age of vast and reckless competition —
Of shoddy in cheap literature and clothing ;
Of infidelity and superstition ;
And knaveries that fill one's soul with loathing.

An age of toadies, and of frontier dreamers ;
Of legislation, jingo-toned and truthless ;¹⁶⁷
Of plots, and schemes, and annexation schemers ;
Of Christianisers and of conflicts ruthless.

Of heroes great and small—a race prolific
Since Toryism, with its crafty phrases,
Evoked a zeal for frontiers scientific,
And led this Nation through ambition's mazes!

Since science has achieved for war such wonders,
And shaped our ironclads of strange dimensions ;
Our Woolwich Infants, with their deafening thunders,
And sundry other terrible inventions.

Alas! how frequent is the roar of battle,
The bloody tumult of contending legions ;
The cannon's thunder and the rifle's rattle,
Like the fierce din of the infernal regions.

NOTES

167. *Of legislation, jingo-toned, and truthless:]* In the course of a powerful discourse, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on 'The Sovereignty of God,' Mr Spurgeon said, 'There was a new god come up—the god of modern Christianity, the god of modern thought. He was a god made of sugar of lead. He was all mercy. Justice had departed from him. The Old Testament, as they were no doubt made aware by the wise men of this world, took a mistaken view altogether. These so-called wise men seemed to have given up the idea of God as he is spoken of in the Old Testament. They, in fact, did not care whether men did right or did wrong. Men could live as they liked, and, "By Jingo it would come right at last." That seemed to be the modern cry, but to such men he would say, "By Jehovah there is a

Where is their Christianity, who cherish
A spirit combative for gain or glory ;
Which makes men like the savage beasts which perish,
Over a vanquish'd victim, gash'd and gory ?

Its mission is to teach men—thus fame seeking—
That peace hath nobler triumphs for the nations,
Than those achiev'd o'er fields with slaughter reeking,
Amid resounding shrieks and execrations.

A day draws near ! a day of startling wonder !
When the uprising peoples of all nations,
Will shake earth's thrones, as with one voice of thunder,
And bid earth's rulers cease their depredations.¹⁶⁸

NOTES

lie at the bottom of all" for Jehovah was unchangeable. There were some also who talked about the vulgar crowd, the ignoble herd, the populations of the earth—what were they but food for powder? Such talkers delighted to overrun kingdoms, to deluge the earth with blood, and crimson the world with murder. Who cared? We were a great people, and had a right to do it. But God could reach the greatest, and scatter the proudest of them. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," He has said, and He surely would fulfil His own word.'

168. *And bid earth's rulers cease their depredations.*] What is the Socialism, the Nihilism, the general spirit of anarchy, but the protesting of the lower classes against the military

pride and ambition of their rulers, their petted military caste for an aristocracy, and their religion of blood and iron.

Would the so-called civilised European Powers cease their military rivalries, and turn their energies and science to developing the resources of the world, thereby increasing the welfare and happiness of their peoples, we should soon hear nothing more of Nihilism, Socialism, and Anarchists.

'As long as there is despotism, there will be endeavours to overthrow it.'—*John Bull's Sermon to Europeans, and the Anglo Saxon Race.*

THE BANQUET AND DOOM OF
BELSHAZZAR ! ¹⁶⁹

MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN—Daniel 5 c.

BELSHAZZAR sits on his ancestral throne
In diadematic pomp, and proudly plumed,
A thousand Satraps crowd the sculptured halls
Of their voluptuous king in gem-bright ranks,
To grace his sumptuous board. The rapturous hours
Of festal song are with the wine-cup crowned,
And Music lends her soul-dissolving charms,
With harp and timbrel and the tender lute,
To Love's soft strains that wake lascivious thoughts;
While Beauty's sandall'd nymphs in mazy dance

NOTES

169. By slow degrees the wrath of God
 To its meridian height ascends ;
 There, mercy long the dreadful bolt suspends,
 Ere it offending man annoy ;
 Long patient, for repentance waits,
 Reluctant to destroy ;
 At length the wretch, obdurate grown,
 Infatuate, makes
The ruin all his own, and every step he takes,
On his devoted head precipitates the thunder down.
 Chorus. (Sung by the Jews in Babylon)
 From Handel's Oratorio of 'Belshazzar.'

Glide to and fro, as with harmonious feet,
And wreath their wanton smiles in odorous light,
With witching spells that gleam from lustrous eyes,
Illuminant with joy. And hark ! a voice
Rings through the radiant air ! Fill, fill the cups
Of your licentious mirth, ye Bacchanals !
Yet deeper draughts of wine and rapture quaff,
Ye lordly revellers ! Ay, hither fetch
The sacred vessels Nabonazzar brought
From Salem's temple with her captive sons,
And drink defiance to the Hebrew's God !

With the words on his lips,
Ere the nectar he sips,
See ! the monarch turns pale,
As a cloudlet's white trail
In a solar eclipse.

What arrests his dumb gaze ?
And what means his amaze ?
Hath his conscience a power,
In that festival hour,
Some grim spectre to raise ?

Ha ! he shivers with fear,
In the midst of his cheer,
 As though one from the dead
 Or the heavens o'er his head
There, in shadow, was near.

On his reeling sight
Gleams an ominous light,
 Like the terrible glare
 Of a tiger's stare,
From his lair by night.

Mene, Mene, Tekel,
And Upharsin, its spell
 O'er Belshazzar has thrown;
 Of an import that none
But a Daniel can tell.

Ay, a hand on the wall
Of that banqueting hall,
 Hath, in letters of flame,
 Written words which proclaim,
That his kingdom shall fall.

'Tis an angel's ! by whom
Are the issues of doom,
 And the flash of his ire,
 Is like arrows of fire,
In Cimmerian gloom,

And the blast of his breath,
(As that dread sentence saith)
 With a merciless speed,
 Gluts the sword of the Mede,
In a red whirl of death.

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HERE AND HEREAFTER

- 'Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.'—*Job*. v. 7.
'For all his days are sorrows, and his travail grief.'—*Ecclesiastes* ii. 23
'The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted.'—*Psalms* xii. 8.
'Whose mouth speaketh vanity, and their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.'—*Psalms* cxliv. 8.
'So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed; and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power.'—*Ecclesiastes* iv. 1.
'Lord! how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?'—*Psalms* xciv. 3.
'O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!'—*Jeremiah* xxii. 29.
'Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees!'—*Isaiah* x. 1.
'Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart-rope.'—*Isaiah* v. 18.
'Woe be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture.'—*Jeremiah* xxiii. 1.
'Woe unto you scribes, pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of all uncleanness.'—*Matthew* xxiii. 27.
'Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him; for the reward of his hands shall be given him.'—*Isaiah* iii. 11.
-

Ay me! frail mortal me! a pilgrim lorn,
Here on this Earth where man exists to mourn
Beneath the Curse! and ah! with upcast eyes,
Full oft lament the loss of Paradise!
A time to weep, and o'er life's stages trace,
Its sad fulfilment on the human race,

Who sigh for rest, yet wander far from God;
Who shrink from sorrow, but provoke the rod,
Which lightly held in His reluctant hand,
Falls less severe than Justice doth demand;
Because with pity's oft directed gaze,
He hides His anger at our sinful ways.

Alas! by tempting vanities without,
In a vain shadow we are lured about;
And are as fools, pursuing through the land,
An *Ignis Fatuus* for a purse of sand;
Amid strange pitfalls, and the baneful charms,
Of vice and folly in a thousand forms;
That leave us still unsatisfied, and blind
To the eternal interests of mankind;
Whose worldly joys are like an April gleam,
And evanescent as an idiot's dream;
While with much sore temptation from within,
We toil and suffer too, the slaves of Sin!
In mind and body warped by care and pain,
And day by day disquieted in vain,
With thoughts that leave us in a maze of thought,
And ah! our souls at times to anguish wrought,
In moral warfare, when—with censured zeal—

We combat Evil for our brother's weal :
 For there are Beings in our midst, who fain
 Would weld the manacles of slaves again !
 Whose breath is tyranny and proud rebuke ;
 Who cast at Pity a contemptuous look ;
 While there are millions up and down this Earth,
 Like Job ! who curse the hour that gave them birth :
 From whom the cry ascends, ' O Lord ! how long,
 Before Thy vengeance smites triumphant Wrong ? '
 Oh ! humbling fact to know, that we must die,
 And with the worms in dark damp silence lie ;
 And ah ! we know that human life is frail,
 That half its mingling tones are but the wail,
 Which Want, Disease, and Death's appalling darts,
 Wring from obedient and rebellious hearts :
 For ' flesh is grass '—that round funereal urns,
 Into chill shades of disappointment, turns
 Life's scenes of sunshine, and our hopes that bloom,
 Alas ! how frequent, for an early doom !
 And oh ! ye dismal glooms of fear and doubt,
 That in afflictions compass us about :
 And fill the vista to the realms of Bliss,
 With ghastly phantoms from the dark Abyss,
 And spectral serpent-shapes that wildly glare,

In grim confusion through the fevered air!
Which haunt and terrify the shrinking soul,
Like grinning vampires with a dread control;
Until the tortured mind darts here and there,
In frenzied horror and untold despair!

Last night my spirit yearned with sighs and tears,
To know the end of these afflictive years;
Aweary of its conflicts and the chain,
Which held me captive on a couch of pain;
And while I wept, and ponder'd over things,
With that strange awe the night's weird silence brings,
Methought a Presence! luminously pale!
Drew near and lifted up the mystic veil;
And I beheld one vast tumultuous sea,
Of surging cycles past, and time to be!
And in the midst thereof were Thrones and Powers,
That set themselves to blast this world of ours!
And lash existence out in groans and tears,
Along the tracks of near six thousand years!
And oh! I saw the Lamb that died for me!
As when His blood bedew'd Gethsemane!
As when He uttered that appealing cry,
'*Eli! Eli! lama, sabachthani?*'

And, raven-wing'd—amid sepulchral glooms,
 The King of Terrors! from his throne of Tombs!
 A ruthless tyrant, brandishing the darts,
 Wherewith he desolates our homes and hearts,
 And while I gazed—all eye—all ear attent!
 (As o'er the dying I have fondly bent,)
 I heard the passion'd breath of reckless souls—
 Like many waters, which a tempest rolls,
 In hoary grandeur into mountain heaps—
 Up from Life's dim probationary deeps;
 The clang of passions, purposes, and deeds,
 And jarring discords of all states and creeds,
 That rock the world in unbelief and crime,
 And strew with human wrecks the sands of time:
 And he, who sways the realm of Sorrow * came
 A grim Arch-angel in his robes of flame!
 A realm of penal glooms where demons dwell,
 And they who served on earth the Prince of Hell;
 A realm of sorrows, wrath, and agonies,
 And ghastly hues of death that never dies:
 And oh, I saw the damn'd! a concourse great,
 Of every earthly grade that men create;

* See Dante's description of Satan, in his *Inferno*, Canto xxxiv,
 Dr Carey's translation.

The despots of the nations underground;
For deep-dyed crimes in deep damnation bound;
Once with ambition mad upon their thrones—
Now mad with torments told in anguish'd groans—
The man of splendours, and the man of rags,
The man of commerce and of money-bags,
The man of genius, and distinguished parts,
The man of lying lips and knavish arts,
The shameless harlot, and the reprobate,
Who wrought her ruin and incurr'd her fate.
I saw the wicked damn'd! the Pharisee,
And of the Priesthood, many in that sea
Of surging fire, wherein they wail and writhe;
And Time, high o'er them, with his gleaming scythe,
Pointing at others fallen through their fall!—
A woeful host, that did my soul appal :
And while I gazed, I heard their mingled cries,
Loud as the roar of raging waters rise
Out of the roaring flame, a fiery breath,
To Him who keeps the keys of Hell and Death,
In vain appeals for mercy : and I heard
The taunts of some that had denied the Word,
Hurl'd at those self-condemn'd and tortured ones,
Who had professed to be God's chosen sons,

But played the hypocrite with cool deceit,
And saintly countenance at Jesu's feet;
Who, while presuming to reprove mankind
For sin, had been blind leaders of the blind:
Ah! and I heard the yellings of despair,
As howling windblasts from the storm-god's lair,
Ascend from that eternity of pain,
That like a shafted terror thrill'd my brain;
And I beheld—uplifted to the skies,
The fearful gleaming of despairing eyes;
While the grim powers of darkness fill'd the gloom,
With yells of triumph o'er the sinner's doom.

HEZEKIAH'S GREAT DELIVERANCE

(2nd Kings, 19th Chapter.)

KING HEZEKIAH, in Jerusalem,
Cries to his God against Sennacherib
And his advancing legions ! Hear his prayer !
' O Lord of hosts ! the God of Israel,
Who art enthroned between the cherubims,
And madest heaven and earth, incline Thine ear,
And be our shield from the Assyrian's power,
Who hath invaded Judah, and with words
Of boastful blasphemy reproached Thee !
Now therefore, O our God, bow down Thine ear,
And save us from the Adversary's hand,
That all the kingdoms of the world may know
Thou art the Lord Almighty !' And the King,
Did send the son of Amoz word thereof,

How that Rabshakeh from Sennacherib,
Came with the voice of threatening, and a tongue
That dared reproach Jehovah. List again :
A message from Isaiah to the King—
(Oh ! what a sacred joy lights up the brow
Of Hezekiah at the Seer's reply !)—
' Thus saith the God of Israel ! I have heard
Thy tearful litany ascend to heaven,
Concerning these thine enemies and mine,
Array'd against thee, and thy suppliant cry,
With pious zeal uplifted, hath prevail'd ;
Therefore ye need not fear, for speedily
Shall Zion's daughter laugh thy foes to scorn,
And thou shalt witness their calamities ;
For I will put my bridle in the lips
Of this Assyrian boaster, saith the Lord—
So that he shall not come within her gates,
Nor shoot an arrow there, ay ! I have sworn
To visit them with vengeance ! and will be
Unto Jerusalem a sure defence,
For mine own and my servant David's sake.'

'Tis midnight ! and the silent air,
Is silver'd by the fitful glare

Of moonlight thro' the parting clouds,
Like spectre gleams from gliding shrouds,
To eyes of superstitious dread,
Amid the shadows of the dead;
In stillness such as oft doth chill
The heart with sense of coming ill:
'Tis midnight! and o'er Salem's zone
Of mountains, slumbering dews are thrown,
That stretch into the distant gloom,
Like holy quiet o'er the tomb;
And yonder, near her rampired steep,
Assyria's tented warriors sleep!
What dreams are theirs? to-morrow's boast
As victors over Israel's host?
What are their dreams? of glories won?
They wane as an eclipsing sun!
Ay! as when darkly from the gaze,
The storm-cloud veils his western rays!
A sound!—'tis but the measured tramp
Of sentinels about the camp;
It ceases in a breathless pause;
See! they are prostrate! whence the cause?
And what is that which looms on high,
Like a red banner in the sky?

That gleaming Shape, too ! frowning near,
Ah ! wherefore doth he thus appear
There in mid-air ?—a presence dire !
Whose trail is as a path of fire,
From cloudland cleft and thunder-gloomed ;
And lo ! as lightnings on the doomed,
Now, o'er Assyria's sons he flings
The sheen of his descending wings ;
A power is on them, and a spell
Of judgment irresistible !
And soon will every tent disclose
A scene of terrible repose !
That Angel presence, in their sleep,
Doth now a human harvest reap !
His breath-blast sweeps the dusky plain,
From which they ne'er shall rise again !
And time shall tell a fearful tale,
Of doom too swift for shriek or wail !
Ay ! see the pride of Ashur's might,
Distorted in eternal night ;
A bloodless horror, vast and grim,
Beneath the withering glance of him,
Who executes the stern decree
Of an Almighty Deity !

Whose mission from Jehovah's Throne,
Is in avenging wrath made known!
And hark!—a voice, as thunder dread,
Above that army of the dead,
Proclaims, 'The Lord hath triumphed!'

TEARS

'Love, thou hast sorrows at thy back,
And all thy joys are twin to tears;
But, Love, thy hopes out-hope thy fears,
And we will walk in thy sweet track.'
THE AUTHOR OF 'MOODS.'

'Sighs, though in vain, may tell the world we feel,
And tears may soothe the wounds they cannot heal.'
R. T. PAINE.

'How sweet are tears to those who suffer ills!
Sweet are the strains of lamentation—sweet
The mournful Muse that tunes her notes to woe.'
EURIPIDES.

TEARS! love and grief-confessing, blissful tears!¹⁷⁰

The same in all lands, and through all the years!

NOTES

170. *Tears! love and grief-confessing, blissful tears!*] In her 'Stray Memories,' in this month's *New Review*, Ellen Terry touches on the vexed question of stage tears—discussed by many critics from Diderot to Mr Archer. 'Talking of realism reminds me,' says Miss Terry, 'that people often express surprise at the real tears I shed when I am acting. Their surprise surprises me. My effort is to keep from tears. When I as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," listen in the church scene each night to Hero being "done to death by slanderous tongues"; to her father's agony and grand championship of her; to the sweet tender words

Tears! glistening tears! like dewdrops on the flowers,
Mute sorrow's and affection's transient showers!
Tears! silent tokens of both joy and grief,
Soft as the showers of Spring-time and as brief!
Tears! that unbidden from the eyelids gush,
While from the beating heart emotions rush;
Some shed in gloom, and some in life's sunshine;
Some with the memories of 'Auld Lang Syne':
Some that have glistened in Arcadian bowers;
Wept over blighted hopes in lonely hours:
Tears! while we ponder'd o'er the pleasing past;
Ah! o'er departed days too bright to last;
O'er objects that in youth we fondly cherished;
That blossom'd into beauty and then perished.

Tears! that to recollections yield relief,
The sad, sweet luxuries of silent grief!
With sighing memories that will not let
Bereaved affection bygone hours forget;

NOTES

of the Friar, I ask myself, how can *anyone* hear such words unmoved? And then, later on in the scene, the winged words of Beatrice in defence of her cousin—can anything be more tear-stirring? But no! some people can't cry, and yet can feel stirred to the depths of their nature. Of course *some*, too, have no depths to stir.—*The Star*, June 1891.

Wherein are mirrored, as by magic spell,
The features of lost friends we loved so well;
The tears of fancy! as it seeks to trace
And fondly muse o'er some remembered face,
Until each smile, and echo of the voice,
Seems o'er again to bid one's heart rejoice :
Tears! sweetest when affection weeps alone,
And muses o'er the moments that have flown :
Tears; when the bitterness of death is past,
And those we sought to save have breathed their last :
Tears! that are o'er fresh graves so often shed,
Where Love lies bleeding for her coffin'd dead;
Whose voices—now in death's deep silence mute—
Once sounded with the sweetness of the lute;
Whose lips, with fond endearments, kindled bliss,
And oft imprinted the impassioned kiss :
Tears! that become their memory's glittering gems,
For spirit brows, in love-lit diadems;
While fancy muses by the sacred spot,
And seems to hear these words, ' Forget me not!'
Whispered by spirit voices, whose soft spells
Linger, like echoes from sweet evening bells.

Tears of fair maidenhood amid caresses,

And love vows whispered amid beauty's tresses,
As from her upturn'd gaze, the eloquence
Of love is flash'd, in sweet soul'd confidence;
While two young hearts are giving and receiving,
The tokens of affection's fond believing:
Tears! when by sighs the wounded breast is heaved,
Of some lorn one neglected and deceived;
One, who, too trustful, sees—with gushing tears—
The cruel blighting of her hopeful years.
And those warm tears of penitential pain!
When the poor prodigal returns again;
Whose melting sorrow he cannot restrain—
Descending as the earth-refreshing rain;—
Tears, thickly falling, that he would not check,
Wept on a fond, forgiving parent's neck.
Ah! and those shed in gloomy convict cells,
Where the despairing, chain-bound felon dwells,
In anguish'd thoughts of parents, children, wife,
And the soul-wearying hopelessness of life;
His conscience burdened by a dreadful sin,
While all is dark without and dark within.
Tears too!—with many a pang of bitterness—
Wept by the destitute in their distress;
Our hapless fellow creatures—day by day,

To want, to gloom and wretchedness a prey;
Poor weary wanderers o'er this world of ours—
Sad souls ! deficient of life's battling powers;
To whom life is a pilgrimage of tears,
And poverty their lot through all the years.

Tears! that bedew the Poet's pensive eye,
As he in thought lives o'er bright days gone by;
As he in contemplation weaves a song,
Whose melodies to memories belong.
Tears we have wept, ah ! o'er the early grave
Of some dear child we vainly tried to save;
Who oft with outstretched arms and pattering feet,
With upturned face, and with a welcome sweet,
Was wont to smile the clouds of care away,
That settled on one's brow from day to day;
Whose love-soft kisses, on one's weary brow,
Were like reviving spells—ah ! miss'd there now !
Tears !—that in silence stealing down the cheek—
Of love and sorrow, eloquently speak;
That oft awake with recollection's sighs,
And flow from memory's retrospective eyes.
Tears ! ah ! those tears, when musing all alone,
We seem to hear once more the loving tone

Of her hush'd voice, who, morning, noon, and night,
Bent o'er our infant forms with warm delight;
Who smiled away our tears, and with the rays
Of her affection, brightened our young days;
Who watched and followed, with a ceaseless love,
Our lives, till hers was perfected Above;
Till she was summoned to a brighter Sphere,
Where recollections wake no sigh nor tear,
By Him, who wept—A Man of Sorrows here!
Who *was* the Victim of the fiercest strife;
But *is* the Resurrection and the Life!

ALONE, MY GOD, WITH THEE!

‘O Thou ! who dry’st the mourner’s tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee.’ MOORE.

‘In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy comforts
delight my soul.’ Psalm xciv, 19th v.

O THOU Almighty One ! whose dwelling place
Is named High Heaven—whose Spirit fills all space !
Whose kingdom hath been, through the ages past,
From everlasting, evermore to last.

Thou Omnipresent ! though invisible !
Thou ! whose felt presence hath a wondrous spell,
Whene’er Thy suppliant creatures on Thee call,
And, heavy-hearted, at Thy footstool fall.

And Thou ! to whom all secrets are revealed ;
From whom no sins nor sorrows are concealed ;
Who know’st the inclinations of each heart,
Its strong temptations and its inward smart.

How sweet to leave the track one's steps have trod,
And feel ourselves alone with Thee, my God!
To muse on life's vicissitudes, and there
Think of Thy fatherly and constant care.

When wearied by the roughness of the way,
And vexed in spirit—ah! from day to day!—
Thy voice there whispers in the troubled breast,
That Thou art near to set the soul at rest.

Alone with Thee, how hallowed is that spot,
To feel Thee near makes bright the pilgrim's lot;
And those that seek Thee with a troubled mind,
In Thy felt presence sacred comfort find.

Alone with Thee too little time we spend,
From life's beginning to its earthly end;
Though we have felt there is no hour so sweet,
As when our burdened souls are at Thy feet.

Too much devote we to material things,
Whose souls should soar as on celestial wings,
And give their aspirations exercise,
On Life's eternal interests in the skies.


'Tis sweet to feel ourselves with Thee alone,
And tell Thee what to others is unknown;
The best of earthly friends compared to Thee,
Are but as rain-drops to the boundless sea

Alone with Thee, our passions—strong and wild—
Are changed into the meekness of the child,
If we approach Thy footstool with the sign,
Of our submission to the will divine.

Alone with Thee, in seasons of distress,
Thou art the helper of our helplessness;
And when by foes pursued we feel alarm,
And fly to Thee, Thou say'st 'they shall not harm!'

Alone with Thee, sweet whispered words of peace,
Fall on the ear and bid our murmurings cease;
There it becomes our aim and our delight,
To do the thing well-pleasing in Thy sight.

Alone with Thee we lose the sense of ill,
And learn submission to Thy sovereign will,
Till life's temptations and its strifes are o'er,
And we are prisoners of hope no more.



Oh what a blessed privilege to be
A child of Thine, and feel alone with Thee!
That Thou, who fill'st illimitable space,
Dost make his heart and home Thy dwelling place.

When from the world in weariness withdrawn,
As one that watcheth for the morning dawn,
My soul yearns, through its circling glooms, to be
Alone, my Father and my God, with Thee!

Alone with Thee, believingly I raise,
The breath of prayer that kindles into praise;
When all Thy mercies past my soul surveys,
And all their influence o'er my words and ways.

The hand of Providence, alone with Thee,
My mental vision doth more clearly see;
And thus assured Thou wilt what is best,
My faith is strengthened, and my soul finds rest.

So have I sought and found Thee sweetly near,
Dispelling all my gloom and all my fear;
Until my spirit seem'd to soar away,
In blissful visions of celestial day,

And learnt how with temptation's power to cope,
And fuller realise that blessed hope
And aim of our probationary strife—
The perfect peace of everlasting life.

My spirit cannot be content with less,
In passing through this time-bound wilderness;
Thou knowest what temptations meet me there,
And what vexations—ofttimes hard to bear.

My faith in men decreases, for my life
Has oft been sadden'd by their tricks and strife;
Yet, O my God! whate'er life's trials be,
Thou know'st I steadfastly believe in Thee!

Alone with Thee, in Thee I learn to trust,
As others, who are numbered with the just;
Who realised Thy mercy and Thy grace,
And now in glory see Thee face to face.

Alone with Thee my soul is lifted high!
I learn the way to live and how to die;
To find safe anchorage within the veil,
When o'er tired nature life's last storms prevail.

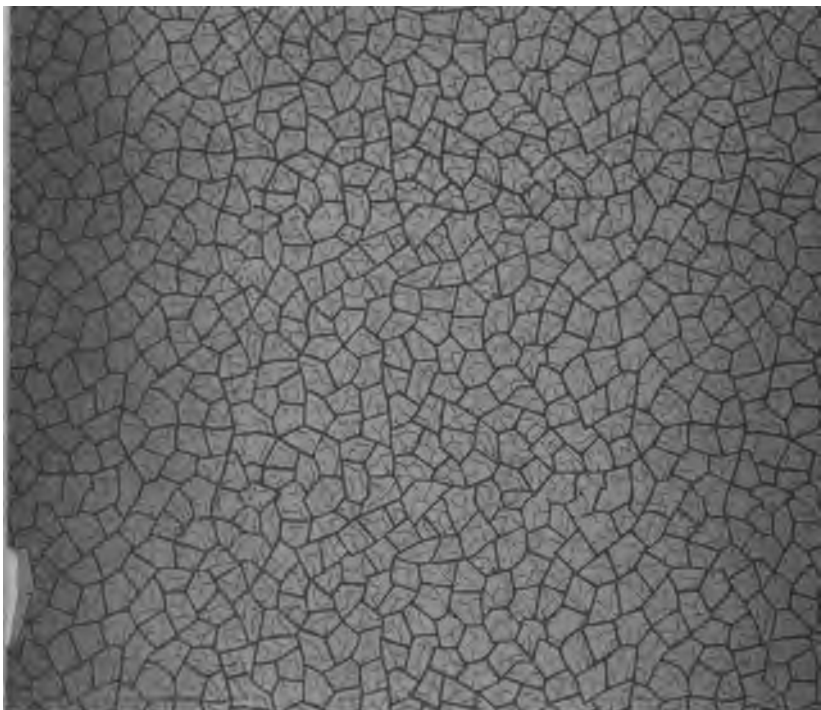
Oh that the privilege were mine to be,
Less with the world and more alone with Thee;
To spend for Thee my residue of days,
And learn the secrets of Thy righteous ways,

As erst to Moses were made known Thy ways,
And to Thy prophets of the ancient days,
And a bright throng who, in seraphic lays,
Now with the angels sound their Maker's praise.

* * * * *

But though my verse hath an imperfect chime,
My lips would praise Thy Name in strains sublime
As theirs, who in the Mansions of the Blest,
Have perfect happiness, and perfect rest.

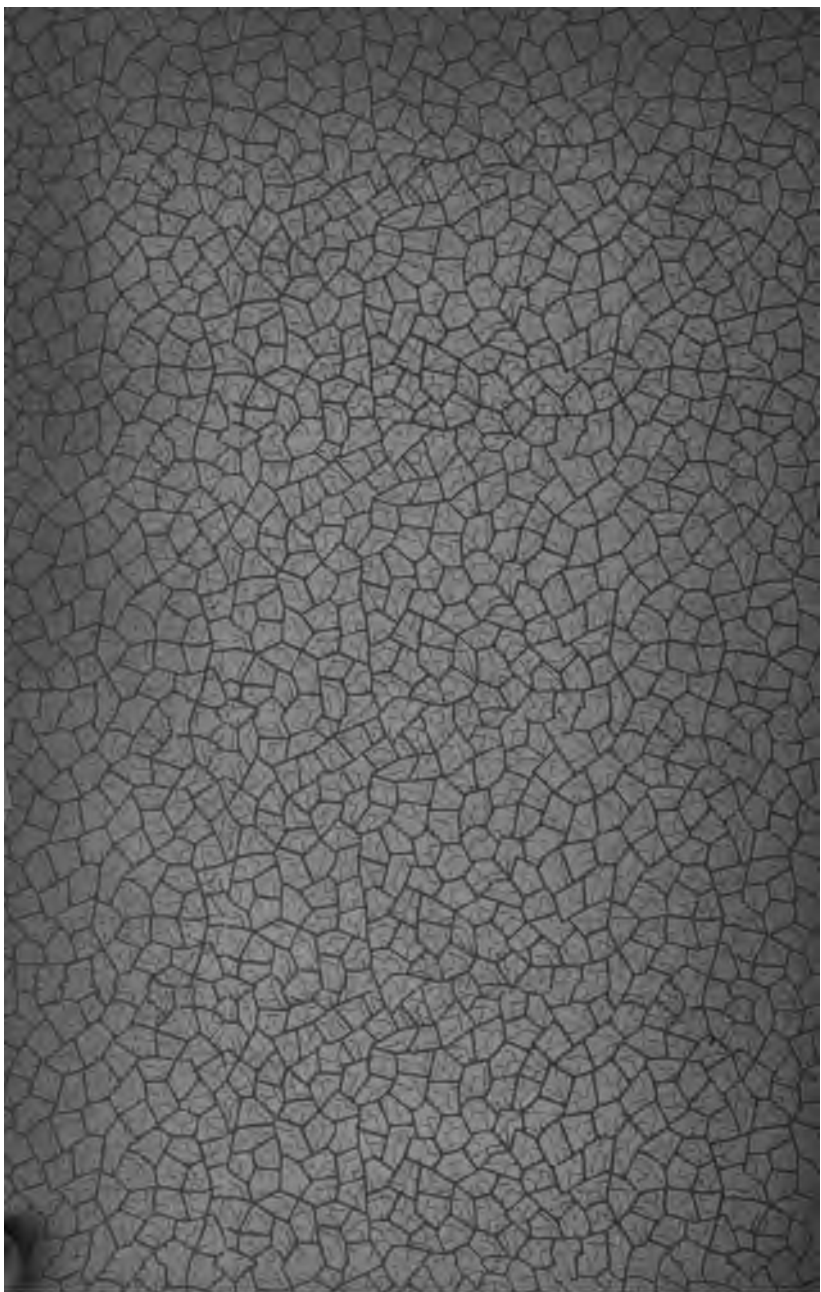
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